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THEODORE PARKER:

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1860.

BY

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

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DISCOURSE.

Acts xxiv. 14: "THIS I CONFESS UNTO YOU, THAT AFTER THE WAY THAT MEN CALL HERESY, SO WORSHIP I THE GOD OF MY FATHERS."

As I read these words of the apostle, there rises before me the image of the man who might have uttered and applied them to himself; the man who, for twenty years, represented heresy in America, and whose death deprives heresy of its ablest vindicator as a system of positive belief.

When the tidings of THEODORE PARKER'S death came to us last week from Florence, my first impulse was to hasten home, and say my poor word about him at once, while the memory was fresh in the minds of men. But instantly it occurred to me, that this was a memory that would keep itself alive some weeks at least, even in our restless community, where thought succeeds thought, and impulse follows impulse, so fast, that impressions are obliterated almost as soon as traced. Day by day, the significance of that departure has been coming to me; and even yet I have by no means fathomed it. There are men whose loss cannot be estimated in many days. It grows with time. It breaks on mankind in successive shocks. Like tall towers, their shadow lengthens as the sun descends; and, when the sun has fallen far below the horizon, the lingering light, slowly creeping up towards their summit, and standing like a star at their highest point, shows how high they are

lifted beyond the ordinary world, now hearsed in darkness. First, the circle of immediate friends is sensible of personal bereavement, and saddens at the thought of seeing the beloved presence no more on earth. Then, to the large congregation of Sunday listeners, comes the heavy assurance, deepening week by week, that their teacher has gone from them; that they are a flock without a shepherd; that they must live henceforth without the stimulus of his abounding and kindling thought. Next, the great company of the miserable, who had been to him (never in vain) for sympathy, counsel, and aid, feel the chill of friendlessness stealing over them, — the sense of loneliness in the world. Presently the winter draws nigh again. East and west and north, the lecture-rooms open their doors, and gather their assemblies; but the earnest speaker, who made each lecture-room a church, comes not with his weighty burden of truths. By and by will occur some crisis in public affairs, and men will instinctively turn towards him who had always been to them a better conscience and a truer heart; but the brave word cannot be uttered any more. The grandest prophet of the land is dead, and multitudes are the poorer in hope and consolation. Slowly the tidings of this death will creep down to the Southern plantations, and cause a sinking in the heart of the slave. The news passes over Europe, and the friends of truth everywhere heave a sigh and drop a tear for Theodore Parker. Thus one relation after another feels the shock of such a death, as time passes on ; thus, further and further, the darkness stretches its line.

All people acknowledge the death of Theodore Parker to be an event. There is an awe in it which has hitherto sealed the lips of the public organs. When has there been so little said on the decease of a remarkable man? We hardly know what to say; are scarcely prepared to say all we feel. They who feared and hated him — and they are

many — make their words of criticism few, as if out of respect to the greater number who revered and loved him; while these last find, as yet, no words adequate to express the sentiments which fill their minds.

The noblest have spoken in their noblest strain. Wendell Phillips has paid his eloquent tribute; Freeman Clarke has paid his: but the man only seems greater as we try to say how great he was. It will require a great many voices to tell all the truth about one who was in himself a great many men. What I have to say this morning is plain and poor enough, — the report of an eye neither wide nor sharp-seeing. Let it pass for something, that it is sincere and modest, — the best I have to give.

What strikes us first in this man is the varied wealth of his endowment. New England put into him her choicest elements; made him, as it were, the incarnation of her characteristic genius. Her granite hills bequeathed to him their stern inflexibility. Her climate gave him hardihood and health. Her flowers distilled into him their tender fragrance. Her summer and winter left upon him their deposits of verdure and of snow. A Massachusetts father, hard-working and simple, gave him a good supply of solid, homespun faculty, a strong practical understanding, an independent cast of thought, an incorruptible integrity. From his mother he received a love of literature, a taste for the beautiful in all arts, especially the enthusiastic fondness for poetry, which never deserted him. Through near ancestors, the spirit of the Revolution transmitted to him its moral earnestness; its heroic temper; its firm, steady, and true allegiance to a noble standard of right. He never forgot that his grandfather formed the first line and drew the first sword in the war of independence. Every time he entered his library, he passed between that grandfather's musket and the fire-arms of the grenadier whom his ancestor took prisoner at Lexington; and, each time he passed

these relics of a glorious struggle, his heart seemed to swell anew with the love of liberty. The lofty spirit thus native to his constitution was nurtured in tender years by the great historians and bards of the world. Homer sang to him his mighty epic; Plutarch read to him the biographies of sages and heroes; the great classic poets breathed into him the music of their sublime thoughts. At an age when children are at the primary school painfully learning their primers, Parker was sitting at the feet of Milton, drawing hearty inspirations from that immortal mind. Fit, though few, were the boy's teachers, — teachers not of his understanding only, but of his soul. The prophets came to him in advance of the pedagogues; and before he had any thing considerable of what the world calls knowledge, before he could enter on what is vulgarly termed education, these had grounded him in the everlasting principles of justice, and had planted in him the seeds of all noble aspiration. The poetic faculty belonged to him in no small measure. His early writings glow with the charms of a wonderful imagination. Lectures, sermons, essays, were exuberant in an eloquence rich and fragrant as summer fields; a rhetoric that imparted an aroma to the most abstruse theme, carrying hearers and readers over vast tracts of speculation as over long reaches of delight. His pages were chambers of imagery; and so astonishingly vivid was his fancy, that even in the latter years of his life, when his talk became more ponderous and his manner more plain, he could give a charm even to statistics, and could make audiences smack their lips over the dryest crums of fact.

But the great quality of the man's mind was his understanding, — an understanding so eager, steadfast, resolute, and comprehensive, that it rose even to the rank of genius, and claimed as its own a share in all the departments of the higher reason. This hunger for knowledge was im-

mense, was insatiable: he fairly panted in his thirst for truth. It seemed as if he was bent on drinking the fountains of instruction dry. Wisdom was welcome from every quarter; but he must have it at first-hand: he would be content with nothing but the ultimate principles of things; he would have nothing less substantial than facts, — no guesses, or theories, or conjectures, or systems made to order, to cover up ignorance or perpetuate error; but things as they were, the aboriginal data of thought. He would give any thing for knowledge. His father could not give him Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary (the newest and best at that time): so he sold huckleberries of his own picking, at three cents the quart, till he was able to buy it for himself. In this spirit he lived and worked to the end. The school could not feed him; the college could not feed him. While teaching in the country himself, he kept up with the course of education at Harvard, and pursued independent branches of study beside. He mastered, in a fortnight, books which ordinary scholars toil over for months. "I wish to know something about the Manicheans," said the youth one day to Andrews Norton, the most learned of the Cambridge professors. "Do you?" replied the professor. "Well, the best book is Beausobre; but it is very long and tedious and heavy." — "Beausobre! I have just finished that. Is there nothing more satisfactory?" Dame Nature took the eager boy by the hand, and led him through her untrodden paths. She carried him far and wide; told him about her trees and flowers and insects. He went with her through the long geologic epochs; he went with her along the pathway of the stars; he went with her into the secret places of the human frame, and listened patiently as she described all the fearfulness and wonder of its making. He went on the tract of the metaphysician all over the twilight regions of the mind; plunging into its thickets, and scaling its mountains.

He followed the historian to the ends of the earth. Every science laid its contributions on his table; every discovery whispered its secret in his ear. Foreign nations talked to him in their own speech. Early in the Crimean War, I found him, one morning, studying Russian. Another time, he was busy with the grammar of an obscure language of Africa. He would master a strange tongue in order to write a chapter. This was the character of the man. He made the railway car a study, and the sidewalk a place for meditation. He spared no toil, he knew no fatigue, he confessed no difficulties, in the pursuit of truth. Nothing was sacred that stood in his way to this; no prejudice; no persuasion; no creed; no establishment; no traditions, holy and tender; no men, however great or dear. He would reach that, if every step he took blistered and tore his feet. I emphasize this peculiarity, because it is the key to his whole position as a thinker and a worker in human affairs.

Thoughts, institutions, men, he tried by the practical understanding. He had small respect for persons; little reverence for institutions; no patience with prejudices. His individuality was sublime. The life of others passed into him and enriched him; but all the sunlight and the rain could make him no other than he originally was. He was himself. Every thing that came to him he made his own; but he never gave himself away to creed or party. Like the everlasting glacier of the Rhone, he turned the summer rains at last into his own substance. This man knew all philosophy: he could give an account of every system, from Pythagoras to Hegel; he could take them all in pieces, and discuss the merits and demerits of each particular school. But he himself belonged to no school. His philosophy was his own; it was the result of applying his sturdy reason to the facts of human nature and human life as they lay open to his observation. He was as thorough

a Transcendentalist as Emerson; but the same people who called Emerson a mystic, called Parker a preacher of common sense.

Mr. Parker knew all about theology, and had every form of theology at his tongue's end: yet he will hardly be acknowledged in the end as a great theologian; for the reason, that his mind lacked that sympathetic quality which helps one to appreciate foreign modes of thought. In construing the letter of beliefs, he sometimes missed their spirit. A perfect master of the forms of doctrine, he often misjudged their hidden sense. It was hard for him to pass himself into other minds, or enter into other experiences, or live in other states of development, than his own. Hence a certain narrowness, and, as it were, perversity, in his interpretation of systems. His descriptions of the Bible beliefs, for instance, just enough according to the letter, were often — through a certain lack of sympathy, doubtless, with the Oriental mind — whimsically exaggerated and grotesque. His expositions of the Orthodox creeds frequently ran out into caricature. He read the language of David and Augustine as he would read what had been printed for the first time in this morning's paper. There seemed to be no twilight region in his mind, in whose cool and starlit recesses he could escape from the glare of his unsleeping intelligence, which forced him to see every object in sharpest outline, and, with every object, its long and heavy shadow. Hence the limitation which was imposed upon his own theology. It was a theology of the reason. Clear, plain, strong, it certainly was; and it would have been final, if the understanding was the final judge of these high themes. But imagination and sentiment, awe and wonder, have also their part to perform in the construction of a creed; and, where these are wanting, the system, however true, must be destitute of soundness, richness, fulness, and grace. It is a rational system rather

than a spiritual one, a system of philosophy rather than a system of faith. When one passes from the theological books of Mr. Parker to those, for instance, of James Martineau, it is as if he went from a Puritan meeting-house into a German cathedral. The atmosphere of devout feeling, the mystery, the awe, the worship, the chastened reverence, the large embrace of a charity that makes allowance for all expressions, the fine perception which recognizes unity of faith amid diversity of credence, the genius which goes to the creative sources of truth, the delicate tact which catches a meaning half expressed in barbarous speech, or only hinted at in symbol, and draws out a thought that was lurking but half consciously in some saintly mind, — those qualities of close-grained and sensitive intelligence, which make Mr. Martineau possibly the foremost theologian of the age, if possessed by our noble countryman in measure at all adequate to his other gifts, would have made him peerless among the constructive thinkers of the world.

Not that Mr. Parker was destitute of religious sensibility: there was, indeed, no lack in him of that. He had tenderest emotions Godward; he had great reverence for the eternal; he could adore, he could aspire, he could bend, he could pray. The thought of the Infinite Love never failed to bring the tear to his eyes. Spiritual things were everlasting realities to him. He possessed the ethereal elements of the soul in sufficient abundance to furnish a less extraordinary man. But, in him, they bore no proportion to his inordinate intellectual power. His understanding fairly mastered them: it even took possession of them; appropriated them; brought them within its own category; catalogued and arranged them out, after the most approved method of philosophy.

Mr. Parker had studied the human soul in all its moods and manifestations. The phenomena of dreams, visions, prophecies, oracles, witchcraft, magic, demonology, and the

like, were perfectly familiar to him. He knew the writings of the great mystics in religion, — Augustine, Tauler, Behmen, Fenelon, Law, Kempis; they were interesting to him; they touched him: but they did not fairly enter into him as into a congenial soul: he was not in easy communication with such as they. His attempts to discourse on these finest themes of the spirit were not successful; at least, the specimens we have are not fine. The poorest sermon, in his remarkable volume of Ten, is the sermon on "Communion with God;" and of the four discourses preached, two or three years ago, to the Pennsylvania Progressive Friends, the one on the "Soul's Delight in the Living God" is by much the weakest: indeed, it scarcely rises above the level of a somewhat overstrained sentimentalism. Mr. Parker's ambition to be universal and complete compelled him to recognize the existence and the importance and the beauty of these exalted and sublimated states of the soul: they must be included in a complete philosophy of religion. But it seemed as if, from his own experience, he had not much to say about them: his lungs were not formed to breathe the rarefied atmospheres of the mystic. Mr. Parker was no child of the tropics; no Southern airs breathed around him: the element of passion, in his composition, was very small. Self-collected, self-centred, self-regulated, master always of his thought, he seemed to know nothing of that force of passion which drags mortals down into sensualism; and as little did he appear to know of that other force of passion, which bears immortals away, as on wings, to the heavenly seats. The beast was not in him; but it seemed, also, that the seraph was not. Sin, for him, had no fascinations; vice had no seductions: what temptation was, he must have known rather from observation than from experience. But the realm of the absolute was also, to him, impalpable: he could not lose himself in the infinite, nor was he quite

comfortable unless his feet were touching the solid ground.

It was this immense preponderance of the pure reason in Mr. Parker, that made his denials seem so naked, and his radicalism look so bald. No tender conservatism of pious feeling threw a softening veil over his positions, to drape in fragrant loveliness the bare rocks of his statement. His criticism stood out, undisguised and unrelieved, before all men's eyes: every point of doubt was sharpened and protruded. When he smote an idol with his axe, all men saw the sparks. Naturally enough, then, he seemed a destroyer; yet he came not to destroy, but to fulfil. They who passed him by carelessly, at his work, and saw the heap of ruin he had about him, said, "He is undermining the foundations of truth;" but had they gone nearer, and looked down into the pit he had dug, they would have seen the great stones piled one on another, — the basis of the more glorious church of the future. He was infinitely more a believer than he was a disbeliever, — infinitely more a dealer in affirmations than in negatives. He made no denial, save in the interest of some grander assertion; no analysis that did not look toward a nobler synthesis; no criticism that was not designed to minister to a vaster faith.

He was the grandest Theist of the time. Lofty beyond example were the pristine truths he labored to set forth; pure beyond comparison were the religious ideas which composed his exalted system of philosophic religion. No teacher has unfolded a conception of God so sublime, so clear, so overwhelming in glory and light, as his. He taught that God contained all possible and conceivable, ay, and inconceivable perfections: the perfection of being, — or complete self-subsistence, as conditioned only by himself; the perfection of power; of wisdom; of justice; of love; of that innermost element of all, — holiness. He taught that God is immanent in the world of matter and the world

of spirit, — dwelling continually in both and animating both, — while running out beyond either, and infinitely transcending each.

He taught that God was perfect Creator, perfect Preserver, perfect Benefactor; that he was the Father and the Mother of the world. And this idea of God he got, not from the testimony of the material universe, not from the Bible, not from the church, not from the Christ of history, theology, or experience, but, as he said, from the soul's intuition of the Divine, aided indeed by Bible and science, by church, and by tradition, but not proceeding from them, nor dependent on them. As the body had an eye by which it perceived the outward and material, so the soul, he contended, had an eye by which it looked immediately on the inward and spiritual. To open that eye was to gaze upon the very face of God.

Take now, if you will, this idea of God, carry it out to its philosophical results, and you come at once upon the reason of Mr. Parker's long series of denials. You see how impossible it was for him to believe in the vulgar supernaturalism of the churches; how intrinsically incredible to his mind was a *violation* of natural laws; how irrational must have seemed a plan of salvation proceeding on the idea that the universe had, in the first instance, proved a failure; that man, the crowning work of a perfect Maker, had disappointed his Creator, thrown the earth into confusion, and driven the Infinite God to the necessity of saving his creatures by an artificial and over-strained device of redemption. If miracle meant the infraction of the laws of matter, it involved a self-evident contradiction; for how could a perfect Being break miraculously through his own perfect regulations? If revelation meant the communication of truths wholly transcending the human mind, then revelation could not be admitted; for the perfect Wisdom must be for ever imparting itself to all who will receive it.

If inspiration meant the bringing of light by some private and exclusive windows into a select soul here and there, then there could be no such thing as inspiration, in the usual sense; for the God who is Spirit must be always holding intercourse with willing spirits, breathing truth into the truth-loving, justice into the upright, holiness into the pure, and love into the simple.

You comprehend from these illustrations how Mr. Parker's denials followed from his affirmations, and how the beliefs of Christendom disappeared from his system only because they were swallowed up in his more comprehensive truth. He did not believe as the multitude believed, because he believed vastly more than the multitude.

Mr. Parker's idea of the infinite God was the key to his whole theology; nay, it unlocked every chamber of his thought. It gave him his lofty conception of human nature and human destiny. It gave him his noble views of Providence. It did not give him his belief in immortality; for that, like the belief in God himself, was a fact of human consciousness: but it colored that belief, and shaped it, and glorified it, and made it wonderfully living, rich, and beautiful, attractive beyond any which mankind at large have ever entertained. This idea of God filled the worlds, the earths, and the heavens with light and hopefulness and love.

Let us bless Theodore Parker for the power with which he established, the earnestness with which he vindicated, the fulness with which he illustrated, the manifold zeal with which he applied, this great conception of the Infinite Goodness. Though not exclusively his own, nor, strictly speaking, original or peculiar with himself, he has done that for it which may fairly entitle him to claim it as his contribution to the thought of the age. And, while we bless him for this, we must bless him for other things incidental to this: for showing how the great beliefs of religion

are native to the constitution of the soul itself; for showing how the immortal verities of faith are planted deep in human nature; for opening the inward eyes, and enabling thousands to see God and truth and immortality and duty as the most near and profound of realities; for emancipating the multitudes from the bondage of superstition, and teaching them to dispense with the precarious props of church authority and historical records; for making broad and decisive the distinction between religion and theology, the spirit of faith and the letter of the belief, the essential and the non-essential, the permanent and the transient, in the Bible, in Christianity, in creed, and in worship; for making the deepest things plain and popular to the simplest people, bringing religion down to common life, and proving piety to be co-extensive and co-incident with the faithful performance of every daily duty. For doing all this, and a great deal beside, for which others will thank him better than I can, let us bless the memory of Theodore Parker, and confess his divine mission to the race.

I own to you, my friends, it seems to me a descent to leave this elevated plane of thought for the level of sectarianism, and to ask if Mr. Parker was a Christian. He was, and he was not. If to accept the popular theology is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for he rejected that theology, from its first axiom to its last result. If to believe all one finds written in the New Testament is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for the New Testament was to him only an imperfect record of early Christian ideas. If to look up to Christ as one's *Master* in thought or life is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for, with the deepest reverence for Jesus, and the tenderest love for him, and the sincerest acknowledgment of his inestimable service to mankind, he questioned his infallibility, and refused to call him Lord over the humblest soul. If an acceptance of all Christ's moral teachings is necessary to

constitute one a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for he unreservedly questioned the practicability of Christ's precepts; and, for his own ethical principles, fell back upon the primeval instincts of human nature. In fact, under no technical definition of the term "Christian" could Theodore Parker be included. But if he is entitled to be called a Christian who holds Christ's deepest and most transcendent truths, — the divine Fatherhood, and the Brotherhood of man, the essential divinity of human nature, and the omnipotence of the Divine Love in the realms of error and sin; if he is a Christian who aspires to be perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect, struggling incessantly, and amid tremendous difficulties, to reach the highest standard of virtue, and to beget in himself the peculiar qualities of the Christian life, — humility, devoutness, patience, forbearance, forgiveness, and loving-kindness; if he is a Christian who leads a consecrated life, holding himself with all his gifts and goods at the service of his fellow-men; if he is a Christian who takes the cross, and bears it faithfully night and day, through evil report and good report, and only prays for strength to carry it yet further on, — then I honestly declare Theodore Parker to have been a Christian; and have no hesitation in expressing my belief, that Jesus would cordially have acknowledged him as among his truest disciples.

It was not chiefly as a thinker that Mr. Parker influenced the world, but as a character. Every thing with him ran to conscience, — talents, time, money, books. He was an embodiment of the principle of duty. He had many virtues; but eminent above them all was the supreme virtue of justice. That quality, indeed, he incarnated. If he claimed it somewhat absolutely for himself, he demanded it imperatively for others. For every man and woman and child, of whatever class and degree, he demanded this, and nothing less: justice for the poor, the weak, the

disfranchised, the wronged, the defrauded; justice for the pauper child; justice for the orphan; justice for the drudge, male or female; justice for the slave. He stalked along with the mien of a hero and the arm of a giant, smiting wrong on the right hand and the left; fearing nothing himself, but being a pale and perpetual terror to the whole race of evil-workers. Sternly self-denying, he held men to self-denial; telling them all the while, however, that self-denial was the sole and all-sufficing joy. Was he austere, harsh, denunciatory? Did he seem to be bitter and malignant and vindictive; too little considerate of human weakness, too little forbearing towards human error, too little tolerant of human prejudices? We must remember, 1. That he was created, and sent into the world, to be a prophet rather than a saint, — a reformer rather than a regenerator. He was constituted an iconoclast. The Thor hammer was put into his hand, with fatal commission to use it unsparingly. On a friend's remonstrating with him for his severity, he replied, "Some are born to let their sunshine and their rain fall to encourage the tender seeds of hope; but I was born to thunder and lighten, and shatter things to the ground. Pity me: it is no joke this dealing in thunder and lightning." To such a nature, intolerance belonged as a necessary feature. It is not a vice so much as it is a limitation. Nay, in some sense, it may be even termed a virtue; for are not the flaming fires His ministers? We must judge men by their faithfulness to their own work and commission. Luther and Melanchthon stand not before the same bar.

2. Nor let us forget that Mr. Parker had fearful provocations. Men called him infidel who believed himself a builder-up of faith. Men called him atheist who did more than they all in these last years to rescue the age from materialism, and bring it to belief in the living and infinite God. He was shunned and denounced by some who

should have called him brother. He was preached against and prayed against. He was pointed at as an enemy of his kind. He may have been imbittered by this, and yet have retained virtue enough to constitute him an eminent example.

3. But the decisive word in this connection remains to be said. When charity becomes intensest, it scorches. Amiability is love in its negative form; but when love assumes its positive form, when it becomes an earnest and broad humanity, then it begins to sparkle and flash and smite. He who reveres the good, and cleaves to it, necessarily abhors the evil, and denounces it; and he who has small abhorrence of evil has usually but a feeble allegiance to good. It was out of the bosom of his loving-kindness that Jesus launched the frightful bolts of his invective at the scribes and Pharisees of his time; clearing the atmosphere of their hypocrisy by dreadful process of thunder-storm, that the common people might not suffocate. It is out of his heart of infinite pity for the world, that the Almighty Father makes the wicked consume away, and buries faithless nations in shameful graves. He who speaks in the interest of principles cannot be silenced by a refutation; and he who labors in the cause of man must use the vices of men as his tools. What seems cruelty to the individual may be mercy to the whole, and to them likewise in the end.

Do not think, I pray you, that Mr. Parker's justice was nothing more than the cold, biting, freezing wrath that many insisted it was. It ran out till it took the form of a very large and a very tender, generous, persevering beneficence. He saw, that, to large classes of his fellow-creatures, justice meant mercy, meant compassion, meant pity and help. It meant all this to the unfortunate, to the neglected, to the despised; it meant all this to the uninstructed, the unguided, the misled; it meant all this to the

passionate, the foolish, the wicked. These people came to him with their complaints, — came to him like children to a mother; and he gave them what he had to give, — money, if they needed money; counsel, if they needed counsel; warning and rebuke, if they needed these. He visited the poor in his hovel, the prisoner in his cell, the convicted felon in his dungeon. He gave shelter to the foreign exile: in his house, the fugitive slave had a home. His congregation, it has been said, raised more money for benevolent objects than any three societies in wealthy Boston; and his private munificence was large, to a degree that would have been celebrated if he had suffered his left hand to know what his right hand did. He was pastor to the poor and the afflicted, the orphan's protector, the widow's friend, the minister of all whom his ministration could benefit. As was touchingly said of him in a late obituary notice, "The sincerest mourners at his death will be the troops of young people whom he has helped to an education, and establishment in life, and the poor and unfortunate, whose wants never appealed to his sympathies in vain."

These things belong to the world: let the world have them, and learn from them how it may increase its charity. Let it scatter these virtues like flowers over the grave of the great heresiarch, who protested, that, though men called his worship heresy, it was worship consciously rendered to the true and everlasting God, — over the grave of the great iconoclast, who averred that he never shattered an image except to liberate a god.

There are other things, which the world cannot be expected to know, and will doubtless refuse to believe, — that he was full of frolic, wit, with his intimates, the most genial of companions, the sunniest of associates, the gentlest of counsellors, the kindest of judges, constant and tender as a woman in his affections. His intimate friends

could say things of him that would melt his enemies' hearts; and the day when the books shall be opened, and the witnesses shall be gathered, the stern prophet and lonely fighter for the truth in evil times will be led in, crowned with flowers, by the angels of little children. He who would only have the Beatitudes read over his grave shall have the benedictions of the pure in heart strewn over his memory.

A

DISCOURSE,

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

ON

THEODORE PARKER.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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DISCOURSE.

1 Sam. xix. 23, 24: "And the Spirit of God was upon him also. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Perusing some speeches and discourses lately, I thought how funeral solemnities, obituary notices, and orations over the dead, show the cheapness of eulogy. Praise is easy, very easy at the tomb. The Latin has become an English proverb, to say nothing but good of those that are gone. Is this from a fine instinct, that evil is a passing cloud? Is our praise a tribute to the common soul in all men? Or, as censure is found alike easy for those who have differed from us, is it because it requires so little elevation in ourselves to commend our favorites? Not presuming to decide such questions, and not expecting, amid jarring clamors of approbation and detraction, to satisfy any party, in what I shall speak of Theodore Parker I shall but take this for my maxim, that death does not alter truth; while, to whoever in surprise at my topic may, with the old incredulity, ask, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" I answer, "Yes." Though our

modern Saul, like the ancient one, did not go through the regular course, was touched at times with unhappy frenzy, and came to an untimely end, as of falling on his own sword, yet he was of uncommon stature, chosen by the Lord for a king, possessed with the Spirit, mighty to rout the Philistines, and, with whatever drawbacks on his virtue, deserving commemoration for an overplus of good.

May I say, that any disinclination I might feel to a subject involving violent oppositions of opinion is removed by the singular felicity of my relations to the person of whom I speak? We were fellow-students in the theological school. How well I remember the characteristic eagerness of the mate beside whom I had my place in what were called the Friday-evening debates! While listening to an argument to which he meant to reply, he would sit still, with suppressed feeling, tying knots in his handkerchief for points he proposed to make; and I have often thought the dint of that scourge as of small cords might be recognized now in all the hypocrisies of church and state on which he afterwards laid the lash. How vivid an image, from the aspiring, affectionate workings of the face he turned toward me, is still in my mind! Leaving Cambridge, he expressed his regret that my absence prevented my giving him the right hand of fellowship at his ordination in West Roxbury. When

he broke with the church to the extent of branding the miracles of Jesus recorded in the New Testament as absurd and incredible tales, and the Master himself as no authority in religion, and I frankly told him I could not, by asking an exchange of pulpits, force upon unwilling hearers one whom they held, however personally Christian, not a teacher of Christianity, he received the intimation fraternally as it was given, with no change of good-will. However the account might stand between his boldness and my scrupulosity, there was no breath but of balmy air. Cordial greetings, visits and intercourse, never ceased. When once I said to him, in the midst of his library, "You have not pursued your ancestor's military calling," — "Have I not, indeed?" was the arch reply, signifying the fighting he had done. "Do not work too hard, and wear yourself out before the time," I exhorted him. "I am good for more than the seventy years," he answered, with the same confidence in his longevity he had in all his conclusions, prospects, and deeds. In a letter acknowledging my call on him in his sickness, he touched my heart and shamed my poorer memory by going back to minute circumstances through nearly twenty-seven years; in all which, he assured me, I had done or said or looked to him nothing unkind. Certainly I can recall no hard tone, no cold or averted countenance,

on his part; though seeing not seldom the compression of mouth with which the stout dogmatist, as we talked, affirmed his loyalty to the motto on his seal, "Moved neither by the billow nor the blast," — *Nec fluctu, nec flatu motus.* Well I noted the shy courtesy, the shrinking manner that covered at first a boundless craving, and was to open into such audacious courage. But his tenderness never hardened, or could be more than hid. On the eve of his departure, pale and wasted, in pursuit of health, in trembling tones and with flowing tears, he owned an affection never darkened by variance of our judgments, or chilled in the divergence of our paths. From abroad, repeated messages came from him of a reciprocal love, or appreciation of hearty esteem, by which all criticism, save that of conviction and duty, must be disarmed. Indeed, no self-reference, but a desire to throw light on the temper of an historic person, my own former companion, prompts this recital. "No man in New England has been hated as I have," he once in my house bitterly remarked. "No man ever carried away so much love from the country," he pathetically exclaimed to me again, in his own house, when just ready for the voyage which bore him to other shores on earth and the eternal one of heaven.

It does not appear strange, that one who could

care for a not intimate acquaintance, and virtual opponent of his views, should have clasped his nearest sympathizers to a beating breast. The quality of his friends is his own royal encomium. Let them be his testimonial! Their nobility is the best demonstration of his. His moulding of their character was not an effect without a cause. Was he blameless to his foes? This inquiry is, for every human creature, the searching test. It is easy to love those who love us. What signifies it to have our heart warm to such as foster, defend, flatter us, join our party, fight for us, furnish us opportunity to speak, and offer us that invisible incense — sweeter than any that smokes from swinging censers in great cathedrals — which comes out of hearkening ears? We are only up to publicans and sinners, when none but those who cherish us are dear. With no readiness to accuse, and no sentiment but of regret and pain, I am compelled to say, Theodore Parker here was not without fault. He reached not the perfect Christian spirit. Yet his dislikes were more from constitutional intensity than wilful wrong. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, while a Rationalist too. He was a Cromwellian, saying his prayers and keeping his powder dry. He was a son of liberty, and a worshipper of God after the way of his fathers. His putting a sword into the slave's right hand, and a Bible into the

left, was a genuine expression of his temper and creed. He was scholar and warrior in a room walled in with eighteen thousand volumes, and his grandfather's gun at the door. He was a remorseless examiner of Scripture creeds, yet a lover of literature; putting *the* Book always at the head. Having more in him than common people, he fell short of reconciling antagonist tendencies of his own mind. The atonement in him was not complete. The mystic was at odds in him with the logician. The pietist in the heart struggled with the duellist in the tongue. The embodied contradiction, which every man is, never ended for him in the incarnate harmony which stamps the likeness of some in so fine a photograph on the soul. He murmured, as he died, "There are two Theodore Parkers, — one here in Italy, one there in Boston." I think there were two Theodore Parkers within the circle of his own nature. Avoiding the blame which would cast out his name as evil, and the sycophancy that calls him the spotless paragon of the world; not denouncing his opposers as simpletons, or his favorers as knaves, — I must say, the honest man confounded justice with private and public details of quarrel, which he should have looked down upon as from the sun. This unhappiness arose from his main trouble in an excessive consciousness of himself. He stood fully aware of

his own claims, powers, and rights. He was the centre of his own circle. He had the disease of a sore personality.

Yet it would, however, be unfair to forget how much a boundless yearning for others' confidence was galled by what he took for groundless distrust, or how far his sensitive traits furnished him for his task; as it is impious not to remember, that the hand of God, fashioning every creature's frame, proved its carving in that peculiar face and brow. A different treatment of him, some have said, would have saved him to his religious brotherhood. But such a man, by fate or will divine, we were to have. Mutual irritation, as a foregone conclusion, could not be helped betwixt the conservatives and the hot reformer thwarting their prejudice, crossing their track, and scaring them from their ease. Conflict is inevitable in such a case. Hard blows, in words at least, will be given and received. The passions think themselves eternal; but nothing is more perishable, rave though they may, as if theirs were the endless tossings of the sea. How soon, in any noble mind, they go down! When, especially, Providence hangs up a portrait in that hall of Death which is the gallery of Time, what a new emotion affects our survey! Death does not alter truth; but it overcomes the excitement of individual dispute and sectarian rage of

In a letter just received from his friend William Henry Channing, he writes: "Once I remember telling him that his grand mistake was this concentrated unity of purpose. He was really richer in impulse, imagination, sympathy, and varied power, than he knew himself to be, or allowed himself to be."

II. The second element of Greatness is ACTION.

The active element in Theodore Parker was very predominant. It went always abreast, at least, with the speculative. He studied and speculated in order to act. He was a worker in the world; here to do something, not merely to think something. Hence his interest in all reforms, in all social progress, in all which tends to deepen and heighten human culture. Before him, his life lay planned out like a chart; and his work was arranged year beforehand for every year. Indeed, his intense activity, as I just said, seemed often to weaken or repress his intellectual power; for thought needs a resting-time to ripen. Too constant action impairs the sweep and strength of the intellect. Especially is the imagination, that airy faculty, cramped by too energetic a will. It can only spread its wings when allowed perfect liberty and choice of its own time.

But what an amount of work did our brother do, with *tongue as a speaker*, with *pen as a writer*, with *hand as a helper*. First, as a PREACHER AND LECTURER, he stood unrivalled in the rare gift of making popular and interesting to thousands the results of systematic philosophy and theology. Before a crowd collected to be entertained by his wit, pointed comments, and sharp criticism, on the persons and things around them, he did not avoid an almost scholastic discussion of first principles; a careful analysis of conduct, character, morality; large generalizations, systematic and exhaustive distributions. Hour after hour, the great audience would listen; held by the

thread of a masterly and clear argument; enlivened indeed, not infrequently, by flashes of wit, and touches of poetic description. But, if he entertained and amused them, he did not have that for his end, but merely for one of his means. His end was to revolutionize public opinion; to beat down, by terrible blows of logic and satire, the cool defenders of inhuman wrong; to pour floods of fiery invective upon those who opposed themselves to the progress of a great cause; to fill all minds with a sense of responsibility to God for the use of all faculties; to show the needs of suffering man; to call attention to the degraded classes; to raise up those who were bowed down, and to break every yoke. He also came in the spirit and power of Elijah. He was ready to denounce the Ahabs and Herods of State Street, the hard money-kings of a commercial city, the false politicians whose lying tongue is always waiting to deceive the simple. His fiery indignation at wrong showed itself, in the most terrible invectives which modern literature knows, against the kidnappers, the proslavery politicians, the proslavery priests, and the slave-catching commissioners. These invectives were sometimes cruel and severe; in the spirit of Moses, David, and John the Baptist, rather than in that of Christ. Such extreme severity, whether in Jew or Christian, defeats its own object; for it is felt to be excessive and unjust. I cannot approve of Theodore Parker's severity. I consider it false, because extravagant; unjust, because indiscriminate; unchristian, because relentless and unsympathizing. But then I will remember how bitterly he was pursued by his opponents; how Christians offered prayers in their meetings, that he might be taken away; how Boston wealth and aristocracy hated and reviled him; how little he had, from any quarter, of common sympathy or common charity. I cannot wonder at his severity; but I cannot think it wise. Being so great, I wish he had been greater. Being so loving to

vailable for the behoof and improvement of mankind. At all risks, he determined to put them into act. He would force all affairs to be amenable to their control; for want of gift freshly to discern, substituting a transcendent volume of knowledge, industry, and strength to perform. Truths which dropped soft as feathers from the lips of ideal men, became, by wondrous practical transformation, stiff and sharp as spears and riders' lances in his hands. Like Spenser's iron man Talus, he went out over the land; and whatever error or sin was disclosed to him could not hope to escape the flail. He was as one beholding vile buildings in some disreputable or inconvenient street, unworthy the space they fill, and urgent, alone or with a mob hustled together, to blow them up or burn them down, although it was not in him, by any plan of creative beauty, to build a temple in their stead.

His sternness in his public speech was no affectation; for, in his lowest tones in private, one noted something of the lion's roar. But the prey he followed was what he deemed the iniquity of the age. Whatever want of poetry, sentiment, or all-embracing wisdom, attended a mission so conceived, there was, at least, no paltering or compromise. He was not indisposed to be seen prominent himself in the rough utility: for an immense ambition, like a spur in his side, pushed him forward; and he labored with the

delight one always has in his proper vocation. He was aware how suited were his spiritual members to the function he undertook; and in all encounters, however made, supposed he was "about his Father's business." He often violated good taste in his manner and style, and no doubt lacked some of the sensibilities, piercing to the foundation of the mind, from which good taste proceeds. He seemed ever making up his mind and setting himself to some grandeur of accomplishment. He would have pleased delicate and bashful persons more, had the dramatic air been less evident in his life, which is slightly suggested by his directions in reference to his death. On account of his being so manifestly sensible of his mission, something of the grotesque disfigures his majestic though angular mould. He used the tone of a schoolmaster to some to whom it was ludicrously misapplied. He did not attain to the highest standard of a healthy, happy, simple, and peaceful man. A long fever was in his body and mind. He strained himself to unnatural degrees of aim and power. He throbbed with a double pulse. He toiled with a quadruple manhood. He dropped, a premature victim to the excesses of his soul. But we cannot spare our Saul out of our annals. He was a providential figure for our day. God sent him; God put his Spirit upon him; God had great use for him: and we must not be oblivious, that, if

he were hotly impassioned to an extreme, few more than he answer to the poet's line, —

"For thee my noblest passions burn."

Those who know him as only love can make us know any one certify to the extraordinary overflow of his devotions, his remarkable gift in consolation, and ability to reconcile alienated or despairing spirits to the supreme government under which we live.

Indubitable witnesses to the womanly softness of the stern champion's heart should put, not only astonishment, but forgiveness, into bosoms aware toward him of any hate. We can denounce as he did: nothing is so smooth as the facility of censure. We are rather most concerned to find in his existence the blessing designed. Nor would I talk of him at all, but that, from the core, I feel this, too, was a man to be respected and loved. The signal merit, distorted with whatever blemish of unfairness, of his portraitures of others, entitles him to a careful delineation of himself.

Doubtless, while grieving some with unbelief of their creeds, he raised multitudes all over the country, otherwise unreached by Orthodox and accredited views, to his own religious level. If he was belligerent, let the meek understand, that He who puts the red planet in the sky makes Mars ascendant in some minds. If, by an unadjusted contradiction in his

nature, some were at once attracted and repelled, his imperfection may have offered occasion of service to such as shared his disturbance while they missed his serenity. If he were in shape like a mighty engine rumbling through the highways, and then with much noise and commotion dragged back, rather than like the star shining softly and for ever to gladden all beholders, angels and men, without a sound, let us not, because there are heavenly bodies, refuse the benefit of engines, which indeed we cannot dispense with for any higher ministry of stars. If, on the ground of his temper, he cannot attain to any homogeneous and universally accepted credit, let us try to see him through a better medium than extravagant odium or a partisan fame.

I have spoken of Mr. Parker's moral habit. His special tenets are of less moment. It was remarkable how, immediately after his demise, his dispositions were universally from press and pulpit the subject of remark, while his opinions seemed buried in the ground or sunk in the sea. We over-estimate our special denominational creeds. Nobody will for mere belief of miracles be saved, or for unbelief of them be lost. Nobody will reach heaven by climbing on a heap of dogmas, but only by flying on wings of love. But hardly in any affectionate way did he attack the sins of society or the superstitions of the church. His theological heresies were the head

and front of his offending; but nobody was ever more ready to indict any by whom he was himself arraigned. He even charged on some, who thought he went too far, the secret treachery of opinions like his own, which they were ashamed to divulge, and afraid to enact. He hastily took their agreement with him for granted, without discrimination or sufficient proof. Those whom he suspected of disloyalty never pretended to hold to a plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, or the literal correctness of all wonderful stories in the Old Testament; but, while maintaining a divinity in psalm and prophecy and the Mosaic law, they affirmed a supernatural dispensation in the New Testament, which he used all his resources to flout.

In all sincerity he chose his career; but he had not faculty to penetrate the purport or appraise the contents of a religious tradition. He understood not, in its Christian application, the solidarity of a common sentiment, or the continuous and indissoluble unity of the human soul. He could do nothing with enduring institutions and operative principles in the life of mankind, but analyze and reduce them to ashes in the crucible of a speculative brain. He had not imagination, simple reverence, and holy wonder, to admit the marvels at which, on the road of investigation, the scientific understanding balks, but which are welcome to the higher reason in every artist and

true spiritualist, to poet and painter, to Dante and Shakspeare and Milton and Raphael, to genius of all sorts treading lowly on the mysterious borders, none ever measured, of the unseen world. A conscientious man, striving ever to a punctilio of equity to be just to all, he was yet in a wind so high, and so furious in his drift, as ungenerously to impute falsehood to brother-students dissenting from his word. Christianity to him was a system among other systems, to have sentence passed upon it by certain abstract categories of the intellect, instead of a vast, vital, organizing power, taking up the life of the age and the race into its endless century-growth, running across the land, flowing under the sea, like the fabled river, to infuse its sap into our ancestral blood, and make our very energies, and whatever parts we play well in the world, but offshoots from branches on the trunk or leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations. Not a profound philosopher, he yet had, of the value of metaphysical and partial generalizations against the make and providential movements of human nature, an overweening sense, from which issued a ready exaggeration of his own function. Contrary to Paul's pithy warning, he fancied he bore the root, and not the root him; though he is far from being alone or first to entertain this not very modest notion among remarkable men of our day.

Mistrusting his brethren's fidelity to their own con-

clusions, Mr. Parker took their serious construing of his position as persecution. He was contemplated by many, perhaps by all, of his friends, as a martyr. To the Association of Ministers to which he belonged was ascribed the crime of cruelty; and that Association has of late been publicly summoned to answer some questions he printed, as an arbitrary tribunal for them to answer at before all flesh, and to express regrets for their harsh handling of him. What did they do? They never expelled him; they never tried him. They subjected themselves to misconstruction as a band of infidels for avoiding in all ways any motion to his harm. To the unparalleled honor of their charity, it was impossible for them to lift a finger against his welfare. Theological self-preservation bound them not to make light of his revolutionary views, the adoption of which would have been their dissolution; while the resolute disputation they made built for him the pedestal of glory he stood upon for the hour, to which by no surpassing talents would he have ever been raised. In the tone of the debate, his brethren had the spiritual advantage. The severest language quotable from conversation or the press during the strife is his, not theirs. But corporations among us are weak against individuals, living or dead: especially bodies with the faintest ecclesiastic color must always expect the decree to go against them in a summary, Turkish way.

What was to be done in the case? Was Mr. Parker a teacher of Christianity? It is denounced as sheer venom or Pharisaism to say, No. But, verily, Mr. Parker did not profess to be a teacher of Christianity. He proclaimed absolute religion, in oversight of the fact, that a religion must be relative to the human mind; and that, of all religions ever known, this relativeness is in the Christian most beautiful and complete. Ignorant of his own sins, and imperceptive of the deepest needs of the human soul, he found in no gospel any emphatic design, saving power, or final authority. Disowning Jesus as a Master in spiritual things, though he would inconsistently allow Michael Angelo or Homer or Plato to be such in philosophy, poetry, and art; stigmatizing all approach to God through him as whining and whimpering through an attorney; and laughing at the pathetic symbol of the Lord's Supper, as the rattle that pleases or straw that tickles a child, — why should he have insisted on being counted among the preachers or disciples of Christ? He has been called an iconoclast; but iconoclasts commonly make their assault on temples from without: he raised his hand against the church inside. Ungracious seems all abatement of praise: but charity is not liar or fool; and I must affirm his position a false one, however the man was true. A respected clergyman in Boston a quarter of a century ago, withdrawing from

his post in unnecessary compunction for a legitimate interpretation of the table of communion to which his parishioners could not assent, presents a singular contrast with Mr. Parker's downright pertinacity to remain in the ecclesiastical fellowship, and force upon his ministerial brethren those more serious negations of the works which explode the historic image of the Son of God. He wanted, and only waited, to be expelled. "Drive me away, if you please," virtually said the politic man, who never lost his shrewdness in his heat; "make a victim of me. I will never go. On you be the obloquy of the hunt!" There is but a qualified magnanimity in such a stand. In recent panegyric, he is styled the only thoroughly faithful preacher of morals in the land. It is pity, in a world where neither sunlight nor the favor of God is shut up in a corner, a broad observation can discern goodness of any pattern in but a solitary point, when there are many men who would at once have won, as soon as he, an American and European notoriety and party leadership, could they have reasonably reached the inferences to which he so rashly leaped.

He did not shake the Church, though he rent somewhat the small section of it in which he lived. Allowing his transparent integrity, absolving him of all duplicity of intent, I claim for the family brotherhood he was of in religion a procedure as upright as

could arise from the strongest wish to adjust their fealty to the law of Heaven with the liberty of man; and, fine as the liberty of man is, the law of Heaven is earlier and finer.

Not by our wits, but by the "inexorable logic of events," as the divine providence marches on, is the debate, whether the gospel be a final lesson, to be closed. Meantime, the ablest critics of the Christian faith, from Porphyry and Julian to Voltaire and Hume and Paine, die at least in the era and reign of the wonderful person whose claims they discard. Our friend — of whose candid compliments to the great Jewish youth let us not be unmindful, inadequate as they appear — himself sickens in the realm of this head of the race, and will have the date of the Lord's kingdom graven on his tomb. So will it be with us all. Every undertaking, with our critical apparatus, to overlook and measure the Master, fails. We cannot, on this mountain of the Lord, get high enough for its downward survey. From no wondrous balloon can we see it dwindle. The verdict, not of twelve, but twelve thousands of millions of men, is for him as Redeemer and Guide.

To the general substance of this award, who has a bill of exceptions he can succeed to file in? It were as likely and beneficent an adventure to uncivilize as to unchristianize the human race. It were better to drop the chief comforts and useful inventions of life,

and turn all discovery back into barbarism, than to throw away the facts and precepts of the faith which has never become less new for being so old. So far as Mr. Parker's enterprise went to purge of accretions of error the popular and prevailing Christianity, let us thank him for a great contribution to human weal ; but where deficient insight, combined with inordinate egotism and intemperate zeal, tries, with poor surgery, to cut into its genuine members, let us shrink from all partnership in the at once profane and futile attempt. The attempt is not made from the legitimate point of any higher life, but from untenable, however industriously fortified, ground, such as the logical head has not seldom been too quick to offer against the human heart and soul. As a knight-errant of the order of Templars, let us welcome Mr. Parker, not as perfect saint or sage. He tore off the veil of error, but brightened not the countenance of truth. He cut down the poplars, but planted not the elms. He ripped away poisonous and tangled undergrowth, and ploughed a deep furrow, but sowed little wheat and corn. I know not for what thought I am in his debt. His heroic example is to all a precious legacy.

" This, too, shall pass away," was the inscription chosen for a human dwelling. I am profoundly convinced of its prophetic truth for that speciality of Mr. Parker's opinions, out of which, betwixt him and

others, came a grief in our day. It will not apply to any service he rendered, with such will and abundant endeavor, to the cause of freedom, education, temperance, natural piety, the relief of the perishing, and the comfort of the poor. But neither will it hold of the spiritual type he disdained, of supernatural glory in the revelation, in human flesh, of the Most High. That which, with massive but loose and inaccurate scholarship, he assailed, will endure while men and their schemes rise and sink. *Christian* is a living word in all earthly language, for which, in its magnificent, compound meaning, there can be no substitute. We may not arrogate it to ourselves; we may be slow to refuse it to others: but to despise it in its actual sense is to renounce manhood, disown the Deity, and sin against the Holy Ghost.

Let us cling to it, untroubled by the disdain of sceptics, or by the sublime assumptions which any, wise and holy on a fond hypothesis, make of the worthlessness and folly of all, who, in matters of philosophy or society, differ from themselves. Let us not follow those, who, in a Christian era, under a notion of enlargement, chiefly wish to make Pagans of themselves. Let us believe in that spiritual world beyond, beneath, encompassing and pervading this, — not apparent to the senses or subject to the understanding, — which turns all our supercilious airs into the conceits of an empty soul, as, in the revelation

that has come to us, it shows itself most great and clear. No writing or history, indeed, can exhaust the mind of God. Not limiting the Infinite Spirit to any one manifestation, even Christianity, let us, however, emphasize justly whatever disclosure it vouchsafes. We need not, as do some, fear that realizing the particular grace of our Father now will shut in the grand, ever-retreating, and infinite horizon of possibility for its future displays.

So I testify of Mr. Parker's aspect to me; not forgetting how differently he appeared to others, and not presuming to imagine the decisions of the central Judge. I may have said only what will either offend his foes or grieve his friends; while nothing I have named in his praise but has been my own pleasure, and every contrary word my pain. Spiritual greatness is too rare for us not to lament our inability to accept any one, who has won wide distinction, into its rank for a model man. But this man lacked the repose and simplicity inseparable from the truly great. He stood not like the mountains, that rise to heaven, and refresh the earth. He moved not like the orbs, that send lustre afar, without leaving their own station. Sad to the soul is it to write a sentence any reader will deem detraction; but lying commendation would be more sad. Mr. Parker's vindication of the rights of men is his glory: his contribution to that general license of mind and speech and pro-

cedure, which is the main evil of our time and land, is the shadow of a fame that can never shine in vertical light. Freedom is a blessed boon, but not the best; and it becomes a bane when insubordinate to truth. We have sown a seed of such independence, as gives us, in not a few of our youth, and in some even of our moral teachers, a crop of crudity and conceit. In the intellectual generation of this day largely appear the pride and vanity, boastfully by those, whose particular offspring they are, baptized for courage and progress. Standing still or advancing slowly is better than bravado and haste.

But although mournfully feeling that Mr. Parker in some ways promoted incidentally this unhappy tendency, while aiming at the wholesome liberation of the mind, I believe his unfortunate influence will be transient, and his good must abide. Not being a member of the Unitarian denomination, or of any association so styled, I may trust that my general witness to a remarkable character is devoid of wounded recollection or theological bias, while it involves no one but myself; and, whatever ground others may take, I must declare it is not Mr. Parker's application of any true learning to modify the claim of the Scriptures, or to expose any holding of them in a superstitious regard, that would excite my remonstrance, or call from me any sentiment but of respect. The Bible does not support Christianity: Christianity

supports the Bible; and Christianity will be in heaven, whither it might seem some persons expect also to carry the paper and print of their sacred books with them when they die. Insulting our religion, by decrying its whole supernatural character, is another matter, which the Unitarians did not consider with Mr. Parker too soberly. To make light of it would have been to break up their order, and surrender their commission. The question of miracles, as certain external signs of the supernatural, has its vital importance, not, as many thoughtlessly fancy, chiefly in their value as proofs, or any use to be made of them, great as their use undoubtedly is, but practically in the result attendant on a process instituted to cut them out. Who can cut them out, without cutting into the inmost verity of the gospel? If they could be removed safely, without touching the truth or spirit, present influence or immortal prophecy, of our faith, even then of what power and beauty would there be a loss from the record so dear of the life of Jesus! For, of all the philosophic pretences of the day, none is so shallow as that of any offence to the soul and deepest understanding of man, in what we, with imperfect language, call superhuman deeds. So the princes themselves of science among us will affirm. What but the laws of nature, in the production and propagation of all kinds of life, are the subject of the latest scientific dispute? while no

advocate on either side but puts the miracle somewhere, so inexpugnably strong are nature and the truth of God. Supernaturalism, in the education of the human soul on earth or in heaven, may change its instances; old wonders may successively fall under ever-enlarging laws: but new marvels will rise in their stead; and, after some æons on his eternal track, the sciolist, who casts out as chaff every prodigy he cannot now master, may learn to be at once more modest and more wise.

Mr. Parker, in his criticism of the gospel-facts, appears peculiarly unsound. The tide seemed to set his way; but it was only an eddy. Its main flow in the channel of divine manifestations will be evident in the future as in the past. But peace be with him, who knows more now than any of us! Peace everlasting to the soldier who has laid down his arms; who had in him such pity as well as wrath, that "he could not bear to throw away a bunch of withered flowers," and such generosity as to bestow his splendid library on the city of his home! Yet, seductive as is all transcendental speculation, we reflect, at his sepulchre and over his page, on the vain magnificence of every plan to make out of abstract intellectual axioms a religion for the human race. Some unsettled thinkers are daunted at each fresh rationalistic demonstration, as a necessary step forward in the manifest destiny of truth. In a timid

policy, affecting bravery, they would go with it. They have not learned how old and various is error, and that this anti-supernatural peculiarity is no surprise now, but tried and rejected in manifold forms ages ago, although its argument must be met ever anew. The witnesses in the case have been so numerous and so grand as to establish it for nothing less than a conclusion of the mind of man, that reason alone, separate from providence and history, unhelped by divine interposing, and unwedded to the Holy Spirit, cannot suffice for the salvation of the soul. What more than a cursory glance at the condition of the world is needful to prove that the office of him, who, being reason to us in addition to reason in us, proves himself the Word made flesh, is not yet over? While the thought of God can never be spent, unspent too, as yet, is the manifestation of that thought in time, in the mission of his Son. Whoever feels that the last drop has flowed, and the fountain of this favor is dry, will, of course, cease to preach Jesus Christ. But be it our thanksgiving to Heaven, that the civilization of the earth still grows, while its redemption advances, by looking to him as its Head!

A Look at the Life of Theodore Parker:

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

THEODORE PARKER;

DELIVERED IN THE INDIANA-PLACE CHAPEL,

JUNE 3, 1860.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

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DISCOURSE.

Matt. xi. 7–9: "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken by the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? — behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet."

We have, during the last week, heard of the death of Theodore Parker, — a noble and worthy soul, known well, honored and loved by most of us. I cannot let this day pass by without taking occasion to say a few words, however incomplete and inadequate, in memory of his worth. And, in speaking of him, I hope to avoid all extravagance of eulogy, all indiscriminate praise, all sweeping generalities of statement. As he to others, so I to him. He once refused to accept the established rule of necrology, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, — "Say nothing but *good* of the dead;" and substituted for it this other and better rule, *De mortuis nil nisi verum*, — "Say nothing but *truth* of the dead." — "It is no merit," added he, "to die. Why praise a man because he is dead?" I will remember this honesty, brother, in speaking of thee.

Theodore Parker was the ripe fruit of New England; baptized in the Lexington Meeting-house; learning his letters in the primary school; taking strength from the granite and gravel below, and from the cold winter winds above; learning freedom of utterance at town-meeting;

inheriting strong sense, clear logic, and penetrating insight, in his ancestral blood; of the stock of the Puritans; of the tribe of Massachusetts; a Yankee of the Yankees; a Unitarian also, by inheritance from plain-thinking parents; and as touching all youthful habits of behavior, all moral requisitions of a strict community, blameless. No man more than he, since Benjamin Franklin, has shown those traits of common sense, joined with abstract speculation; sensibility of conscience, poised with calm judgment; the fanatic's devotion to ideas, with the calculating prudence of a man of the world; which make the basis of New-England character and its essential strength.

When, on the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops marched to Lexington and Concord, they found at Lexington the militia company of that town — eighty strong — drawn up on the green, in front of the Meeting-house, to receive them. The captain of the company waited till the British troops — eight hundred in all — had reached the green and deployed into line opposite, and till their commander had ordered the Americans to disperse. Then he, too, gave the same order to his men; not wishing to sacrifice life in a useless resistance to overwhelming numbers, but letting the British soldiers, for the first time, look in the face of the American militia. But, while they were dispersing, the British fired; and that greensward, on the April morning, was stained with the first American blood which fell in the great struggle. Out in Kentucky, the hunters heard it, and baptized their newly planted town by the name of Lexington. In Europe, the nations heard it, and dated from that hour the beginning of a new era for the destinies of man. The captain of that militia company was John Parker, grandfather of our Theodore; and his gun was kept by Theodore in his study, to be used, if necessary, in protecting the fugitive slave under his roof against the Regulars and Tories of our day, who are ready

as ever to trample on the rights of the individual, in the supposed interest of order and of good government.

Born thus, amid New-England life, in a farmer's home; driving the cows to the field, and going to the district school; listening to sermons, and to discussions in town-meeting; studying his Latin grammar by the light of the kitchen fire; hardening his body and soul with stern manual labor, and training his intellect by the wholesome studies of the common schools, — the genius of *Theodore Parker* took its flight upward, from its humble nest in the meadow-grass to its singing-place among the stars. It is an honor to our institutions when they train up their boys into such men as he.

Was he a great man? Let us examine that point. There is a double danger here of error; danger of not noticing the greatness close to us, because it is so near, — as people walking at the foot of Antwerp Minster cannot measure the height of its spire; and danger of exaggerating, in our enthusiasm, qualities of a merely transient splendor into a permanent radiance, — as the bright light in a window near by may be mistaken for a distant star. What, then, makes true greatness? and did he possess it?

There is no real greatness where we do not find in a man the three elemental tendencies of Intellect, Affection, and Will, — all in full and harmonious activity. Either of them alone cannot constitute greatness. We see, among practical men, some of immense energy, who sweep every thing before them by their resistless will: but they are not *great* men; for their energy is not directed by any great thought, and not inspired by any generous love. And there are also men of great intellectual powers, but without any energetic purpose, any clear aim; whose knowledge tends nowhere. Like gold locked up in a miser's iron chest, their intellectual powers and treasures profit no one, and are useless. And so there may be love, — saintly love to God,

humane love to man; but because not illuminated by insight, nor directed by energetic purpose, it stagnates into a merely sentimental piety, a sentimental philanthropy.

I. Theodore Parker's INTELLECT was remarkable for its varied faculties. It was strong in analysis and synthesis, in marshalling a multitude of facts, and in ascending from facts to comprehensive laws. His memory of details was astonishing; but his power of systematizing those details — making them drill in companies, and march in squadrons, and take on the order of battle — was equally striking. His mind was strong in its perceptions and apprehensions; very able to seize and retain individual facts. In his childhood, he could repeat whole cantos of poetry, and learn by heart a poem of five hundred lines at a reading. Before he was ten years old, he had studied botany so as to know all the shrubs and trees of Massachusetts, and the names and habits of the plants in his vicinity. At ten, he began Latin; at eleven, Greek. At twenty-one, he had read Virgil twenty times, Horace nearly as often; besides having made himself master of chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics. Presently he added French, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and German, and afterward Hebrew.*

But the main character of his knowledge was that it was *live* knowledge. There are some men who accumulate facts as the ants gather grains. They are merely the collectors of dry seeds, which never germinate. They are the slaves of their knowledge, — not its masters. There are great scholars who never knew what to do with their accumulated stores. Not so with our friend. His mind was not like a forest in winter, when the trees stand close above and the bushes thick below, but where the icy

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* See notice in the "Tribune" of May 29; written, doubtless, by Parker's old friend, George Ripley.

branches rattle together while the cold wind roars through their tops. It was like the same forest when the summer sun has poured life into every part, and the myriad buds and leaves expand: when the blossoms open, the birds and insects flit through the tender foliage, and a soft perfume comes mingled from a thousand thousand flowers.

Theodore Parker was possessed of a power of acquisition, which few men, out of Germany, ever had. He knew the contents of all the books in his library. He could take the substance out of a book in an incredibly short time. On that fatal winter which broke down his constitution and determined his fate (the winter which killed him), he was in the habit of filling a carpet-bag, not with novels, but with works of tough philosophy and theology, in Greek, Latin, German, in old black-letter print and yellow parchment covers; and would study them, Monday, while riding in the cars, to lecture on Monday night; study them, Tuesday, while riding to lecture at another place on Tuesday night; and so on, studying all day and lecturing every night, till Friday. On Friday he would come home, write his Sunday's sermon on Saturday forenoon, visit the sick and suffering of his society on Saturday afternoon, preach Sunday morning to two or three thousand people, rest a little on Sunday afternoon, receive his friends on Sunday evening, and away again on Monday.

I asked him, "Do you read all your books? and do you know what is in them?" — "I read them all," said he, "and can give you a table of contents for each book." During that winter, he lectured to about eighty thousand persons, in every part of the Free States, from Maine to Wisconsin.

When he came back from Germany, he had been to see the old theologian, Ferdinand Christian Baur of Tübingen; and he said he asked him how many hours a day he studied. The old man replied with a sigh, "Ach! leider, nur achtzehn," — "Alas! only eighteen." Parker never studied eigh-

teen hours a day, I suppose; but I think he put the twenty-four hours' study of common men into his six or twelve hours a day: for he who studies with an active mind will learn more in a few minutes, than another, studying passively and idly, will gain in an hour. What Parker knew, he knew; and he knew that he knew it. All his knowledge lay at hand, accessible, like the tools of an orderly workman.

But the scholarship and knowledge of Theodore Parker made but the beginning of his intellectual work. He was an original thinker. Very early addicted to metaphysical pursuits, he never relinquished his taste for them. In philosophy, he belonged to that school of thinkers who are called Transcendentalists; who believe that man, as God's child, receives an inheritance of ideas from within; that he knows by insight; that he has intuitions of truth, which furnish the highest evidence of the reality of the soul, of God, of duty, of immortality. He joined, not doubtfully, but with most earnest conviction, that great company of ideal philosophers, at whose head stands the divine Plato, and in whose generous ranks are the chiefest intellects of the race, — Socrates and Pythagoras, Epictetus and Antoninus, Plotinus and Jamblichus, Erigena and Anselm, Descartes and Leibnitz, Cudworth and Henry More, Pascal and Kant, Cousin and Schleiermacher. But his chief powers he consecrated to theology, which he justly regarded as the queen of all sciences. It has become the fashion with many, in these days, to undervalue both philosophy and theology, and to consider them as idle and empty studies, leading to no practical results; while the arts and sciences, natural philosophy, the knowledge of external things, social questions, humanities, philanthropies, and reforms, are the only really solid and valuable studies. Not so thought Theodore Parker. He knew, as well as any, how empty is a great deal that is called theology; but he also knew that every

man has, and must have, a philosophy and theology, true or false. He knew that every man's philosophy underlies his theology, and that his theology underlies all his practice. He knew that theological reform must precede all other reform; that as one thinks of God and God's character, so will he form his own. He knew that, while God is regarded as partial, wilful, and revengeful, man will continue to be partial, wilful, and revengeful too.

Until our theology becomes Christian, we can have no Christian morality nor Christian ethics. Those who believe that God has foreordained some human souls to an eternal hell hereafter, can very easily believe that he has ordained some human races to be slaves for ever here. Those who think that God is full of wrath against his enemies will consider it right themselves to be filled with wrath against theirs. Therefore Theodore Parker drove the deep subsoil plough of a sound theology under the roots of a false morality and ethics. And, when I say a sound theology, I refer especially to his doctrine of God,— to THEOLOGY, strictly so called; for his views here were mostly noble and admirable. His CHRISTOLOGY, or doctrine of Christ, I have thought defective; and his ANTHROPOLOGY, or doctrine of man, somewhat defective too, in important particulars. He ascribed too absolute moral power to the human will: he did not enough recognize the element of evil which comes to us from the solidarity of the race,— inherited from behind, and caught by contagion from around. He regarded sin as always and strictly a self-originated disease; never as a contagious epidemic, or as an inherited tendency. And all which to me seem his mistakes, theoretical and practical, had their root here.

There was also in the mind of Theodore a poetic quality to which he never did justice. Imagination is too spontaneous a faculty to thrive in a brain which is driven forward in the direction of constant work by so energetic a will.

In a letter just received from his friend William Henry Channing, he writes: "Once I remember telling him that his grand mistake was this concentrated unity of purpose. He was really richer in impulse, imagination, sympathy, and varied power, than he knew himself to be, or allowed himself to be."

II. The second element of Greatness is ACTION.

The active element in Theodore Parker was very predominant. It went always abreast, at least, with the speculative. He studied and speculated in order to act. He was a worker in the world; here to do something, not merely to think something. Hence his interest in all reforms, in all social progress, in all which tends to deepen and heighten human culture. Before him, his life lay planned out like a chart; and his work was arranged year beforehand for every year. Indeed, his intense activity, as I just said, seemed often to weaken or repress his intellectual power; for thought needs a resting-time to ripen. Too constant action impairs the sweep and strength of the intellect. Especially is the imagination, that airy faculty, cramped by too energetic a will. It can only spread its wings when allowed perfect liberty and choice of its own time.

But what an amount of work did our brother do, with *tongue as a speaker*, with *pen as a writer*, with *hand as a helper*. First, as a PREACHER AND LECTURER, he stood unrivalled in the rare gift of making popular and interesting to thousands the results of systematic philosophy and theology. Before a crowd collected to be entertained by his wit, pointed comments, and sharp criticism, on the persons and things around them, he did not avoid an almost scholastic discussion of first principles; a careful analysis of conduct, character, morality; large generalizations, systematic and exhaustive distributions. Hour after hour, the great audience would listen; held by the

thread of a masterly and clear argument; enlivened indeed, not infrequently, by flashes of wit, and touches of poetic description. But, if he entertained and amused them, he did not have that for his end, but merely for one of his means. His end was to revolutionize public opinion; to beat down, by terrible blows of logic and satire, the cool defenders of inhuman wrong; to pour floods of fiery invective upon those who opposed themselves to the progress of a great cause; to fill all minds with a sense of responsibility to God for the use of all faculties; to show the needs of suffering man; to call attention to the degraded classes; to raise up those who were bowed down, and to break every yoke. He also came in the spirit and power of Elijah. He was ready to denounce the Ahabs and Herods of State Street, the hard money-kings of a commercial city, the false politicians whose lying tongue is always waiting to deceive the simple. His fiery indignation at wrong showed itself, in the most terrible invectives which modern literature knows, against the kidnappers, the proslavery politicians, the proslavery priests, and the slave-catching commissioners. These invectives were sometimes cruel and severe; in the spirit of Moses, David, and John the Baptist, rather than in that of Christ. Such extreme severity, whether in Jew or Christian, defeats its own object; for it is felt to be excessive and unjust. I cannot approve of Theodore Parker's severity. I consider it false, because extravagant; unjust, because indiscriminate; unchristian, because relentless and unsympathizing. But then I will remember how bitterly he was pursued by his opponents; how Christians offered prayers in their meetings, that he might be taken away; how Boston wealth and aristocracy hated and reviled him; how little he had, from any quarter, of common sympathy or common charity. I cannot wonder at his severity; but I cannot think it wise. Being so great, I wish he had been greater. Being so loving to

his friends, I wish he could also have felt less bitter scorn toward his opponents.

Together with his work as a preacher, he did a great work as lecturer and platform-speaker; and, in addition to this, another great work as writer. Book after book, pamphlet after pamphlet, issued from his busy brain and pen. I think, if anywhere, he failed intellectually here, — in a too great rapidity of production. His early writings are much more rich and full than his later ones. His "Discourse on Religion" — his first printed book — remains his best one. He did not give himself time to go down as deeply as he might, and to meditate as fully as he might, before he printed. But his writings were read by tens of thousands throughout America and Europe. Every one in the land knew him. To the furthest prairies of the West, to the remotest corner of England, his writings have penetrated. They were translated into different European languages. So he did, as Wendell Phillips said the other day, the full work of three men, — first as a preacher, then as a lecturer and platform-speaker, and last as a writer.

As a preacher, I have already spoke of him in the Music Hall to his own friends and hearers. It is not necessary to repeat here and now what I then said. I will only add, that though I thought, and still think, he was wanting, as a preacher, in the perception and utterance of some of the deepest truths of the gospel, I believe he did an immense good to thousands by his splendid utterances in behalf of right, justice, and good. He denounced wrong as no others denounced it; he appealed to the sense of responsibility as no others; he called upon the religious element in the soul to assert itself against all that is selfish, worldly, and sensual in man. Thousands were roused by him to see what life was for, — what only makes it really life. It is not necessary for every man to preach every part of the gospel, in order to do good. Having gifts differing accord-

ing to the grace given us, we are called, in preaching, to preach according to the proportion of our *own* faith.

When Paul preached to Felix, he did not think it necessary to say any thing about the doctrine of reconciliation by Christ. He preached "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" and "Felix trembled." No one can deny that Theodore Parker made many a Felix tremble by precisely the same sort of preaching; and I think that the Master will admit, that, though not doing all the work to be done in the vineyard, he faithfully and nobly did the work which God, by the sincere convictions of his soul, had given to him to do. "Care is taken," says Goethe, "that trees shall not grow up to heaven;" and God does not mean nor require that every man shall do every thing. He asks us only to be faithful to our own duty, which is determined by our own insight and conviction.

III. But head and hand alone, without heart, cannot make real greatness. There must be warm devotion to some person or to some cause, there must be affection, there must be love constantly pouring life into the intellect and will, else the intellect freezes into mere formality, and the will hardens into mere habit or dead routine.

Theodore Parker's soul was a loving soul. He was born with enthusiasm for the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; and the secret of his power over men was, that he was able to retain to the last this enthusiasm. They saw in him one man, who, though a great intellect, could yet love and adore; who, though a great practical worker, could feel tenderly all human woes and wrongs. Therefore they laid their hearts at his feet, and were willingly led by his genius and commanding thought.

He was a man of intense feeling; a man of tender sympathy; a man who felt as sincerely for the sufferings of a poor Irish laborer, or a poor drunkard, or a deserted child, as he did for the great cause of human progress. The

humblest never appealed to his sympathy in vain. How often have I heard of his interest in one or another unfortunate! — some exiled foreigners, some poor widows, some orphan children. His time, though so much utilized and so precious, was at the service of any forlorn vagabond and outcast; and I think that He who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," will prefer this practical obedience to his command, and sympathy with his spirit, to the most Orthodox confession which Theodore might have made of the Divinity of Christ, or of his miraculous power over nature.

The friends whom Parker loved, he loved with his whole heart. He loved them as Jonathan loved David: his love for them was wonderful, passing the love of woman. A word of kindness, an act of good-will, was never forgotten by him. His noble soul opened itself to affection like the blossoming apple-tree to the balmy sunshine in this early June. His sympathy with humanity inspired his flaming and ardent zeal for the oppressed everywhere; and as, in our land, the colored man is the most oppressed of all, therefore he felt most keenly *his* wrongs, and labored most zealously for *him*. Cold-hearted and selfish politicians, who think that to get office is the only motive in politics, could not understand this; but they are to be pitied for their forlorn ignorance of the nobilities of the human soul. His whole heart, as well as his whole reason and conscience, were in the cause of suffering and enslaved man; and for this that noble heart throbbed to the end.

This loving heart, which glowed with such devoted and steadfast affection for his friends, which burned with such ardent interest for the sufferers everywhere, could not be, and was not, wanting in the highest type of love. It rose through friendship to humanity, through humanity to piety. Having loved his brother whom he had seen, how could

he *not* love also the invisible but ever-present Father of us all? His piety was tender, filial, reverential; devout as that of Pascal, St. Bernard, or Madame Guyon. It was an instinct of adoration for infinite beauty and perfect love. Those who blamed his irreverent speech toward the outside of religion, toward the letter of the Bible, toward the sacraments of worship, little knew how tender and deep was his reverence towards the Great Father; whom he also loved to call the Mother, — Father and Mother of all men.

In looking for some illustration of this strangely exuberant and varied genius, I have recalled, as its best emblem, a day I once passed in crossing the St. Gothard Mountain, from Italy into Germany. In the morning, we were among Italian nightingales and the sweet melody of the Italian speech. The flowers were all in bloom, and the air balmy with summer perfumes from vine and myrtle. But, as we slowly climbed the mountain, we passed away from this, — first into vast forests of pine, and then out upon broad fields of snow, where winter avalanches were falling in thunder from above. And so, at noon, we reached the summit, and began to descend, till we again left the snow; and, for four hours, rode continually downward on a smooth highway, but through terrible ravines, over rushing torrents, into dark gorges, where the precipices almost met overhead, and the tormented river roared far below; and so on and on, hour after hour, till we came down into the green and sunny valleys of Canton Uri, and passed through meadows where men were mowing the hay, and the air was fragrant, not now with Southern vines, but with the Northern apple-blossoms. Here we heard all around us the language of Germany; and then we floated on the enchanting lake of the Four Cantons, and passed through its magnificent scenery, till we reached, at dark, the old city of Lucerne. This wonderful day, in its variety, is a type

to me of the career of our brother. His youth was full of ardor and hope, full of imagination and poetic dreams, full of studies in ancient and romanic lore. It was Italian and classic. Then came the struggling ascent of the mountain, — the patient toil and study of his early manhood; then the calm survey of the great fields of thought and knowledge, spreading widely around in their majestic repose, and of the holy heavens above his head, — the sublimities of religion, the pure mountain air of devout thought and philosophic insight; and then came the rapid progress, on and on, from this high summit of lonely speculation, down into the practice and use of life, — down among the philanthropies and humanities of being, — down from the solitary, serene air of lonely thought, through terrible ravines and broken precipices of struggling reform; by the roaring stream of progress, where the frozen avalanche of conservative opposition falls in thunder to crush the advancing traveller; and so, on and on, into the human homes of many-speaking men, among low cottages, along the road the human being travels, and by which blessing comes and goes, — the road which follows —

> "The river's course, the valley's peaceful windings,
> Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines;
> And so, secure, though late, reaches its end."

Out of classic, Roman-Catholic, mediæval Italy into Protestant Germany; out of the land of organization and authority into the land of individual freedom; out of the historic South, inheriting all treasures of the past, into the enthusiastic, hopeful, progressive North, inspired with all the expectations of the future, — such was the course and progress of his earthly day. A long life, though closed at fifty years; as that day on the St. Gothard to us seemed already as long as three days, long before sundown.

And now, after this survey, I must conclude him to have been a really great man; because deficient in none of the elements which constitute greatness. A great intellect was in him directed by a great will toward an aim given by a great heart. The heart of love poured life into his thoughts and actions. His is a name to stand always high in the catalogue of New-England worthies; and, as long as Benjamin Franklin is remembered, Theodore Parker will not be forgotten. No monument will be erected to his memory at Mount Auburn or in State Street; at least, not in our day: but very probably the grandchildren of those who condemned him most bitterly may call on our grandchildren to subscribe for his statue, or to take tickets for the centennial celebration of his birthday.

I took for my text the saying of Jesus concerning John the Baptist; in which the Saviour seems to excuse the harshness and rudeness of his precursor, on the ground that such a work as he had to do required a man whose faults would lie in that direction. A civil and smooth-spoken gentleman, a man of decencies and proprieties, would not have drawn the multitudes into the wilderness to hear their sins denounced and their wickedness condemned. Nor would such an orator have gathered crowds into the Music Hall. Theodore was the John the Baptist of our day, — the prophet of a transition state, when the law had ended, but the gospel only just begun. He belonged to the period when the kingdom of God is taken by violence. He was not a reed shaken by the wind, nor a man clothed in soft raiment; but he was one of those whom the times require, and who could not do their work if essentially different from what they are. And as Jesus apologized for John, and excused his harshness, on the ground that such a character was required for such a

work; so I doubt not, that, if our brother failed in the same way, it was for the same reason: and I think that our Master will make for him the same excuse.

And now he has gone! That brain, filled with the last results and discoveries of the French, English, and German intellect, has gone! We can no more turn into Exeter Place to consult that encyclopædia. That great worker, who could swim steadily abreast of the rising tide of events, keeping always on its topmost wave, always having his word ready for the hour and for each event of the hour, has gone to sleep under the blue Tuscan sky. His dust mingles with that of the men of many ages, — with the Oscans and Latins, with the Tarquins and old Etruscan chiefs, with Roman consuls and Roman orators, with Carthaginian invaders from Africa, with Keltic invaders from Gaul, with Cimbri and Greek, with Ostrogoth and Lombard, with mediæval monks and doctors, with the dust of St. Francis, Dante, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, and Tasso. And, if he may not rest in Santa Croce with the illustrious dead of Florence; neither is Dante there, nor Savonarola. The kindred dust of the great Italian reformer was dispersed in flame on that Cathedral Square, near which our brother's remains repose. Let him sleep there after life's fevered task, our New-England cosmopolite, in that cosmopolitan society,—in that soil made up of the dust of men of all races, all creeds, and all characters. But we in Boston shall often miss him. When that great Hall shall stand silent and empty, Sunday after Sunday, because no one can be found in our community with ability to keep it filled with the crowds who went to hear him; when plausible pretenders and famous rhetoricians utter their applauded sophisms without contradiction, because our great critic is not here to answer them; when great national crises come and go unanalyzed, because he is not here with his ever-ready brain and well-filled memory

to give the immediate judgment which history is afterward to assign, — in such hours as these we shall remember the greatness and mourn the absence of our Boston Socrates, — of our gift of God, — our Theodore.

But such men can never wholly leave us. They go, and come again. All greatness lives, and must continue to live. It returns to us, made clearer to our memory than it was to our perception. So it will be with him. William Henry Channing, in the letter just received, says, —

"The news has just reached me of the death of Theodore Parker at Florence. How gloriously he fulfilled the end for which he was born! His name will be a bright and brightening one for many a generation. Easy enough it is, of course, for cavillers to note his excesses and shortcomings; but very difficult will it prove for honest observers to find many of his peers for intense sincerity, and brave faithfulness to conviction. I, at least, do not recall one of my friends, who, from first to last, has, with such unflagging constancy, been true to his highest aim. And how often, to those grieved by his severity and sharp sayings, I have said, 'Do not be frightened back by the stone dogs and griffins at the gate: within is a rare garden'! But he is free; gone, as dear Plato says, 'to the good and perfect God, to be associated with better men than those we live with on earth;' ascended, in the words of Marcus Aurelius, 'to the clear ether, free from desires, disease, misfortune; there to see truth with open view; to live with the gods, and the children of the gods, above the highest summit of the heavens; to be ranked among the army of the gods, and to traverse the universe.' The longer we exist as mortals here, the surer grows our confidence that earthly life is but an embryonic stage, and that death is the true birth into reality. God bless our risen brother!"

In this spirit we bid him farewell, endeavoring to be as faithful in our few things as he in his many things.

"Thou livest in the life of all good things :
What words thou spak'st for freedom shall not die.
Thou sleepest not; for now thy love hath wings
To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

And often, from that other world, on this
Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the right with lustre more divine."

A Tribute

TO

THE MEMORY AND SERVICES

OF THE

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

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From a Discourse

PRONOUNCED IN THE BULFINCH-STREET CHURCH,

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THE CHARACTER OF THEODORE PARKER.

SINCE we were last here, friends, heavy news of loss and grief have come across the sea. The most marked and famous minister in America — a scholar, thinker, preacher, writer, reformer, pre-eminent, among all whom we have known, for richness of gifts, indefatigable energy, and a heroism that never quailed before the face of man — has yielded up his soul to God, far from his native land, and been laid to rest in foreign earth. In a future and more favorable age, when the clamor of detraction has ceased, and the hubbub of envious and hateful tongues has been silenced and forgotten, history will reckon this great man one of the most powerful and illustrious spirits of the century in which he lived; not inferior to many in native endowments, first among his fellows in cultured acquisitions, second to few on earth in his indomitable devotedness to truth and to humanity. Rarely do tidings reach us freighted with such solemn import as those which, although not unexpected, five days ago startled the country with the words, *Theodore Parker is dead!* That announcement has such a sorrowful interest for me, and such deep meaning for this community, that I cannot bear to let the occasion pass without at least a few broken words of tribute to the distinguished man who has gone from us, and the remarkable career that is now ended.

An individuality so bold and impetuous as that of Theodore Parker must often impinge against current prejudices, and awaken enmities. For twenty years he played so conspicuous a part in opposition to the views and passions of the conservative class and their followers, that there must needs be a multitude who regard his teaching with disfavor, and his person with dislike. Nevertheless, after all exceptions and abatements are made, he was a great and good man, a soul of extraordinary loftiness of dimensions, and filled to the very brim with those costly virtues, for want of whose inspiring power communities most languish and suffer. Furthermore, the grateful recollection gushes from my heart, that, in personal relations, I was long deeply indebted to his kind friendship. Hundreds of books has he freely loaned me from his princely library. Hundreds of times has he spoken friendly words of interest and encouragement to me; graciously uttering affectionate and precious words which many smaller and less busy men would not have thought it worth their while to stoop to say, — words which surely I shall cherish for ever in the holiest shrine of memory. And now that his course is finished, and his heart and lips are still and cold, far from his dear New England, if I should refrain to speak a grateful and admiring word for his memory, from fear of giving offence to some who were prejudiced against him, I should be afraid that my tongue would thenceforth cleave to the roof of my mouth; I should feel myself recreant to the sacredest duty that ever places its claim on the heart of man. And, in what I have to say, I shall not be careful to emphasize any faults or errors which may have belonged to him: that is an office impossible for me to discharge, standing with dimmed eyes beside his fresh grave. I shall leave it for his enemies. We may be sure they will do it thoroughly. Meanwhile, turn we to a more congenial duty.

Were Theodore Parker a man of merely conventional

greatness or distinction; belonged he to the class of men, who, successfully devoting themselves to their own aggrandizement, or to the support of established custom and prerogative, are honored by the applause of tyrants, aristocrats, and demagogues, the proud, the luxurious, and the selfish, — I should not be found speaking in his praise. It is the rareness and elevation of the spectacle displayed in him of original service and valor, of consistent self-denial and consecration, that constitute the preciousness of his example, — an intrinsic greatness and worth which demand the plaudits of every brave man who loves his fellows, and really believes in God.

"An offering at the shrine of Power
Our hands shall never bring;
A garland on the car of Pomp
Our hands shall never fling;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be:
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bid the world go free.

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who make us what we are;
Who light the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far!
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who break the captive's galling chains,
And bid the world go free!"

This true servant of the people is to be honored for his gigantic industry. In a world of loiterers, flutterers, postponers, he toiled for distinctly chosen ends with a prompt and prodigious devotion productive of memorable results. The siren voices of indulgence, praise, or other temptation, vainly strove to seduce him from those herculean tasks of high design at which he applied himself with a tenacity and an ever-returning vigor that will hereafter

often be cited as a stimulating example. No business plodder or political aspirant worked so unremittingly to make money or to win office as he worked to accomplish the genuine aims of life, to edify his own soul, and to serve his fellows; acquiring true joy; mastering the records of history, the facts of science, and the principles of philosophy; tuning his heart to harmony; blessing society with the fruit of his achievements; accumulating treasure in heaven. In direct opposition to a distinguished friend, I venture to say, that one of the greatest pieces of wisdom and good fortune which marked the career of Theodore Parker was his concentrated unity of purpose. Not frittering himself away in dissipated miscellaneousness of effort, but pouring himself in a cumulative course of foreseeing and single purpose, he will not evaporate like a shower of isolated exertions in the desert of contemporaneous notice, but roll as a voluminous river of influence across the plains of posthumous fame.

A still deeper tribute is due to his invincible loyalty to truth. He followed the lines of light wherever they led him. With unselfish courage, resisting every lure to falsehood or to compromise, he was a pupil, a defender, a propagandist of what he recognized as God's truth. Oh that there were in American pulpits ten thousand like him in this respect, free from all shackles of establishment, to accept realities as they are in the fresh air and radiance of to-day! This trait, in any marked degree, is one of the loftiest, and one of the rarest, virtues of human nature. Most people are content to repeat the traditional doctrines, the prevalent opinions, the fashionable usages, of their time. They are timid, complaisant, and flexible before power, authority, establishment. They have not enough mental impulse and moral daring to start into independence, and engage perseveringly in the lonely task — the toilsome and perilous task — of finding out what the truth is. I have known a

thousand men capable of all other virtues, as it seems to me, where I have known one capable of a ruling passion for the truth. Invaluable, for ever invaluable to an indolent and obsequious world, is the life of that man, who, willing to give up all else, is unable to forego the sight of the truth.

It were an unpardonable error to give any inferior place, in the marshalling of his prominent virtues, to that unweariable faithfulness to the cause of humanity which confessedly characterized Theodore Parker. Think ye it would not have been as sweet to him as to others to draw his scholar's white robes clean about him, and sit aloof from the babel and the squalor of politics and misery, sheltered in his still air of delightful studies? But when his brothers were oppressed, hungry, cold, or bleeding, he felt himself bound, starved, shivering, and faint with them; and he cheerfully made the great sacrifice of leaving his intellectual retirement to work and sweat and lay down his noble life in the midst of philanthropic deeds and schemes.

Central among the high and choice qualities for which this celebrated man deserves to be held up to honor and imitation is his warm and copious affections. All who really knew him on his interior side, knew that he had the deep, tender, yearning heart of a woman. Strangers and foes imagined him a burly iconoclast, a rough hater. But he loved flowers and little children. His eyes were quick to glisten with tears, — sacred mirrors of a generous sensibility. In the last days, as he lay dying, the faithful ones who hung over him tell us that the names of cherished friends, far away, fluttered on his lips, when nothing but the names could be heard. His homely, racy, frequently inartistic writings, are thickly sprinkled with delicious bits of poetry and pathos, spots of tenderest grace and sweetness, like wild roses blooming profusely amongst the granite. If he was intensely and widely hated, he had

the genius to make himself loved also as it falls to the lot of few private or public men to be loved; and, now that he is dead, thousands on thousands of affectionate hearts who knew him only to honor and love him, scattered all over this country, will embalm his image in their souls, perfume the air of the continent with his praises, wherever they dwell or wander within it, and make the sky of his native land the blue forget-me-not of his fame.

Among the many claims of this eminent clergyman to our respectful study and affection, his remarkable piety is by no means the least, — the clear, fervent, healthy type of piety exemplified by him; not the sour, angular piety of dogma, nor the dry and conceited piety of formalism, but the wholesome piety founded on omnipresent mystery, and nutrimented with universal truth and beauty. That sweet and secret love of God, so touchingly realized and sung in the best Moravian hymns, has been known so profoundly, and cherished so abidingly, by few in our external and noisy generation as by him. The writings of the mystics and quietists were the favorite reading with which he solaced his weariness and fed his heart. In his lonely hours of trial and tears, he was not alone; for he felt that the Father was with him. He seemed to lie down and to rise up, to work and to walk, to sow and to wait, in the constant refreshing presence of the Infinite Justice, Wisdom, Goodness. He had meat to eat which tyrants, sluggards, self-seekers, and all that sort, know not of. A large part of his preaching, far more than the public would easily believe, was directed after the gravitation of his own soul to this theme; the verity and the delightfulness of the love of God; the grounds, aliment, and fruitions of the inner life of piety. No hypocrite was he, professing what he believed not, pretending what he had not experienced; and it is therefore significant of much that the lines oftenest on his lips were these: —

"Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my cry shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee."

The chiefest service rendered by Theodore Parker to his age resides not in any new system of teachings he constructed, nor in any literary works he finished, highly important as these are; but in his personality, in the type of character and style of action he exhibited. As a thinker, I suppose it will be freely confessed that he made no discoveries: yet he thought vigorously for himself at first hand; and his works abound in fresh combinations, in original phrases, and everywhere show a cast of striking breadth, and bear a stamp of uncommon strength. His idea of the true ministerial office and function in the nineteenth century, and his own exemplification of that idea, were essentially new; at least, in his career, they had all the aspect and effect of novelty. Instead of perfunctorily serving, in unsympathetic and ghostly methods, a cut-and-dried set of artificial dogmas, or a traditional institution and a separate profession, to be a cosmopolitan master of all knowledge and all virtue, and a brotherly teacher of the same, — towards this idea of the ministry must succeeding generations of the clergy progress, if they would not sink into contempt and die of inanition. In this respect, the example of Theodore Parker's administration of the ministerial office may be of inestimable value in redeeming it from worthless routine, and making it an honest, healthy, fruitful force in the community.

But form what estimate we may of the rank of his ideas and literary works, his idiomatic personality and conduct are the greater things; his original veracity, freedom, valor, superiority to conventional standards, recklessness

of false lustres, fatal determination to see and speak the truth, are, beyond comparison, the greater things. He stands so near to the people, is so like them while far superior to them, — a higher incarnation of themselves, showing them the future results of their half-conscious tendencies, a character and life thoroughly expressed in their own vernacular, — the conduit of his huge pen lay on such a level with democratic taste and the national mind, — that he has won a gigantic publicity, fast becoming popularity; and is certainly destined, as I believe, to wield an enduring influence. To the multitude, his thoughts seem to a great extent purely original, and his speech is of a sort that fetches the echoes straight from their breasts. But if the people, unacquainted with the history of philosophic thought, shall overrate the novelty of his teachings according to some, they will not overrate the *effect* of novelty he has given to them, nor his unique personality and biography, historic henceforth in the full preciousness of their power. Nor in cases like this is injustice done. Admitting that, as a thinker, he was not a peer of the very first; yet, even in this respect, how many of his depreciators can pretend to approach him? And as a leal champion of the right and the noble, a spurner of chains and of bribes, a sworded trumpeter to the charge against falsehood and oppression, who of his contemporaries equalled him? And surely the latter service is immeasurably before the other. Have we not been authoritively told, — know we not for ourselves, —

> "That he who feeds men serveth few,
> While he serves all who dares be true"?

No competent judge, studying the career of Theodore Parker or listening to the reverberations of his tread, can fail to recognize the thunder-step of a true hero. Without doubt, it will be repeatedly said, as I heard a critic say

when the news of his death had just arrived, "He was not one of the seers; not one of the creative minds: I am not indebted to him for a single new thought." Well, friend, for what new thought is humanity indebted to you? Hardly one man of all the men in a century enriches the world with a really new thought. The class of men of creative intellectual genius from all time consists of not more than forty or fifty laurelled heads, blooming in amaranthine glory on the high top of history, grouped and crowned there in unapproachable solitude of superiority. He who finds contributions of new thoughts frequent in modern literature is merely ignorant of the contents of earlier literature. Jonathan Edwards is regarded as a great thinker; yet, in his masterpiece, — the "Treatise on the Will," — there is not an argument which the scholastics had not advanced before him. William Ellery Channing is acknowledged as a great mind; yet there is not one general idea in his rich volumes which cannot be found in an earlier statement. That Daniel Webster was a great man can hardly be questioned; yet his only original contribution to the world was — Daniel Webster. The construction of a novel scheme of doctrine, or the utterance of deep aphorisms, is not the test to decide whether a man was a great and primal nature: but did he subsidize other men? did he stamp himself on his time? did he live in contact with the aboriginal sources of life, sending impulses from the profuse fountain of his soul to refresh and invigorate the inferior multitude? There are different kinds of great origination. The exertion of a fresh force of character is better than the discovery of an original formula of thought; a kindling contagion of soul is greater than a new intellectual speculation; an independent inspiration of conduct is superior to an unborrowed glimpse of insight. And if, right alongside of that burning example of self-sacrificing heroism and spontaneous toil, you

have lived a life of petty routine, free from the frowns of alienated friends, exempt from the rough usage of frightened superstition and incensed conservatism, and can now coolly criticize this man's title to greatness, and claim to honor, striving to chop them down to the smallest, — why, then, shame on you!

Prejudice and envy, ignorance and scorn, blinded many of his fellow-citizens and contemporaries to the mighty spirit that moved among them in the person of Theodore Parker, and to the rare and memorable life he led among them. Little conception had they how long, how widely and loudly, that potent character and life were destined to tell on the future. Ten years after the death of Channing, I heard a prominent clergyman, who for thirty years dwelt in the same city with him and knew all his doings, say, "I had no idea he would become so great a name and so great an influence." Thus will it be, as I think, with this other light, now extinguished in the flesh only to burn more brilliantly in the spirit. There is a modest grandeur of pride in the simple inscription he prepared for the plain gray stone that should mark his resting-place in the Protestant burial-ground of Florence: —

THEODORE PARKER.
Born Aug. 21, 1810. Died May 10, 1860.

It tells a story more eloquent than princely blazoned monuments, — a story of early poverty, unfriended toil, chivalrous battle, glorious victory, extraordinary usefulness, and permanent fame. In coming years, many a descendant of those who in his life followed him with obloquy will pause there, and do him reverence with a depth of emotion which the scutcheoned sepulchres of kings vainly strive to evoke. Many a youthful pilgrim, full of noble aspirations, will linger there to breathe a sacred vow, and, with the memory

of this indomitable truth-seeker and truth-speaker, gird his soul for valiant service.

Two objections, I foresee, will often be brought against this brave and gifted teacher, this rich and resolute apostle of the time. I am not concerned to defend him from these accusations, but only, for justice' sake, and for love's sake, to testify to the truth as it seems clear to me, who saw him often, and think I knew him well.

First, it will be said that he was an irreverent assailant and destroyer of men's religious faith. It is perhaps true, that, while his personal affections were swift and strong, his ideal sympathies were comparatively meagre and inactive; and that he approached the opinions and habits of other men rather from the outside as a speculative critic, than from the inside as a loving experimentalist. He had not that deferential mind, that poetic caution, that courtier sense of fitness, which would cause him to refrain from the moss and vines that cling on intellectual ruins; but rather that rude zealousness after reality, which would lead him to ruthlessly tear the moss and vines away, making the ruin unsightly and offensive, till its former admirers could no longer recognize it, and must hate him for showing it so. The poetic perception and enjoyment, the sympathy of genius, which he largely carried into other departments, seemed to forsake him — rather, were borne down and thrust aside by stronger passions — the moment he entered the department of polemic theology or sectarian criticism. His tremendous earnestness in the battle necessitated this: it could not be otherwise. It is true, that, while he had a tender reverence for the natural sacraments, his independent and inevitable search and thirst for what is absolute in religion often made him seem contemptuous of the conventional sacraments. Unquestionably he did, in consequence, often offend sequestered good taste and shock complacent respectability. But I do

not think that good taste is God, nor that respectability is final authority. However much, in a fashionable community and an easy age, fastidious politeness, heartless conformity, timid indulgence, and disdainful aristocracy, may imagine respectability to be the touchstone of merit, and good taste to be the sovereign arbiter in all questions, I must beg leave to dissent altogether from that opinion. Are not truth, justice, beneficence, grander shapes, and clothed with diviner command? Is nothing to be pardoned to honest zeal, if it fail to be artistic and æsthetic? In the name of God, much! When an ethical Hercules smashes his club against some hydra-head, even if the spirting blood and mangled mass do shock silken respectability and sicken squeamish good taste, I believe that the shock is wholesome, and that the sickness may be sanctified. Honesty is higher than politeness in the sight of earnest men Service takes precedence of sloth in the court of true honor. Leonidas—the altars, hearths, women, and children of Sparta behind the mountain at his back; the million of invaders at his feet; his short dagger, dripping with slaughter, in his hand; his body disfigured with sweat and wounds; his long locks begrimed with dust and gore; falling amidst heaps of dead Persians, while Liberty hovered over him — affords no spectacle of good taste and respectability. Good taste and respectability were to be seen on their couches of ease or at their banquets of wine. He whom we speak of stood twenty years in a pass of Thermopylæ, fighting unto the death with superstition, slavery, intemperance, falsehood, hypocrisy, and corruption. It was a long agony of devotedness, conflict, and toil, continued until he fell in the trenches, and died a martyr to his work. The question is of nobleness, not of complaisance. Inquiries about taste, prudence, measured propriety, are out of place. Honesty, disinterestedness, heroism, service, are the test words. It is inexpressibly contemptible to

condemn such a man, in such an exigency, because he did not studiously adjust attitude, word, tone, and gesture to the standard of a pampered criticism. Such a judgment, common as it is, is an outrage upon all just ethics of correlated character and circumstance.

But Theodore Parker has an ampler justification to offer for his work of negation; namely, that he assailed only what he verily believed to be false and injurious, dishonorable to God and pernicious to man; and, in place of it, he set forth what he thought to be the lovely and eternal truth of things. He was an honest man and an earnest, and therefore intolerant of those dogmas and usages whose antiquated bulks are impediments to progress, and whose decay is corruption in the air; and he wrought more anxiously to recommend what is intrinsically holy, authoritative, and beautiful, than he did to discredit what is but conventionally so. Let it ever be remembered in his honor, that he was by eminence an edifying iconoclast. Much of his originality lies in this combination, which marks his enormous superiority to most of his predecessors in the work of hostile criticism. Those who charge him with pulling down without building up, removing what has sufficed without furnishing a substitute, show an inexcusable ignorance of the matter they have taken in hand. They criticize falsely, from impulse of their own prejudiced supposition, not truly, from sight of his doing. His elaborate works are pervaded by the anxious endeavor to establish morality and piety on their true basis; to recommend the highest moral and religious life by every justly available species of argument and illustration. If on the one side, with destructive axe, he smote the transient away; on the other side, with plastic hand, he laid the rising courses of the permanent. It is the fault of those whose religious thought and feeling are so corrupted and belittled as to fasten on draggled carpet, staring fresco, gairish candle,

and reeking incense, if, when he points them to marble aisle, solemn roof, cheerful daylight, and blue air, they cry, "You have robbed us, and turned us out of doors." Souls of freer scope and larger port, more at home in the universal house of God, will judge differently. To give solid verity of doctrine in room of baseless error, which was Theodore Parker's steady aim, is the greatest service a teacher can render the world. And suppose he made mistakes. To err is human. His sincerity will justify, his titanic devotedness crown him.

Secondly, it will be urged against him, that he was unmerciful in his invective, a fierce hater. In regard to this, we are to consider, in the outset, the cause and nature of his hatred. If he hated much, I believe it will be found to have been because he first loved much. It is very remarkable, in relation to this inquiry, that in all his life, in the long list of his published addresses, he never once assailed one of his personal enemies, — those who so hated him, insulted and pursued him. When we remember the bitter calumnies which were rained on him; the aggravating attacks of all sorts he constantly met on every hand; the quickness and depth of his sensibilities; the copious vocabulary of sarcasm he had at command; the tremendous arsenal of weapons and power ever ready; the perfect ease with which he might often have repelled the accusations, and covered the accusers with discomfiture, shame, and ridicule; and then when we recollect that not in a single instance did he condescend to retort on one of his private foes, — I think we must confess that it is such an example, either of magnanimous self-rule or of lofty serenity, as has but the fewest parallels in history. In the name of Justice, let it be kept in mind, in judging this man, that his terrible rebukes and denunciations were no effusion of gall over private injuries, no revengeful gratification of personal animosity or vent of characteristic spleen, as many appear to suppose.

A malicious hater does not pass over all his individual foes, and select, as the exclusive marks of his assaults, those whom he believes to be violators of the law of God, offenders against the social weal, demoralizers of the country. Theodore Parker's hatred was utterly devoid of that selfish malignity which gloats in its own venom. It was generous affection, inflamed and precipitating itself against its deadly opposite. His love of truth was the measure of his hate of falsehood. His intense fealty to right proportioned his fiery scorn of wrong. As high as the pendulum of his conscientious passion swung on one side in affectionate service of humanity, so high it rose on the other side on mighty detestation of tyranny. His hatred was not selfish, but disinterested; not malice, but championship. It is impossible to reconcile any other conclusion with the fact, that, so long as sneers and vituperative slanders touched only himself, he invariably turned away in silence; and that it was only when he thought truth and justice, the honor of God, the interests of humanity, were outraged, that he grew so wroth and inveighed so fearfully.

Furthermore, we must notice what it was that he hated. What were the objects of his respective eulogy and attack? Very much on this point a fair judgment must turn: for the essential mark of a man greatly good is not, as some try to make it out, that he is always sweet and calm; but it is, that his indignation and scorn, when they do arise, are always frank and generous. Cold-blooded reptiles alone are venomous. Now, no one can study the pages whereon Theodore Parker has so fully recorded himself, and not see that his soul glowed in admiration before the sages, heroes, saints, martyrs, poets, inventors, the great benefactors of humanity, who have bought our privileges for us with their toils and sacrifices; but burned hotly against false teachers, unjust judges, iniquitous rulers, slothful syco-

phants, the tools of tyrants, and the traitors to freedom. His heart was full of love for the great nameless multitude of the common people, — the apprentice, the seamstress, the student, the mechanic. However rugged and rocky his works, they drip with this honey. Meanness, oppression, dainty haughtiness, refusing to touch a burden even with the tip of one of its fingers, selfish cowardice, calculating duplicity, — these he did hate, with a force accordant with the powerfulness of his spiritual make ; and, whenever he saw them, by the loyal spirit that was in him he could not refrain to set his knightly lance in rest, and drive full tilt against them in the name of his God. He was never found, in word or deed, expressing antipathy to truth and nature, science and progress, liberty, good government, and the universal welfare of man. Unlike some of those whom he denounced, he never hated nor despised the poor and the wretched, the exile, the outcast, the prisoner, the slave, the sick, and the dying. On the contrary, he sympathized with them, opened his house to them, gave them of his time, his counsel, and his means, until the ear that heard him blessed him, and the eye that saw him bore witness of him, and the blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him.

Finally, it must not be forgotten, on this point, that occasions of wrong and jeopardy do arise in this world, when a sacred fury of conviction and feeling is *required;* that acts of infamous baseness are performed in these days, which *legitimate* a scorching heat of temper, an unsparing heartiness of condemnation and opposition. When the great battle between freedom and slavery waxes fierce and ominous ; when, with high-handed impudence, a new crime is perpetrated against humanity ; when a groggery-keeper, having got a poor fellow drunk on his premises, and taken his money all away, pitches him headlong upon the pavement, and leaves him there bleeding and insensible, —

I say, then it is right and becoming in a man to flame up with a holy vehemence, and to invoke condign retribution on despot, recreant, and ruffian. That is what Theodore Parker did; and, instead of being blamed, he ought to be honored for it. He figures himself, in my imagination, walking through an evil and adulterous generation, feeling as Moses felt, when, on coming down from communing face to face with God on the mount, he found the people worshipping a calf. Some men have not blood enough in them to heave a vigorous wave of wrath from the centre to the circumference of their organism. He had. And this is a consideration to be retained in view; for, while all good men will condemn and withstand every form of wickedness and cruelty, each will do it with a degree of fervor and force varying in accordance with the style and measure of his soul. When an admiral launches his three-decker, we must expect a greater shock in the sea than when a fisherman shoves off his dory. Every man must work after his kind, and in his own stature. They are not always the noblest men who best preserve moderation and quietness. The indifference of dry, cold, impoverished, neutral natures makes this easy for them. The hardness of the task is for rich, warm natures, flooded with sympathetic energy. Nor is such careful tameness always desirable. When their young are assailed, the dove and the wren can be the fiercest of birds; and Scripture tells us that the most awful wrath is the wrath of the Lamb. In a world of trucklers, in an age of trimming and corruption, must an austere moralist never speak in the face of knaves, parasites, and villains, except with his mouth full of meal? Have we really fallen on a place and time where it is pardonable for a scoundrel to *enact* scoundrelism in disgusting traits and nefarious deeds, and unpardonable for an honest censor to *characterize* the scoundrelism of a scoundrel in earnest tones and blunt Saxon? It is just and noble some-

times to be indignant, and indignantly to express it. Did not the meek Jesus thunder on the shrinking scribes and Pharisees, "Hypocrites, affecters of the highest seats, devourers of widows' houses, brood of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" And do you not believe there are characters now on earth as bad as the chief priests and elders of that old day, and leading lives every whit as accursed?

No man will openly venture the conscious dictum, that the rampant existence of evil is to be winked at, but the verbal rebuke of evil is inexcusable. Yet the fashionable verdict in some quarters, on such a man as Theodore Parker, amounts to precisely that. Did not things enough happen to him, did he not see things enough, in his day and generation, to *justify* the most volcanic scorn? Were the seals all taken off, so that his whole experience and his whole correspondence could come to the light, I trow a story might be told that would make the veins of every high-minded man on the continent tingle. But, without that inner unveiling, there lie his life, the treatment he received, the history of the American Government for the last quarter of a century, the conduct of politicians and demagogues, official and unofficial: look and see.

I think, moreover, that the burning edge and momentum of his invective, as he towered and flamed like a modern Habakkuk, dusky with prophetic passion, will be proved wise and fortunate by the result they produce. The earnestness, the smiting, and the fire, fastened attention on him, and will secure circulation for his influence. Had he spoken milk and water, instead of thunder and lightning, his mission would have vanished in impotence. Where would be the Protestant Reformation, had Martin Luther carried the pale blood of Melancthon in his veins, or the two-faced and non-committal management of Erasmus in his conscience? So with this later Luther of ours, whose words

also were half-battles, and whose sturdy blows will ring through the cope of centuries to come.

It is important, likewise, to see who are the persons who accuse Theodore Parker. Are they those who have ever been promptest to sacrifice selfish ease and praise in the service of an unpopular cause? Are they the most earnest laborers in behalf of the poor and the oppressed? — the foremost friends of progressive enlightenment, freedom, and impartial justice? As a general rule, the very opposite. What complaints bring they? Say they that he was a sensualist, a defrauder, an oppressor of the weak, a liar to the people, a squanderer of his time, and a scoffer at the laws of God? No; but that he was an infidel in his speculative belief, and violated good taste in his controversial writings, and was excessively severe in his criticism of those whom he regarded as the foes of truth and humanity. The class and character of his assaulters, and the nature of the charges to which they are reduced, serve well to show how faithful his life was, and how white his monument will be.

And now that his great soul has gone up to judgment, and his poor form sleeps in the earth, nor recks how they rave, shall petty men, who, as far as appears from any thing they ever did, were not worthy to unloose the latchets of his shoes, stand up and condemn him because he offended their views, their taste and prejudices? Shall the merest fledglings of the traditional church assume seats of superiority, and complacently sit in judgment on his genius and his works, amidst the applause of those who knew little of him except blindly to fear his teachings? With their three-inch calipers, shall they take the smallness of his mind? with their ludicrous ignorance, pronounce on his lack of learning? with their thrice-refined parrotry, declaim on his want of originality? out of their abject submission to outgrown dogmas of folly and fear, bewail

the benightedness of his belief? and, in their hooded bigotry, accuse him of blasphemous arrogance, and doom him to eternal perdition? Undoubtedly they will. This is one of the penalties heroic greatness, marching before the van of its age, must always pay. Mean men thus revenge themselves on it; or they thus seek to appear great themselves by showing how easily they include a great man, and toss off an exhaustive estimate of him. To the despicable nature, the glorious nature looks despicable too; and when an ant measures Olympus, Olympus is an inch high. To these facile critics, whose triumph costs only impudence, and achieves only a stupid exultation in those who cannot judge, and a noble disgust and protesting indignation in those who can, it might justly be said, "Gentlemen, your labor refutes your conclusion, and will secure a verdict against you. Why are you anxious to prove that this man was not a great man? That he makes you work so hard is a proof of his greatness. When you die, hundreds of public personages, all over the country, will not be found striving to prove that you were not great men. Oh! beware of envy; put away stolid prejudice for candor, and you will see how transparently foolish your attempt is: for surely, in the huge array and rush of affairs marking the middle of the nineteenth century, little men do not play parts so great as to hold public attention, on both sides of the ocean, for twenty years."

I do not pretend that Theodore Parker was faultless, or any thing near to faultless: but I aver that his faults were insignificant in comparison with the mass and glow of his merits. I will not deny that his self-assertion was a little stouter than was uniformly beautiful and pleasing: but how could it be otherwise, when all the world were trying to put him down? I am willing to confess that he had a touch of show and dogmatic complacency in his attainments: but then, unlike the ordinary tribe of pedants and

boasters, he had much to be complacent of; and, as Lord Bacon observes, "the fame of learning will never fly very far, unless it be accompanied by some feathers of ostentation." I think he committed a grievous wrong sometimes in omitting to discriminate between particular acts and general character, and denouncing, as radically bad, men who merely happened in the given case to be on the wrong side. But then a carefully balanced accuracy and restraint amidst the frenzy of battle are too much to expect from human nature; and I believe that his main teachings were centrally sound, and his judgments prevailingly just, both in principle and in the instances. I know how difficult the task to depict, with duly discriminated lines and hues of truth, the characters and lives of the living or the recent dead, while yet —

"So warm the affection, or so fresh the grudge;" —

but it seems to me a much more venial error to soften the defects and brighten the excellences from friendship and charity, than to magnify the vices and blacken the virtues from enmity and envy, or injuriously to distort the proportions from shameful ignorance. Standing before the life-work of a great and brave man, I should be ashamed to fix my attention chiefly on the dross and the dregs. How much juster, as well as more becoming, with hasty glance to skim the former aside; and with forbearing hand to stop short of the latter; but with admiring study to linger before the pure metal gleaming, copious and clear, between!

Accordingly, when I have read some of the attacks made on Theodore Parker, — bigoted attacks, disguised as impartial estimates, — denying him almost every merit save that of vigilant and courageous fidelity to the cause of the slave; asserting that, in talent and learning, he was scarcely above the average; and, at the same time, drawing a

terrific picture of the extent and perniciousness of his influence, — turning over the pages of these sermons and reviews, crowded with gross injustice and absurdity, and remembering how aptly they were calculated to cater to the sectarian religionists of the country, — the great majorities in every community, — I confess I have felt indignant in one direction, mortified and saddened in another. And I have asked myself, while there are so many to vilify and depreciate him, shall there not be a few at least to meet the defaming attacks of meanness and ignorance, and speak kindly and generously of him in accordance with the facts? Shall it be asserted, that he, who was cradled in poverty and nursed on hardship; who steadily strengthened his soul in self-consecration and lonely toil; who, in the inspiration of a martyr-conscience, early identified himself with the most odious opinions and the most unpopular aims; who, friendless and unaided, grew up amidst opposition and scorn, in the face of almost unparalleled obloquy and contempt; who for thirty years fought the battle for influence single-handed against conspiring fashion, wealth, conservatism, and professional cliques; who led a life of unflagging study, dauntless devotedness to his ideas, vestal integrity, and loving-kindness to those who most needed kindness; who step by step, with sword and axe, spade and trowel, conquered his way to eminence and power till the fame of his learning filled the land, his words were repeated in many tongues, his name had penetrated both hemispheres, and, at the hour of his death, he had reached a conspicuousness of exertion scarcely rivalled on this continent, — shall we hear it said by unheard-of upstarts that this man was a coarse and inferior type of manhood, of mediocre ability and acquisitions, such an unproductive appropriator as to be deservedly characterized as a mere parrot of other men's thoughts, a wretched infidel, and, on the whole, a sad curse to his

country and his fellow-men? And shall such monstrous assertions be suffered to pass unchallenged? If there are so many ministers in our pulpits superior to him, why have we not heard of them? Great being and lofty lineage prove themselves in rich production and high climbing. How is it that he alone looms so mighty, as seen through the mists by the contemporary world across the sea? No great fortuities of favoring circumstance helped him. All was ordinary in this respect. His extraordinary puissance, persistance, power, made his opportunities, and achieved for him his extraordinary height of position and sweep of influence. It is pitiful to try to belittle his force and diminish his victory; to arrest the gathering current of admiration by a gale of abuse which shall turn it against him in tarnishing spray. Pygmies, with the gigantic force of popular prejudice at their command, may do much for the hour; but not much for perpetuity. They cannot dwarf down into their own dimensions the colossus whose overshadowing stature irks them.

It is at once amusing and aggravating to notice the egregious blunders of some of these over-eager assailants, — errors which must recoil. They accuse him of being behind the times; taking for his exclusive guides authorities long since exploded, although new and in high vogue when he began his studies. No man, as his intimates well know, and as the freshly cut and pencilled books in his library demonstrate, kept himself more promptly posted as to the latest words in all the grand departments of science, history, theological criticism, and philosophic speculation; the difference between him and these critics being, that he followed the first-rate, untrammelled thinkers, whose researches were solid achievements, while they followed the second-rate expositors, who make their teachings conform to the religious prejudices of the uninvestigating majority. A huge oak of a mind, with all its roots and branches on,

flung into the river of progressive thought, swims resistlessly down in the channel of truth. The little chips of minds, caught in side-eddies, as they see the huge oak plunging on, complacently cry out, "You are behind the times. That *was* the way once; but *now* this is the way." They mistake a backward gyre of four rods towards the hills of the past for a forward slide of four thousand miles towards the sea of the future. It is astonishing, the unhesitating facility with which they map out his powers and knowledge, define his limitations and his ignorance. They are so much greater than he, and know so much more, that it never so much as occurs to them, that, in some respects, he may have transcended their mete-wands, and may have thoroughly mastered and rejected the opinions they rest in themselves and fancy him ignorant of.

They say that De Wette gave him all his biblical lore and critico-argumentative equipments, and that De Wette has in his own country long been utterly obsolete. But De Wette was only *one* of his teachers, — one among the many who brought their costly learning to his aid. And as for the obsoleteness of De Wette, and of his peers and still greater successors, these uninformed presumers make the mistake of supposing the vulgar, acrimonious, unprincipled, temporary re-action in Germany for the last twelve years, to be a permanent progress. That re-action, equally infamous in its origin, hateful in its animus, contemptible in its method, and worthless in its fruits, is already touching its close under the rallying influence of such glorious worthies, departed and living, as Schleiermacher, Neander, Bunsen, and Richard Rothe. The man who imagines that Hengstenberg is greater than Ewald, or Olshausen greater than Baur, and that the former can displace the latter, is either an ignoramus or a simpleton. Of course, Theodore Parker was familiar with all these movements, and estimated them at their worth.

Another absurd effort made against him is, to show that he must be a commonplace mind, because, in his life-long warfare against the popular theology and superstitious view of the Bible, he has not devised a single original argument. When scores of minds, of unsurpassed power and learning, had long been engaged on the subject, and had repeatedly marshalled all the relevant facts, and stated all the applicable arguments, how was it possible for any other afterwards to array new facts and deploy new arguments? It would be just as fair to infer that Newton was not much, after all, because he brought forward no new refutation of the Ptolemaic astronomy; when Brahe, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and the rest, had previously exhausted that subject. There are men now who believe in the Ptolemaic system, precisely as there are men who believe in the plenary inspiration and infallibility of the Bible. The existence of the former just as much refutes the mathematics of the "Principia," as the existence of the latter invalidates the theological criticisms of Theodore Parker.

After reading the various depreciatory estimates of him which have been published, and allowing them what weight they seem to deserve; when I glance over the fourteen volumes he has given to the press, crowded with a richness of matter, a piquant peculiarity and energy of style all his own, a comprehensive forecast of the faith of the future, which have already given them a prominent place in contemporaneous literature, and promise them a greatening audience and harvest for many years to come; when I reflect on the four or five volumes soon to appear from the press, probably more attractive and valuable than those as yet published; when I carefully compare these works, as a whole, for breadth, freshness, vigor, glowing vitality, with those put forth during the century by the most distinguished leaders of the great sects, such as Leonard Woods, Nathaniel W. Taylor, Charles Hodge, Horace

Bushnell, Charles Kingsley, Frederick Maurice, John Henry Newman; and then when I remember, with a pang of pity for his hard fate in this respect, that, owing to his imprudent toil in the daily breach of duty, he was snatched away, overfraught, before he could write the great work which had been maturing in his brain for twenty-five years, — "A History of the Progressive Development of Religion among the Leading Races of Mankind," — a work, which, crowning his works and days as he meant it should, would have compelled the assignment to him of a rank among thinkers that his critics, so jealously severe, now will never grant, — then I cannot but feel that intellectually he was a very superior man, a very extraordinary man; while, as a force of character and a contagious influence of life, I plainly see that he was potent beyond almost any person of his time; a man who has widely sown himself, and already come up in a numerous crop, and will come up in larger successive crops.

Vainly will his carping inferiors strive to stamp their measurement and verdict of him on the day which comes after to-day. Time, at last, sets all these things even. When a great man has been, in the main, deeply loyal to truth, God, and humanity, and has done the good cause emphatic services in his generation, even if his failings and sins have been neither few nor small, posterity walks reverently backward, and spreads over them the oblivious veil of charity. While he sleeps the peaceful years away, succeeding time —

> "Will not deny,
> Large if his faults, Time's large apology."

Who sees not, that, for the mighty monk of Wittenberg, age after age is thus gradually stealing away from the public memory of mankind all thought of his frequent vulgarity, insolence, bigotry, immeasurable invective, but fondly bur-

nishing the records which testify to his transcendent might of affection and courage, his unspotted honesty, his eternal contribution to the progress of the world?

Çall no man happy till he dies, said the sage of antiquity. Him we this day only so poorly commemorate, in lamenting we will call happy; for he was faithful to the last. No evil chance or ill-omened mood or weak moment made him waver from the rectitude of his genius, falter in his appointed course, or cast discredit on the high strain of his instructions and the ultimate sufficiency of his trust. However many the angry strokes that fell on him from without, he never felt the bitter blows *within* the breast, the remorseful stings cowards and apostates know, —

> "The pangs of chiefs, who, 'mid their foes' applause,
> Resign their standards, and renounce their cause."

In dying, true to all his principles and feelings, he said, "When welcomely you lay this worn and tired frame in the welcoming earth, you shall read over me the beatitudes of Jesus alone." We will not hesitate now to call him happy.

Let us take home the ample lesson of his life. From the contemplation of his surpassing courage, industry, tenderness, severe justice, girded readiness to battle for the needy cause of right and man, piety, final resignation, let us endeavor to gain a higher degree of those virtues for ourselves. Thus shall we profit from having known him. For truly —

> "'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead,
> To know them still alive;
> But sweeter if we earn their bread,
> And in us they survive."

Talking with him once in his library, on some now-forgotten suggestion I quoted the above lines to him. At the instantaneous re-action of his noble nature upon the action of

the noble words, the tears sprang into his eyes; and, sitting down at his desk, he asked me to repeat the lines while he copied them into his note-book. From the heavenly domain and haunt of immortals where he now dwells, let us hearken while our faith hears him again saying, even at this moment, —

> "'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead,
> To know them still alive;
> But sweeter if we earn their bread,
> And in us they survive."

In the death of Theodore Parker, truth loses a stalwart champion, humanity a brave friend, poverty and suffering a generous helper, his country an incorruptible patriot, the earthly providence of God an unflinching servant. His most striking eulogy will be spoken in the muttered congratulations of the allies of superstition, luxury, and selfish power, the irrepressible tears of his friends, the lamentations of the unfortunate he has befriended, the sobs of the young men he has helped to an education, the thanks of all who shall hereafter read his truthful and manly words. The double peculiarity of his heresy and his virtue will cause two visions of him in judgment to be portrayed in different pulpits to-day. Some will depict the scene thus: Leaving the body, he goes up shuddering with terror, and crying, "Rocks and hills, fall on me, and hide me from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne!" An awful visage glares down on him, and a severe voice says, "Didst thou not disbelieve the Trinity? Didst thou not discredit the vicarious atonement? Didst thou not deny the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures? Didst thou not trample on the Fugitive Slave-Bill? Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels!" But others will see him passing on to his account with sweet serenity of resignation and trust. Kneeling at the feet of the infinite Father, he says, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto

me five talents: lo, I have gained besides them five talents more." And a heavenly voice says, "I was an hungred, and you fed me; I was naked, and you clothed me; I was sick, and you visited me: in prison, and you came unto me. Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of your Lord." For the former picture, we have the prompting of ecclesiastical bigotry: for the latter, we have the warrant of Jesus Christ.

And now there is a countless host to whom it is painful indeed to feel that they shall never see his face again, but must say farewell to him, — for ever and for ever farewell. His familiar study yonder is deserted long, and will echo to his step no more. Visiting it a few days ago, — as he generously gave me leave to use his books in his absence as if he were at home, — I could not but muse sorrowfully as I sat down and looked about me. His empty coat hung beside the chair. His beloved books, piled in thousands along the shelves, seemed to wait his hand in vain. The desk was there, with the papers all in order; the great ink-stand, with the pen laid across it: but, alas! alas! never again the great heart there, whose throbs shook the table as he wrote, sending its emotional undulations to the limits of the English language. The precious apparatus, lying unused and idle all around, seemed to say, with mute pathos, —

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The master's requiem."

And I came away, laden with sad thoughts, to return there no more.

Farewell now, noble worker, saintly soldier of God! Many true hearts mourn thee. Farewell, and peace be with thee, dear and honored friend, evermore, as thou sleepest in the classic soil, amidst famous men of all ages and races, beneath the murmur of the tall elms that wave at thy head, and the sighing of the favorite pine, planted by

faithful hands of science and friendship, at thy feet! Pardon, pardon us, sacred shade! that in one thing we disobeyed thy last charge. Pardon us that we could not bear to obey thee in this, that thou wouldst have only five of thy countrymen attend thy burial. Ah! as the news flew over our land, such a multitude of sorrowing friends and lovers as Florence could not hold, rebelled against the modest direction, and crossed sea and shore to swell the sightless pageant and thy long funereal train; and following thy bier, our hearts under the shroud with thee, tenderly did we say to each other, —

"Slowly tread, and gently bear
One that went across the wave,
From the oppression of his care,
To the freedom of the grave;

From the merciless disease,
Wearing body, wasting brain,
To the rest beneath the trees,
The forgetting of all pain.

Bear him in his leaden shroud,
Coffined thus in foreign oak,
To the uncomplaining crowd,
Where ill word is never spoke;

From the rubs that fortune gives,
From the spite that rivals bear,
From the sneer that long outlives
All the praise the world can spare.

Bear him from life's broken sleep,
Dreams of pleasure, dreams of pain,
Hopes that tremble, joys that weep,
Plans that perish, visions vain.

Bear him to the body's rest,
After battle, sorely spent,
Wounded, but a welcome guest
In the Chief's triumphal tent."

IN MEMORY

OF

THOMAS STARR KING:

A DISCOURSE

GIVEN TO HIS FLOCK IN SAN FRANCISCO,

SUNDAY MORNING AND EVENING,

MAY 1, 1864,

By HENRY W. BELLOWS.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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1864.

DISCOURSE.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

6. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.—Psalm xxiii: 1—6.

These cheerful, tender words of the Psalmist, which have received a new beauty and significance in passing over the dying lips of him whose vacant place I tremblingly occupy to-day, present themselves as the natural and appropriate theme of our first meditation in this house of the Lord, bereft of its earthly pastor, but still safe in the fold and beneath the crook of the Eternal Shepherd. If the mute tongue whose silver has melted into silence could break the spell that binds it, we should hear it again triumphantly taking up in this congregation and in its behalf, the words with which it chanted its own victory over death, — "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want." High above all the decays of time and the vicissitudes of this changeful world, lives the Eternal Father of our spirits; the Providence of our daily lives, the orderer of all events, the planner and executor of his infinitely wise and kind designs. Thought cannot conceive, much less can words describe, the sublime beauty, the boundless goodness of his grand purposes towards his earthly children. He never willingly afflicts or grieves them. His chastisements are the faithful wounds of a friend. He disappoints, only the more perfectly to fulfil. Mysterious in his ways, his ends are always plain,—the sanctification and

blessedness of his creatures. Whoever else fails us, he never abandons his offspring. "When father and mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up." While this Eternal Shepherd lives, how can the flock lack pasture! Drought may dry up all the tender grass below, snow bury the mountain paths that lead to the upper pastures, the under shepherd may fall a victim to the efforts he makes to supply the needs of the timid, trusting flock, wolves may hang upon its flanks and dogs begin to tear its lambs; but, at the very moment when famine and death seem inevitable, "the Lord prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;" a spring in the wilderness has saved one oasis of verdure, a sheltering ledge has protected one way of escape from snows and beasts; and the wiser sheep that had faith to whisper in the darkest hour, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," now, in their reässured confidence, add — "yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, — thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

If there be a Christian flock on the face of the earth that has reason to take up this song of trusting faith, it is this one. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Less than a single generation ago, the very sites of your homes and your temple were divided by unexplored oceans and trackless deserts from the access of civilized men. A broad continent lay between you and the Christian civilization of the land, while half a quarter of the globe interposed its huge bulk between the longitude you now occupy and that from which you came. Here, to a strand known only to the adventurous whalemen or the wild trapper, you came at the call of that enterprise which never fails to fire American blood; came across the dreary plains, suffocated with the dust of the desert, or frozen in the snows of the mountains, haggard with exposure and hunger, bringing your fortunes in your confident hearts and bold hands; came, through the

cholera and the fevers of the wretched ships that crowded you together in herds to which the very stalls of your fathers' cattle were luxurious quarters; came across that fatal Isthmus, rife with misery and death,—now poling up the swift and treacherous Chagres, now sleeping amidst robbers on its malarious banks, now striding the patient mule, as he planted his feet in the deep, rocky holes that plashed their muddy water at every step into the rider's face; came in the rickety row boats of Panama, and by the worn out, dangerous steamers that brought the first pioneers to this El Dorado. And came to what? To tents of canvas, and houses of mud; to lawless, vagrant men, among whom woman, the great civilizer, had dared hardly to show her gentle face; where vigor and recklessness had planted their feet at one moment, and adventure struck hands with violence; where the more moveable and enterprising, but also the more desperate and dangerous men of all nations had suddenly precipitated themselves under the maddening attractions of gold, bringing the more maddening fascinations of drink with them. I do not forget how many of the noble minded, the splendidly endowed with energies of body and soul — men too generous in their build to move freely in the more narrow waters of our embayed civilization at home, early sought this coast. Its affluent soil, teeming with hidden wealth below and with gigantic growths above, seemed to have power to win as by a mystic attraction from all communities, the large and generous natures, fitted to match with a population of prodigious vigor and munificence its lavish resources. The tares it is true were as rank as the wheat was heavy. For, alas! generosity and prodigality, largeness of heart and looseness of life, the enterprise that works miracles and the recklessness that achieves ruin, the courage that defies the savage, the wilderness and all rivals, and the audacity that spurns conscience and God, are often found in near neighborhood,—good fellowship only one step removed from dissipation, and lawful commercial risk occupying the ground-floor with gambling established in the story above. Consid-

ering the nature and the suddenness of the causes which converted, in the shortest time known to history, this region into a populous community,—considering that the hope of immediate wealth dug out of the ground attracted the earlier and more decisive portion of the founders of this State and city to this soil,—that the vast distance to be overcome and the early sacrifices to be borne, repelled the prudent, the experienced in years, or those who had succeeded elsewhere, and almost forbade the transference of family life,—I know nothing in the records of society so astonishing as the wisdom and foresight which marked the conduct of the first settlers; the rapidity with which so mixed and so volcanic elements accepted the self-imposed restraints of law and order,— banished violence and turbulence, though by violent and turbulent means,— the very offenders against good morals legislating with a sublime impartiality for the suppression of their own offences,— gamblers voting down gambling-houses, and drunkards levying taxes on their own depraved appetites. Never before was the whirlwind of adventure harnessed to the chariot of Christian civilization. The lust of gold and the appetite for change which had projected thousands upon this virgin shore, did not convert the population so suddenly and violently dropped on the soil, into mere vessels of destruction. Explosive as their landing was, their contents energetic and fiery, they brought safe and sound in their hearts the incombustible and indestructible elements of American liberty, American reverence for education and religious and civil institutions. And so, before canvas ceilings had given way to wooden roofs, before the sands had ceased to blow into your front doors or the rain to penetrate to your beds, long before the first planks that made your original streets had worn out, you sought and found religious teachers, established schools, and laid, coeval with your very existence, the solid foundations of those institutions of law and charity, of letters and religion, without which collections of men are only mobs, and wealth and possessions sources only of peril and corruption.

But it is not into the general history of this young and wonderful community that I can now venture to go. I intended only to refer to the beginning and history of this religious society, so nearly coeval with the beginning and history of San Francisco itself. How well I remember the first articulations of this infant society! With what curiosity and interest its lispings for sympathy and care were heard at home, and with what uncertainty of results the elders there in our Unitarian faith brought themselves to counsel the venture among you of one of our most promising men,—no novice or experimenter, but already a tried and valued workman in the Lord's vineyard. Some of you still treasure the memory of that earliest* apostle of liberal Christianity in these courts, the Rev. Joseph T. Harrington, and recall the sturdy manhood, the graceful, measured dignity, the genial tones, the serious purpose, the winning ways of that too short and precious ministry among you. The Lord was your shepherd, when he sent that able, single-hearted minister of Christ, to inaugurate our cause in this place and lay out the pattern of your future. The spirit he possessed, the high hopes he formed, the taste of godliness and power and of a sound mind, he left in those who gathered around him, made the original type of this Society one of singular vigor and worth. A smaller, a less genial, a less dignified and gifted man would have failed to rally the generous merchants, the earnest, leading men of the city to the enterprise. As it was, many to whom our faith was wholly new, felt in his presence and teachings their first attraction to Christian truth, while those who had brought their devotion to liberal Christianity from home, only more dear because so distant and so little likely often to be revisited, clung closely to so worthy a rearer of the standard of their beloved faith. The mysterious decree that so soon smote your first minister, in the plenitude of his power, and gave this church its first early widowhood, terri-

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* The Rev. Charles Farley had preached a short time before Mr. Harrington came out.

ble and disastrous as it seemed, had no power to daunt your hearts, or to ruin a cause only the more sacred for its martyrs. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." The great shepherd takes away the herdsmen, but protects the flock; and soon another and a tender and consoling voice, took up the same blessed gospel which had not died with the breath of the eloquent and ever to be lamented HARRINGTON.

Many of those who may not remember the first minister of this flock will recall his successor, the Rev. Mr. GRAY, so long known in Boston as the friend of children, and Dr. TUCKERMAN'S associate in the ministry at large to the poor. Born in affluence and married to competency, reared as a merchant and acquainted with the world and its ways, the constitutional fervor and spiritual sympathies of Mr. GRAY carried him irresistibly into the ministry and into its most laborious, and, to many, its least attractive field. He gathered the children of the poor together and won them to habits of self-control and paths of virtue and piety, by the fascination of his beaming smile and the magic of his melting voice. He lighted up the hovels of Broad street and Ann street, and the filthy alleys of the more foreign population of his native city, with his luminous countenance, radiant of good will, and inspiring universal confidence. Like the apostle John, he could say, "Little children, love one another" in a way to do the work of a whole sermon. With tears in his eyes, while smiles played about his lips, he pleaded with the young and tempted, who felt the pathetic sincerity of his interest in them, until love for him changed into love for God and duty. This well known apostle to the poor and the young, whom Boston had come to think an essential part of her own social and religious being, your society succeeded in transplanting to this distant field of labor. No one could less resemble his forerunner, distinguished for massive sense, high culture, and logical appeal, and dealing little in the emotional or the passionate element of religious experience. Mr. GRAY was preëminently a preacher from the heart; his wisdom was thoroughly unbookish. He bathed the common-places and simplicities

of truth in tones that made them shine, as the pebbles of the beach, when polished with the lustre of the ocean wave, that finds them common stones and leaves them jewels. It was not what he said, but how he said it, the feeling, the affection, the sensibility that trembled in his voice and glistened in his eye, that gave him his singular and mysterious power. Many who might have missed some tropical heat and luxuriance in the temperate and guarded rationality of HARRINGTON, found a volcanic power in GRAY'S fervid nature and glowing heart, which supplied all the attractions of Methodism, without involving its creed.

I am not well enough acquainted with the details of Mr. GRAY'S ministry to speak of his work among you with proper discrimination; but I knew the man so well that I can surmise what it must have been. I should be much surprised not to discover the foot-prints of his peculiar influence still impressed on many hearts in this congregation; and I can well conceive that those to whom he brought their first warm impressions of liberal Christianity and Religion itself, must remember him as quite unequalled in his personal influence. I have always supposed, too, that the prominence and prosperity which have so honorably distinguished your Sunday School, must be originally due to the extraordinary interest Mr. GRAY took in children, and the fine facility he had for winning and holding fast their attention. However that may be, it cannot be denied that the Lord, our Great Shepherd, gave this flock, in its two first ministers, men of the rarest and most dissimilar excellences, complements of each other; and, in both cases, sealed up the precious essence of their influence among you, with the sacred seal of death. You had the last, ripe days of our noble, vigorous HARRINGTON: you had the warm and glowing sunset of our sainted GRAY. They left the fragrance of their exhaling lives with you; and their influence, their graces and virtues, with their memories, are embalmed in the faithful and grateful recollections of this people, and doubtless are traceable in the nobler, purer, gentler character and career of numerous families and indi-

viduals shaped or guided and blessed by their example and teachings.

Of those still living, who have ministered for longer or shorter seasons among you, it is not permitted me to speak,—much as I should find in their labors to remember with gratitude, and to illustrate the faithfulness of the Lord your Shepherd, who has never suffered you to lack for food and pasture in your distant and difficult position. It would, however, be unpardonable not to say one respectful word of the seven years' ministry of Rev. Mr. Cutler, who, by his unflinching fidelity to Unitarian opinions, his polemical ability and zeal, his practical acquaintance with men and things, and his warm attachment to this field of labor, gave so much substantial prosperity to our cause and put you into a position, on his departure, to demand the best the North could furnish, to supply his place.

And now, the Lord your Shepherd was preparing the highest token of his tender care for this privileged and ever-cherished portion of his common flock.

On my voyage out I had the first opportunity my crowded life has afforded me, to look over the precious file of letters, received through many years, from my dear, departed friend, whose ashes sanctify the foundations of this temple, whose memory and whose spirit inhabit and possess these monumental walls. They carry me back to September, 1847, when a slender, boyish stranger called at my door in New York, and introduced himself to me, without circumlocution or mediator, under the then unsuggestive name of Thomas Starr King. It was not unusual for young theological students and unfledged ministers to seek my acquaintance in this manner, as I had occupied for a few years a somewhat isolated position, as a liberal Christian preacher in the metropolis of the land. But there was a mingled confidence and modesty, a consciousness of power, veiled in a self-respectful humility of deportment, which almost at once engaged my special interest and awakened a peculiar curiosity. He announced himself a Universalist minister, who had no

acquaintance with our clergy, settled though he was within the sound of their Sabbath bells, at Charlestown, Mass. I persuaded him, against all my ordinary rules and precautions, to remain in New York over the approaching Sunday, and preach for me at least half a day. He was very reluctant to encounter a cultivated Unitarian congregation, and nothing but the most resolute persuasion at length overcame his scruples. I confess I looked forward with anxiety, and yet with lively expectation, to his effort. The evening came, and we ascended the pulpit together. He conducted all the exercises, and with such perfect self-possession, earnestness and eloquence, that in a very few moments I discovered that in place of a novice, a promising young minister, we had a finished thinker, scholar, and master, in those youthful proportions, at the altar of God. A universal surprise and admiration filled the congregation. Who was this boyish Chrysostom, whose vigorous thoughts rang in such minted tones through our aisles? In what Unitarian church was he settled? When did he graduate at Harvard? When leave the Theological School at Cambridge? Which, among the familiar names of our rising, Eastern clergy, belonged to him? His name was KING — THOMAS STARR KING. He was no Unitarian minister at all; he had never been through any College — much less Harvard, — never enjoyed the advantages of any theological school, — was unknown to our clergy, or people! Imagine the wonder at this strange record of obscurity with the vivid contrast of the sudden, brilliant, decisive impression left by his performance! Dr. DEWEY, then, after Dr. CHANNING's recent death, the most justly distinguished of all our ministers, and occupying the most important post as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York, had just resigned on account of his health, leaving his pulpit vacant. I persuaded the trustees to invite Mr. KING to supply their pulpit for two Sundays — which he did, to the continued delight and wonder of all the congregation. The question of asking him to succeed Dr. DEWEY, — the most difficult and the most audacious undertaking that could have

been proposed to any young man, (and which your present position in reference to his own successor will enable you fully to appreciate) was immediately raised; and had it been left to the spontaneous voice of the congregation, it would have been at once decided affirmatively. But the trustees, experienced and wise men, thought it their duty to inquire into Mr. King's antecedents. They could learn nothing about him from the ministerial elders, the wise men from the East, to whom they were accustomed to defer. They could find his name in no college catalogue and on the roster of no theological school, and in no list of our Unitarian clergy. I agreed to become sponsor for the soundness of his creed, the worth of his character, and the success of his ministry; and warned them how they sacrificed the substance to the show of things, — how they denied the lustre, purity, and value of the diamond that had fallen at their feet, because they had not first seen it at the jeweller's window, or found it labelled at its price in some satin and morocco case. But less bold counsels prevailed. The trustees, half afraid to balk the people's wishes, and half afraid to take the responsibility of so unusual a course as calling to the first Unitarian pulpit in America a man who had not in his pocket the parchment of Harvard College and the letters patent of a Unitarian council or a theological school, a young man unknown to fame and only twenty-two years old, wrote him a letter, in which, after expressing their admiration at his abilities and their high idea of his character, they recommended him to enter the theological school at Cambridge for a year, at the end of which time, they promised themselves the pleasure of hearing him again, and probably asking him to become their permanent pastor. Mr. King's self-reliant and self-respectful spirit rose against this conditioning; and the venerable president of the board, with tears in his eyes, told me only a few days before I left New York, of the manly and dignified letter in which your minister that was to be, declined wholly any overtures from a parish that was not inclined to take him as he was, and for what he was. He knew too well how

large an offset to all the usual advantages of schools and colleges, had been the burning thirst of his own private studies, the eager pursuit of knowledge under difficulties! His zeal and aptness for learning, his mercurial alertness of intellect and winged imagination, had carried him, at a bound, over roads slowly plodded by the heavy feet of men clogged with easy resources, pushed reluctantly forward by parents more ambitious for their scholarship than they themselves. The world had been this young man's college; difficulty and hardship, self-denial, early responsibility, his theological teachers. A father's excellent example, a mother's noble devotion, narrow circumstances and large exactions, — a spirit eager and aspiring, gentle and strong, had need of no better masters. And when that worthy father died, and bequeathed a mother and sisters to the young man's care, who had not yet seen his way clear to providing for his own ordinary education, you can imagine the prodigious pressure brought to bear upon his faculties. If the springs of his being had not been all made of woven light, and hung in the beaten oil of acquiescence, he would have sunk at once under the crushing weight of his burdens. But his aspiring, cheerful, trusting spirit rose with the occasion. He did not forsake his studies, his literary ambition, and his ministerial aspirations, because practical household cares and the necessities of a family were thus thrown upon his already loaded back. He merely resolved to make his studies, his scholarship, his literary and ministerial career, the means by which to sustain his new responsibility; to hew a way to practical success through the very rock that blocked his road. His was the spirit to tunnel the mountain, rather than crook a hair his chosen direction. He would be a scholar in spite of colleges, a theologian in spite of theological schools, a literary man without any of the usual entrances to the guild, a minister in the most cultivated and exacting field of pulpit success, and a man with means to meet his love of books and art, his numerous private obligations, his naturally expensive tastes and his large charities, even though it cost him all his days and

all his nights, aye, and his life, too, to achieve the end he had deliberately proposed to himself. I know nothing in the whole history of spiritual knight-errantry more chivalric than the fearful odds against which this young Bayard, unknown and unseconded, rode into the lists and pointed his lance against all comers. David with his sling, — the noble, kingly, shepherd-boy, — did not essay a bolder task, when he encountered Goliath. One cannot fail to recall the heroic example of Sir Walter Scott, when, against the vast pecuniary responsibilities in which, by the failure of the Ballantynes, he had innocently become involved, he seized his pen, as the assailed and hunted soldier, attacked in flank and rear, seizes his sword, and with desperate resolution, faced his foes with that little weapon, more pointed and more flaming than the sword, and by two years of herculean exertion, in which he coined his very brain into immortal romances and histories, paid his debts, emancipated his homestead, saved his honor, and sacrificed his life.

It was in this temper, and with this, the confidence of genius, that young King encountered all the disadvantages of his irregular and defective opportunities, over-mastered the obstacles of his position, and sustained such burdens as must either make or mar forever a young man's fortunes. They were predestined only to develope and discover the hidden strength and grace of this gifted man.

When Mr. King left New York, after his short and memorable visit in 1847, I gave him letters to some of my ministerial friends in Boston, telling them what a jewel they had hanging in obscurity at the other end of Charlestown bridge, and counseling them to rub their spectacles and see if they could not discover the gem they had thus far overlooked. Pardon my recounting, with some complacency, my own humble part in Mr. King's introduction and essential transfer to our denomination. He never forgot it, and, in his generous way, always made far more of it than it deserved, being never weary of returning to me four-fold the service he recognized in my early perception of his merits and

proper position. I think he had not been three months back at his post at Charlestown, before he was called unconditionally to the pulpit of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, at that time one of the most difficult of all the spheres to which he could have been transferred.

The parish had broken down under feuds and parties created by the vigorous ministry of the celebrated JOHN PIERPONT, who had made himself, in the stronghold of Boston distillers, the champion of temperance, to which he soon added, in its most unpopular era, the stigma of aggressive anti-slavery sentiments. It is difficult to over-rate the prejudices and animosities which a violent ecclesiastical law-suit had fomented in this church; in which minister after minister had tried his hand with unavailing struggles, and to which Mr. KING came as a forlorn hope. But he brought gifts, learning, rhetoric, courage and attractions equal to the occasion. The yawning emptiness of the great church, whose hollow walls had reverberated so long the disputes and enmities of its few remaining occupants, began to fill with new and fresh adherents of the accomplished and fascinating young minister. Still, the society, adding to itself daily such as should be saved, did not add many of the rich and influential, who had become too thoroughly alienated from the moral radicalism of Hollis street, to be won back by Mr. King's moderation. The pews filled, but the capacity of the people to afford their minister a support equal to his claims or his necessities was not commensurate with their number. Besides, talents and labors which would command five and twenty thousand dollars a year in the legal or medical professions, and twice as much in the mercantile, will not bring a fifth part of that sum in the clerical profession — a fact not to be complained of, since it is doubtless best for the church and

* He declined the first call, from self-distrust, aggravated by temporary illness; but after returning from a short voyage of eleven weeks to Fayal, much revived in health, he accepted, reluctantly, a second call — "surrendering," as he used playfully to say, to one of the Committee, (Mr. HENRY FULLER,) who "locked him up, till he gave in."

the world that money should have as little as possible to do with the motives which carry men into it, or keep them there.

Mr. KING, however, had double pecuniary burdens on his shoulders. He had near relatives in honorable poverty, dear to him as life, whom it was his duty and his privilege to support. He had married, and assumed the responsibilities of a family and a household, essential to his usefulness and dignity as a minister. His brilliant literary tastes soon discovered themselves in the pulpit, where his earlier sermons partook of the gravity of religious discourses and the elegance, taste, and brilliancy of modern reviews. Such a style, aided by such a voice and such an electric presence, could not be hid from those catering for the lecture-room in its most palmy New England days; and Mr. King, tempted in part by his pecuniary necessities, and, no doubt, lured on by his strong proclivities for the predestined field of his finest intellectual triumphs, soon found himself engaged for almost every vacant evening of the season, for the lyceums, first of New England, and then of the whole country. An extraordinary career he ran in the course of the ten years he was at Hollis street; first, as a steady and ever carefully prepared preacher, controversialist and active minister of Christ, wholly in the confidence and love of his brethren, a counsellor in every good local and municipal work of truth and charity,—not neglecting, in times of death, sickness and trouble, a most sympathising and affectionate pastoral work; next, as a public lecturer, careering through New England, the Middle States and the West, holding captive delighted and immense audiences four or five nights a week of perhaps six months of every year, until no one was more widely or favorably known than he, in that laborious and uncertain field. *BEECHER and CHAPIN were his only competitors. The first wielded a heavier moral bludgeon; and the last, with a physique like a lion and a heart as tender as a woman's, surpassed all men I

* The interest felt in our public characters, on the Pacific Coast, seemed to the writer to justify, at this distance, somewhat freer observations on living men than would be deemed in good taste if made at home.

ever heard in the power of verbal intensity, combined with thunderous majesty of voice. His bulky make and sonorous utterance seemed to sway his hearers as the moon its tides; and, happily, his moral instincts and humane sympathies always placed him on the side of right, in the van of social and moral improvement. Mr. KING looked up to him, as to an elder brother, and emulated his gifts and his public eloquence with the genuine and generous admiration which marked his appreciation of all that was fine and high among his peers. It was my painful duty, (looking about for some heart into which I could most readily pour the tide of my own bitter grief, on the day the sad news came of our dear friend's summons to higher places,) to communicate to Dr. CHAPIN the tidings of his death; and none who witnessed the deadly paleness, the unutterable anguish of that strong and tender soul, could fail to see how dear he was to his brother's heart. CHAPIN'S work in the lecture room, as in the pulpit, has been to clothe the best ideas of our time, diligently sought by him in all the most rare and piquant literature of England, France, and America, collected in one of the rarest and most costly libraries in our country, in a rhetoric sonorous as the sea and sparkling as its waves, and having bathed them in the great basin of his loving heart, to propel them through his grand lungs and volcanic throat, full of fire and air and light, upon the ear of the masses of our countrymen. He entered into no party controversies, and no moral reforms, as such, not being fitted like BEECHER to be a leader of men and a shaper of policies; but few have done as much to elevate, enlarge, and sweeten the judgments of this generation, or will carry to his grave — long may he be spared to us — a larger freight of gratitude and love. BEECHER, on the contrary, carried the practical questions of the day, always the most important and influential, with him into the lecture-room; and there, with his strong, earnest, and child-like nature, his quick and wide habits of observation, his shrewdness and rapid and close reading of men, his warm emotional spirit and his fine and well-preserved physique, —

above all, with his deep religious nature, free from cant and asceticism, his pure and delicate appreciation of nature in all her moods, with a courage which did not lack prudence, and a spirit of accommodation to times, places, and people, which make him a much wiser politician than people who have not carefully watched and weighed him are willing to think,— H. W. Beecher has, perhaps, done more to convert the lecture-room of the United States into a pulpit, to create a great denomination of his own, merging the most opposite sects and classes into a community of sympathy and opinion, than any man in our time,— I might almost say, in any time.

Mr. King came later into the field already occupied by these eminent and strong competitors. He was the admirer and the friend of both, and both repaid his affection and his esteem. He had the superior charm of youth and novelty, with a nature more varied, and more versatile faculties and endowments than either. A more exact and careful scholar, with a wider and a more solid reading, and a broader acquaintance with the history of human thought in all ages, he had a far more artistic and formative nature and genius. His thoughts ran into moulds of beauty; his fancy teemed with images of rare and striking character. Proportion, method, and culmination marked all his writings and lectures, which were full of intention, and had the base, the column and the capital of the Corinthian pillar in their conception and execution. Few knew what the subtle charm was that carried them away. But Mr. King knew how to woo into sight thoughts swimming vaguely below the surface of men's minds, and felt only in the tumult they caused, and then to lure them into the transparent waters of his own clear soul, where they could be seen, even as the beautiful fishes of the Caribbean sea, a hundred feet below the ocean's brim, exhibit their gleaming scales and graceful proportions through the pellucid depths of that mild Mediterranean. He gave to the airy nothings in men's brains a local habitation and a name. No one has proved so faithful an interpreter to the masses, of the higher thought of our time, whether in science, poetry,

philosophy or religion. He was an inborn critic, with a knife so sharp no fineness of distinction could baffle its edge; and such was his skill in language, that no idea was so outré, new, or difficult, that he could not costume it so deftly and characteristically as to make it distinctly visible and forever recognizable by the dullest comprehension. The titles of the earliest themes he carried into the lecture-room, "Substance and Show," "The Ideal and the Actual," "The Laws of Disorder"—in themselves unintelligible to the ordinary mind—became, after he had expounded them, forever associated with light and exaltation. All that twilight region between thought and feeling, matter and mind, the inward and the outward world—a region to which every man has in his very nature a key, rusted and unused, and with which he now and then, between sleeping and waking, fumbles curiously in the dark chamber of his soul at such places as by a gleam seem to give hope of a key-hole or an open door,—this region Mr. King made his own, and by the exquisite precision and shaping power of his mind, surveyed and laid it out in a way to make it, if not familiar, attractive and real to ordinary or average understandings. Thus, without surrendering to the new philosophies and scientific theories of the day, he understood and appreciated what was of general importance or popular interest in them. He accepted what was intelligible and stateable, and before any one else, interpreted into language, brilliant yet clear, unusual yet popular, the Transcendentalism of Germany, the obscure yet vigorous vaticinations of Coleridge and Carlyle, and the mystic and fascinating oracles of Emerson. Nor was he less interested in the new, scientific, and practical thought, than in the new philosophy and theology. Fond as he was of short excursions into dream-land, his chosen residence was on terra firma. The positive sciences, and especially in their more advanced attainments, had a prodigious charm for him; and no one had a heartier appreciation of Owen and Farraday, of Agassiz and Gray, or more carefully kept up with all the newest and rarest developements of scientific thought. This gave

him one of his finest advantages — his power of continually illustrating the newest philosophical thought by the newest scientific attainments. You might be sure to find, side by side, on his study table, the latest work on mental or moral philosophy, and the last book from the most advanced man of science; and often before any body else competent to a popular interpretation of their meaning had read them, Mr. KING was using their results in some brilliant essay or lecture which flashed light and charm into the popular mind of New England. For to Mr. KING'S great fondness for books and almost unexampled power of rapid reading, due to his concentrativeness of attention, his eagerness for knowledge, and the celerity with which he assimilated what was palatable and digestible for him, were added what so rarely accompanies such strong literary tastes — most active power of original observation, both of men and things, the keenest love and most intimate knowledge of nature, and the shrewdest study of persons and events. See him at the mountains or on the sea shore — and he was almost an equal lover of both — and you would take him for some enthusiastic devotee of scenery, or some rapt naturalist, who had spent his whole life in studying shells or mosses or algæ — or with whom the stars, the clouds, and the shadows were the only subjects of worthy meditation. He would lie for hours on his back, contemplating the constellations, or watching the shifting forms of the clouds, or sit upon a rock at Cape Ann, alone, or with his beloved friend, Dr. BARTOL or Dr. CHAPIN, and drink in the charm of the ocean lines, the long swell of the Atlantic, and the plunges of the surge as it broke high up on the rugged front of Pigeon Cove, until morning had waxed into noon, and noon had waned into evening. Who so alert, persevering, and indefatigable as he, in our New England Switzerland, which he made as completely his own as Sir Walter did the lochs and mountains of Scotland. The very guides learned secrets from him they did not know. He told the farmers on the skirts of the White Hills, what their whole lives had not enabled them to discover for themselves. The hotel-

keepers found him a better directory for their guests than all their printed guide-books, made up largely as they were of extracts from his letters to the Transcript; and among the choicest memories of those visiting the White Mountains, was that of having fallen in with their chief lover and their best historian. Summer after Summer, and at special seasons, sometimes in the Winter, he revisited this never-exhausted, though narrow field of mountain beauty, until, fully committed to his mind, he struck its portrait in the only elaborate and finished work he gave the public, "The White Hills," a book which is equally useful as a guide among the scenes it so minutely and faithfully describes, and as a poetic companion and substitute for travel and scenery for those who must journey by proxy, and see through eyes clearer and stronger than their own. His extraordinary talent for the description of natural scenery has been, if possible, improved by the splendid opportunities afforded him on your sublimely beautiful coast. Oh, how I have enjoyed his invisible society, in looking on the lovely ranges of volcanic outline that skirt the gentle sail from Panama to Acapulco and San Francisco! How endless the chain! how varied in its forms of likeness to itself, and what exquisite draperies of mist and smoke envelop and disclose its ever-shifting shapes; how dim the distance, how sharp the outline, how mild and soft the tints, how grand and solemn the masses, the silence, and the solitude! Ah! the voyage up this Pacific sea — its meek title so well deserved and so wondrously maintained — is, by the beauty of contrast, a fitting preparation for the bustle and stir, the teeming life and enterprise in which the voyage ends. It at least smooths out the mind, with its vast repose, and the weight of its grand yet mild masses of sea and land, and with the quiet of that great starry heaven that broods so solemnly over all, for the new impressions awaiting it in this strange land, so peculiar in its history, its features, and its life. On the sensitive mind of Mr. King, I can well understand the soothing, renewing influence of his voyage out, and how freshly he presented his plastic spirit with all the

simplicity of a first love, to the grand and beautiful forms of nature and life he met in this exceptional region. Hence the charm of his descriptions of the great features of California, which his popular letters home have made for the first time familiar. No one had really seen the Sierra Nevada, Mt. Shasta, the Yo Semite Valley, or the coast of Oregon and the region of Mt. Hood, until his fine eye saw and his cunning brain and hand depicted them. You will find the newspapers in which his portraitures of these sublime and charming scenes are found, carefully laid away in hundreds of New England homes, as permanent sources of delight. Had he lived another year, we should have had the pendent of his "White Hills" in an adequate picture of the Sierra Nevada, carefully finished by his own hand. It is to be hoped that the materials exist for at least some valuable approximation to this result under the editorship of a competent hand, although no skill could replace his own.

And this fine eye for nature, usually gained only by an exclusive devotion to her charms, was in Mr. KING united with an equally clear vision of men and things. In the best sense of the word, he was a man of the world, meeting his fellow beings on the plane of their every-day feelings and pursuits, seeing them as they are, entering into their moods, prejudices, opinions, and studying them with respectful and sincere curiosity and affection. He did not enter the world as a showman visits Africa or South America, to collect strange creatures wherewith to store his museum. He went as a man among men, feeling the profoundness of the likeness, and the superficial character of the differences among them. He had no absurd over-valuation of scholarship and culture, which no man esteemed more in itself, or thought less of when compared with original endowments and the great common gifts of reason, conscience, and affection. He knew full well that speech itself, his own sceptre though it was, and all the artifices of language and æsthetic taste, are trifles compared with the qualities of character, the power of will, the strength of sensibilities and affections, that find no outlet

in words, but are the secret springs and forces that animate the action, support the labor, and conquer the trials of life. Therefore he was a tender, hospitable, many-sided observer and student of his kind, respecting and loving all the various kinds and classes of men, valuing men not for what they were not, but for what they were; looking at them with reference to their position and circumstances, and knowing well that each and every form of life has its own advantages and offsets, — that over-study often times weakens observation, that reading becomes a substitute for thought, and that direct contact with nature, with common people, with hardship, and with one's own thoughts, the solitude of the mine, the ranche, or the sea, of the mechanic's bench or the ploughman's furrow, often produces a racy originality of thought, a rugged strength of character, and a heartiness of affection which are lacking among the more cultivated and refined. These genuine sympathies gave Mr. King a ready access to his fellow-creatures, by at once disabusing them of shyness, pride, or jealousy. Without assumption, pretension, or superciliousness himself, free from the ear-marks that usually deform while advertising the book-worm or the professional man, he slipped into all hearts, as the coin of the land is current alike in city and village, on the exchange and in the mountain hut. One might almost think Providence had withheld a grand stature or striking physiognomy from him, to make him the less observed and the more observing, the less challenged as he passed the pickets and sentries of social life, and became the honest spy and legitimate reporter of human character in all its various phases. The only fault in his estimates of men, was in the exaggerated valuation he put upon the talents and qualities of his friends. And even this was rather a seeming than a real defect; for, generous as his speech was and liberal his interior affections, curbed as his tongue was in censure, I learned in a long intimacy with him to feel that he weighed his friends as nicely as he did other men, — gauged them by a precise and delicate standard, and was as little likely as any man in his practical judgment to rely

on men for qualities they did not possess. Shrewdness marked his strong, practical understanding. He took his own observations, had his own estimates, kept his own counsels, but was rarely mistaken in his appraisal of those he did not trust.

One of the most infallible accompaniments of wisdom, if not the essential condition of any real and profound knowledge of men, Mr. KING possessed in the rarest degree, — I mean *humor*. All that was odd, significant, piquant, amusing in the manners and conduct, the accent and speech of his fellow-creatures, stamped itself in the soft sympathy of his hospitable heart, and left its daguerreotype there in an endless gallery of characters, scenes, anecdotes, which the trained mimic, the finished comedian, the professional story-teller, could not exceed in variety, exactness, or verisimilitude. Into his lectures leaked a continual moisture from this perennial fountain of his daily experience; and every audience he saw, every place he visited, every lecture he gave, only supplied new materials and new stories for his all-observing and all-sympathising nature. His intimate knowledge of men in all stations of life, enabled him to bind up all he said in the home-spun of universal experience, and to fasten it to the hearts of his hearers by the thongs of familiar suggestion. It was this strange shrewdness and knowledge of common people and common things that enabled Mr. KING to maintain, ordinarily, a style so elevated and artificial in its dignity and richness, that it would have alarmed and repelled the common people, had it not opened here and there, to show the very flesh and blood of our common humanity beneath it. Thus commended and justified, it became, perhaps, his chief charm, — that style, stiff with ornament, with learned reference and poetical allusion, true cloth of gold, but worn so gracefully that all its jewelled garniture seemed only the natural garb for so florid and affluent a nature. Who that had the gratification of his familiar intercourse, — not denied to any who sought it, (for he was as open as the day to approach, and as lavish as the sun in his mental hospitality,) — can forget the ceaseless charm of his

social conversation, so full of quips and sentences, of apt quotation, of illustrative anecdote, of opulent exaggeration and good-natured banter, of wit as sharp as though all its poison had not been extracted, and laughter as boisterous and side-splitting as though innocence and truth and tender regard for every personal and public obligation had not strained out of it every atom of impurity, of cruelty, of injustice, and irreverence? Oh, how can I forget the evenings passed in the society of his most familiar friends in Boston, with Hedge, and Bartol, and Fields, and Whipple, and Alger, — oftenest at the house, of all in the world, after his own, most frequently visited and most tenderly and gratefully cherished in his memory, that of his friend and mine, Dr. Bartol, the poet, philosopher, and divine, whose rare public discourses are every day surpassed by the splendor of his ordinary conversation, and whose open heart, and mind, and hand, and door, have made his house the most familiar home of genius, worth, and wit in all New England; — how, I say, can I forget the evenings passed with Mr. King and his friends, under that dear and never-to-be-forgotten roof, where religion, philosophy, science, the affairs and questions of the day, the character of leading men, were discussed with serious earnestness and warm antagonisms of opinion, but with perfect mutual confidence and affection, but where at least half the time was spent in the interchange of sallies of wit and humor, in the detail of experiences, and the recounting of incidents and observations collected since we had last been together! I need not to say that in this medley of sense and nonsense, earnest and fun, Mr. King bore his part with equal vigor and success in either branch, and in the department of anecdote and humor, excelled all by a distance too great to be measured. He was, in short, the best story-teller of his time; and while you seldom got anything from him that you could have recognized in the original, had you been then present, the change was only that legitimate one by which genius transmutes into precious stuffs, the fabrics that continue mean and coarse in common hands. For of that faculty of

exaggeration which has been called the most original trait of American humor, a faculty by which every thing is placed under a magnifying glass of enormous power, until the pores of the skin become like volcanic craters, and the hairs of the head like the cordage of a man-of-war, Mr. KING had a constitutional excess, which overflowed into his serious style, luxuriated in his private letters, revelled in his ordinary conversation, and without which his very identity would have been lost. It was, however, as little to be confounded with carelessness of statement or falsification of fact, as the rendering of the microscope, which exaggerates without confusing or misleading, and merely enables the observer to see what the naked eye would not be able to take in. Mr. KING was the very reverse of an exaggerator, in the sense of intellectual truthfulness and veracity. He was precise, punctilious, and wholly and exactly reliable in what he said, never permitting his vein of humor or fun to be mistaken, and knowing exactly when he *was* taken, and when he *meant* to be taken in pure earnest and with literal precision. Accordingly few men have been so little misunderstood, have given so little offence to their foes, or been called upon so seldom to explain away their statements, or to correct them. Whether in the pulpit or the lecture-room, his assertions were guarded, well considered, and meant to be taken just as they sounded, and to be stoutly maintained. There was accordingly an identity and oneness of effect about Mr. KING, in public and private, at home and abroad, in youth and maturity, which it is a rare felicity to present, and which gives him a persistent continuity and depth of impression which less clear and consistent natures and characters cannot acquire.

Far down beneath all these intellectual and social qualities and manifestations lived the man himself, — that powerful personality, to whom his talents and acquirements were but as tools to the workman. It was the hidden, interior man of the heart, the invisible character behind all the rich possessions, intellectual and social, of this gifted man, that gave him his real power and skill to control the wills, and to move

the hearts, and to win the abounding confidence and affection of his fellow beings. This hidden man seemed composed of equal parts of rectitude, or the sense and love of justice,— of humanity, or the love of his race, individually and collectively,— and of aspiration, or the love and thirst for excellence; and these all met in a powerful, elastic, irrepressible will, which moved so gracefully and habitually, with so little strain or contortion, that it excited no sense of effort, and almost concealed its own existence. By this high endowment of will, a personality as clear, well cut, and splendid as the finest diamond in the Mogul's crown, animated by such high and pure moral instincts and aspirations, Mr. KING was seemingly saved, through the sacred force that projected him into the world, from the usual struggles and conflicts by which most men achieve a distinct and emphatic personality, and finally come under the dominion of their higher nature. He seemed originally subdued to the yoke of duty, — a native saint in the purity and singleness of his purposes. His arrow was held to the string, and directed by the Divine Hand, whose bow sped him on his errand, and its point never diverged, never returned to the source for a fresh impulse or a new aim. He was one of the few persons I have chanced to know, whose character made an identical and an equal impression from the first to the last. Like Samuel, sanctified from the womb, he began, continued, and ended a spotless career, and one marked continually by the same aims and means. I will not say that this is the very highest, and ultimately the strongest and broadest form of nature; for the soils that need the deepest ploughing, and require and bear the richest dressing, often bring forth fruits at last whose flavor and soundness are beyond those of any spontaneous clime or field. But if our Lord's own example is a fit one to instance, in any purely human comparison, we may allege him as one who proved that the ordinary concessions, humiliations, errors, and mistakes of men, are not essential to such perfection as crowned a life of which it equally formed the foundation and the fabric.

The absence of any openness to ordinary temptations, bodily or moral, — the freedom from follies and foibles, from presumptuous faults and secret sins, specially distinguished our beloved friend. Doubtless he had his own consciousness of imperfection and of sin — for he was human ; but I have yet to know and yet to hear the first suggestion of what his faults and errors were. Any approach to criticism was usually a complaint of the excess of his virtues. While other men's vices are sometimes seen to lean to virtue's side, his virtues, in their luxuriance, may have run over into the region where vice is often found. He was *too* liberal, *too* generous, *too* lenient, too hopeful, too fond of his friends ; too forgetful of himself. Oh, blessed the man whose censors can find only the superlativeness of his excellencies to blame, — whose only faults are, that he is too like the bounty of that Being who makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends his rain upon the just and the unjust !

Of course these admirable native qualities were from earliest youth nursed in the Church of Jesus Christ, into which, in right of Christian parents — his father being an honored minister of religion — he was born and nurtured, and within which he grew and lived as in his native climate. For this was the truth with our friend. His Christianity was his original bent and inclination, to which his nature made no resistance ; so that natural and revealed religion, the light of nature and the gospel, were with him never separated, except in theory, and worked in him with unimpeded force and undivided sway. He studied the history and evidences of the Christian Religion, understood the difficulties and doubts that perplex other minds, sounded the miracle question, and was a supernaturalist by intellectual and spiritual inclination and conviction ; but his faith in the Gospel needed no such support and gained no strength from any such researches. Christ's life and teachings, his doctrines and character and fate, all found a natural belief and welcome in his soul, which made his piety wondrously natural, unaffected, genuine, and simple, and accounted for the thoroughly practical union that

existed between his life and his faith, his ordinary doings and his religious convictions.

Of the cheerful, sunny temper, the uniform urbanity and social sweetness of Mr. King, you have yourselves been constant witnesses. His presence was a cordial, — his influence a trade-wind, blowing from spicy and fragrant shores, constant in its direction, and lending itself to every lawful and honest venture. You could count on his humor as you count on the clear and constant skies of your own matchless climate in its rainless months. His nature was a temperate zone, favorable to every growth, in which all the seasons were mixed in a Summer that had the freshness of Spring and the largess of Autumn, and lacked only the Winter's sterility and cold. How warm, how buoyant that generous heart! To whom, as to that busy man absorbed in public affairs and wide concerns, could you carry a personal interest, a private project, a scheme for assisting an unfortunate family, or a request for counsel and aid in a case of pressing distress, with such certainty of a patient hearing, a prompt suggestion, a practical coöperation. At home, I venture to say, more young ministers went to him for sympathy and advice in their parish difficulties, than to any clergyman of his age. More depressed and broken-spirited men of letters found in him a cordial sympathiser and assistant; more foreigners, teachers of languages, young artists, poetasters, and aspirants for opportunities in the lecture-room; more widows and orphans, and poor, ignorant and vicious creatures from the prison and the work-house, sought his bright, hopeful, open-hearted and open-handed presence, and found substantial aid and inspiration, encouragement and countenance, than were accessible to them at any other single door.

The number of his personal friends was immense. Scarcely a village where some one could not boast his familiar acquaintance. The news of his death came home to thousands as a personal bereavement; and if one could see the number, kind, and degree of sincere mourners, who in spirit followed his precious ashes to their resting-place, it would be found a

procession including all classes and conditions of life and character, in all the States of the Union, and in which every individual in it would have his own special and personal reason for being afflicted. For here was one, who by his mingled goodness, genius, and sympathetic quality, had become the ideal of a million hearts, the pride and darling of their souls. No voice so charming, no presence so exhilarating and tonic, no knighthood so chivalric! And this admiration had no drawback; for this man's talents were consecrated to virtue and piety. If he sparkled, it was as a star in the firmament of heaven; if he carried away the multitude with the fascinations of his wit and fancy, he carried them beside the still waters and into the green pastures. Literature, in him, was the beautiful garment of praise; rhetoric, not the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the burning of gums and spices in the censer of worship. To have the best gifts of the orator and the scholar, in the affluence, variety, and freedom usually found only in the arenas where place, fame, pleasure or applause is sought, devoted to unselfish, humane, and sacred objects, pleading the cause of the nation, the woes and wrongs of the slave, or the claims of God and his Christ, — this was a combination rare enough to account for the extraordinary interest, enthusiasm, and confidence of which our beloved friend was the object. And how did he receive this intoxicating tribute? Have you ever seen laurels worn more modestly, — a crown resting on humbler brows? And his humility was not professional, the meekness of clerical decorum, the pride that apes humility. He had the unconsciousness which belongs to a beautiful child that knows not and values not the admiration he excites. "Is that Starr King!" was the surprised expression of almost every one who saw him for the first time, and looked for the port and bearing of the successful and applauded orator, to find only the most natural, unspoiled, and simple carriage and deportment. In our public conventions, before he came here, he could oftenest be found hovering on the outskirts, taking no prominent part, and seldom lifting his voice in extempore

debate, but the keenest observer and enjoyer of every good and bright thing said by his brethren.

Such was Thomas Starr King at the end of his ten years' brilliant career in Boston, as the minister of Hollis Street Church, and as the favorite of the lecture-room of the Atlantic States.

What he has been since — what your love and favor have made him, combining with the great and quickening opportunities of this new and exceptional position, and the exactions and privileges of these great national times — you know even better than I. Let me say at once, that I doubt if any possible conjuncture of circumstances at home could have developed in him the great qualities and astonishing results of labor and usefulness which his four short years have exhibited in California. His habits of deference to his seniors, the usages and customs of our clerical life at home, the crowded pathways of philanthropy and patriotism, and his own strictly literary and ministerial life, gave no promise, when he left us, of his turning out a commanding man of affairs, a statesman in his views and efforts, a shaper and controller of large public plans. He was one of the very last men we should have thought of to spring to the helm in a time of public danger, to seize the trumpet and the sword, and assume command. He did not reveal himself to us as a man of action, a responsible leader of public opinion, and a guide of practical affairs. He had then little practice as an *extempore* speaker, and was looked to for brilliant speech only when carefully prepared. Moreover, he had not earned a name for wisdom and weight of judgment; — not that he was ever thought deficient in either, — but his years and his career had not then warranted that highest kind of confidence. Nor was he sent to California because he was known or thought to possess in the largest measure that kind of excellency. It was rightly deemed that he had qualities specially fitted to charm and interest, to influence and bless this community, but they were the gifts of eloquence, of personal magnetism and reliable character, which I have at such length described. Had he possessed nothing

else, his mission would have been a victorious and a blessed one. But Providence predestined him to find here a sphere which called forth and matured powers, unknown, I suspect, even to himself, and certainly far beyond any suspicion of his best and most admiring friends at home.

It may well be asked how Mr. KING, so successful and beloved and admired in his own sphere, was induced to leave his prosperous and happy home, and come to California, — a place four years ago not known as it is now, thanks, in no small part, to his own influence and pen. He was the center of a charming literary circle, whose society was most precious to his cultivated mind. He had kindred of his own and of his wife's, who seemed to share equally his love and protection. But he had already become conscious that the strain on his powers was more than he could bear. His double profession, as preacher and lecturer, exacted more from his always delicate physique than it could any longer safely supply. His personal popularity and the social attentions he received, drained still more his quick and lavish nature, always willing to do its capable part in the entertainment of all companies. His uneasiness about his health was known to many of his choice friends, and they were continually proposing some change by which he could economize his strength. A change of climates and pulpits, it was thought, would enable him to use the careful materials he had accumulated in his ten years' preaching at Hollis Street, and so rest his weary brain. Above all, he needed a support, which he would not receive from Hollis Street — well knowing that it would be burdensome there — by which he could be relieved from the necessity of incessant lecturing — the labors and discomforts of which no one can appreciate who has not traveled all day for a week, to lecture every night at some post three hundred miles removed from the last, to eat unwonted food, and every night to sleep in a strange bed. Mr. KING made this work more laborious than it needed to be, by the thoroughness, the length, the splendor of his efforts, and by the large amount of social entertainment he every where threw into the homes of his hosts

after his lectures were over. Accordingly, every vacant pulpit in a conspicuous city or town began to lay its plans for securing Mr. KING's services. Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, were conspicuous among them, and I was unfortunately retained in the interest of each. At last the competition was reduced to Cincinnati and San Francisco. My own feelings were divided between the two for some time, particularly because of the vicinity of Cincinnati to Antioch College, which had drawn largely on my sympathies and exertions, and upon which Mr. KING, if he went to Cincinnati, would, it was thought, have a very propitious and sustaining influence.

In a letter dated Boston, December 2, 1859, Mr. KING writes me, — "I have just finished the reading of the cubic yard or "so of documents from San Francisco, which you have sent to "me. They are very clear and strong, and I must acknowledge "that they impress me seriously. I do desire to be in a posi- "tion where my labor would be of greater worth to the gener- "al cause than it can be in Boston, and where, too, I could be "relieved from the detestable vagrancy imposed by my pres- "ent necessity of lecturing. If my own feeling simply were "to decide the case, I should not hesitate an hour in saying "yes, to California. From the first, that has seemed to me "more like the Providential call than any position nearer "home."

Later, on the 26th of December, 1859, he writes me from Boston: — "When under pressure, I feel the claims of Cin- "cinnati; when alone, so that the attractions of the two "posts play unobstructed, I find San Francisco the stronger "body. Drs. PUTNAM, PEABODY, HEYWOOD, HILL, LIVERMORE, "the brethren in Cincinnati, and lastly and strongest, you, "have endorsed the call from the Queen City with very urgent "and wise appeals. If I still feel in the core of the heart an "impulse to the more distant region, must I not take it as the "Providential intimation? * * * I think I shall "send in my resignation next week to the society here. It "will tear my inward cords as nothing in life has yet. But I

"do think that we are unfaithful in huddling so closely around "the cozy stove of civilization in this blessed city, and I am "ready to go out into the cold and see if I am good for any "thing. I grieve intensely over the probable disappointment "of the Cincinnati brethren. Pecuniarily I think their call is "better than San Francisco; and they offer to let me go to "Europe, too, which I must now postpone indefinitely. But I "do not feel strong enough for the work they need, and I can- "not but feel that San Francisco is the more crying call."

On Jan. 2, 1860, he writes me: "To-morrow I send word to "San Francisco that they can have what is left of me for two "years. I shall leave the 5th April or 5th March,—probably "on the 5th April. This morning, with a sad pen, I sent the "final word to Mr. Hosea, in Cincinnati. Were I twice as "strong, that would be my true post. So you see I give you "the facts as soon as they are crystalized. I devoutly hope "that I have not made a mistake, and that by consecrated la- "bor in California, I may be of service to the good cause and "the brethren." He signs this letter,—"Your friend of the "San Franciscan order now,—T. S. K."

And so Mr. King tore himself away from Boston and the great field of his successes and the large constituency he had gained, and gave himself to you. We gave him a parting public breakfast in New York, truly elegant in its character and arrangements, and which he felt was the highest compliment he had ever received; and then with blessings, regrets, prayers, tears, and hopes, we committed him and his family to the long voyage, the care of the good Providence, and the welcome of your then untried and unknown hearts.

What his work has been here, the long and discriminating accounts with which your papers, secular and religious, were filled during the week following his sudden and lamented decease, show that every body in this community fully appreciates. Never was a man of his station and age, after so short a residence in a city and State, so nobly and fully estimated by it. His friends at the East, high and generous as their appreciation of him was, felt their valuation not only

greatly surpassed, but wonderfully justified by the discriminating tributes to his services and his memory rendered by the whole Pacific coast. For it was not the vague and imponderable service of an admired public speaker, a brilliant lecturer, or even a popular minister, that you praised,— but the substantial work of an impassioned and devoted patriot, a guide and leader of men at a critical period in the history of a great State and a vast Country; it was the work of a man of the highest executive ability, who had aided in planning and carrying out a scheme of gigantic beneficence, requiring tact, address, timeliness, patience, and persistent labor; it was the work of a fore-seeing citizen, whose public spirit led him to study the coming wants of a new and forming community,—to lay down the foundation-stones of her educational and charitable institutions,—to aid in every enterprise which promised to promote order, enlightenment, justice, loyalty, and Religion. It was in this competency to grapple with large difficulties in public opinion,—to breast opposition,—to wrestle with the powers of evil, of disloyalty, and selfish ambition,—to fling himself into the breach with uncalculating devotion, and sound the alarm, at any peril to his own ease or safety, that Mr. KING astonished his friends, and towered high above himself as we had known him. The young DAVID was transfigured into SAUL, a head and shoulders above all his companions. Looked at from our distant point of view, every mail that told us of his labors seemed to add an inch to his stature, until he had become an object of enthusiastic wonder to his brethren. His influence and popularity at home had actually grown with his absence. His labors and successes here, animated the hopes and efforts of our young preachers, and corrected their disposition to stay at home, and inspired them with enterprise and missionary zeal. His name was found even oftener than before in our secular and religious papers, while every line from his pen went the rounds of the press. At every public gathering of our denomination, some letter, message, telegram from Mr. KING flashed enthusiasm, mingled with love and gratitude,

through the assembly; while his few private correspondents carried his letters about, to gratify their own pride and the fond solicitude of others to get the latest and fullest accounts of the young apostle of civil and religious liberty, — loved even more than he was admired.

We could not but think it an exaggeration when his friends here wrote us that California owed her splendid loyalty to the Union more to his eloquent expostulation and enthusiastic leadership than to any other single cause. But his private letters, while modestly avoiding any mention of his own noble part, burned with too intense a light of patriotism not to prove that his soul was more a-fire with the love of country than was safe for his bodily frame. No doubt his absence from the active scenes of the strife, his inability to take a direct part in the struggle, concentrated his emotions and heated his soul to a divine madness. He burned with a soldier's martial ardor. He threw himself upon the altar of his suffering country, with the passionate fervor with which the Hindoo widow flings herself on the funeral pyre of a beloved husband. He could not do enough to testify the pride, the love, the devotion of his soul to American principles, and the flag and the Union that represent them. If there ever was an American, Mr. King deserves the name. Every drop of his blood was democratic, red with the fire of liberty, and orbed with the light of faith in the people's right to knowledge, independence, and self-government. He had sprung from the people, he had moved among them and been their teacher and their idol. He knew their capacity for the highest thoughts, their generous aspirations and sympathies, by the cordiality with which they had received his own ever-faithful, ever-free, and ever-progressive ideas and sentiments. That such a people as he had known and loved, and been accepted by and loved in turn, should fall into disintegration, abandon their proud future, tear their flag into pieces and see its glorious constellation scattered and dissolved, was what his patriotic heart could not brook. Sooner, a thousand times sooner would he die, than live a minute the citizen of a divi-

ded country. "I had rather die next year than be sick this," was his magnanimous expression, as he contemplated the value of every day's labor to our national cause, during the critical months of its mighty struggle. I verily believe he had made up his mind to die sooner than abate his exertions one jot or tittle. He wrote me that he could not contemplate any rest for himself till after the next Presidential canvass had been successfully carried in the interests of liberty and Union. If "France" according to his own prophecy, could be found written legibly on the dead heart of the great Napoleon, how much more pure was the hand-writing in which "Our Country" was inscribed on the naked, bleeding heart of her young martyr? For, if he had fallen, sword in hand, on the ramparts of Wagner, or died as the generous and brave BAKER died on the shores of the treacherous Potomac, he could not more truly have given his blood to his country. When California makes up her jewels, at the end of this war, and counts the noble, gracious, and generous things she has given to God and liberty, humanity and union, will she not place first among them all the life of her chief pride and ornament, the mouth-piece of her eloquence, the historian of her scenery, the exponent of her coming greatness, the bond between her and the literature, culture, the philanthropy, and Christian liberty of the Atlantic States, THOMAS STARR KING?

Of Mr. KING's labors in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission, personal considerations forbid me almost equally either to speak or to be silent. But justice to him compels me, on the whole, to do some violence to my own disinclination to a theme which touches so closely my own personality, rather than fall one line short of my duty to his precious memory.

You have seen, in the affectionate frankness with which I have told this story of a life, how providentially and peculiarly Mr. KING's history and my own have been identified; how, at the most critical points in our several careers, we have been brought into mutual dependence and means of action. All

that had gone before seemed only a preparation for what was to come after, in our friendship and disposition to coöperate with each other. When, in the first months of the war, I was led by a most propitious Providence to inaugurate the United States Sanitary Commission — that act in my life by which I am most likely to be remembered, and my only chance for a small place in the history of my country — although I had large and glowing hopes of that majestic institution whereto the little seed should grow, they were miserably short of the sublime reality which the patriotic ardor of the women and the men of America has reared on the foundations thus humbly but hopefully laid for them. But among all the hopes of pecuniary and moral support cherished in my heart, not one was planted in the soil which ultimately turned out the chief source of its nourishment and growth. California, at that time of uncertain loyalty, little interested, as many foolishly reasoned, in the great struggle or its result, yearning for private independence or a Pacific Republic, was the very last place to which our sick and wounded soldiers could turn for aid and comfort. The victim of internal dissensions and low politicians, torn with questions we did not understand, how could we hope the cries of our sick or the open mouths of their pleading wounds could be heard across the vast deserts or the double ocean that divided us from her shores? When, then, the astonishing tidings came that Saul was among the Prophets, that California proposed to raise a hundred thousand dollars for the sick and wounded soldiers, it thrilled all patriotic hearts with new confidence and delighted surprise! More even than the humanity it signalized, was the devotion to country and union that thus found expression. Wall Street herself was more affected by that first hundred thousand dollars than by any million, aye, than by any ten millions that could have been reported at her stock-board. For it gave intimation of a fact wholly unknown and unsurmised, — a fact of masterly importance and determining significance, — that the most distant parts of the Republic, and those that had reaped least advantages from the Flag and the Union, were un-

mistakably, spontaneously, irresistibly demonstrating their attachment to both. Traitors at home shook in their shoes at the loyal gleam in California's distant eye. As goes San Francisco so goes the State of California, they said; and as goes California so goes the Pacific Coast; and if the Pacific Coast goes right, surely enough of the nearer States of this Union will not fail to keep faith with their Government and their Constitution.

But what should be done with this hundred thousand dollars for the sick and wounded soldiers? I cannot conceal from myself, nor from you, my full conviction, that while the moral effect was already secured by raising it, the direct and practical benefit of so large and generous an effort to the sick and wounded themselves would have been almost entirely lost, if the most obvious and natural course had been taken in the distribution and use of the fund. How easy and how pleasant the course of dividing up this large amount into sums of ten or twenty thousand dollars, and distributing it in various parts of the United States among the local or State institutions, each interesting, for personal reasons, to the different citizens of this State, representing so many sections of our common country! Had this course been taken, it would have annulled the effort making at home to centralize and nationalize the humanity and beneficence of the American people in a common and a systematic effort, tending to neutralize the sectional and local jealousies of the country, and to hold together, by new bonds and a community of effort, the scattered and divided hearts of our fellow-citizens. But had not Mr. King been here, had he not been personally acquainted in the most intimate manner with the founder of the United States Sanitary Commission, and by reputation and character with the men with whom he had surrounded himself in this great undertaking, assuredly the United States Sanitary Commission would not have been selected as the sole almoner of California's bounty. That selection, brought about by Mr. King, not without the providential sympathy of dear old friends who lived here, who had formerly been my own cherished parishioners in New York, at once settled the

success of the Commission at home. For, struggling as it did at its birth with a hundred local and sectional enterprises, seeking similar ends by totally different, even antagonistic means, it was quite uncertain if it would be able so far to overcome all sorts of local, denominational, and party jealousies, as to firmly assume the position and deserve the title of *the* United States Sanitary Commission. Your first hundred thousand dollars settled that question. It enabled us at once to grasp our enterprise with a fearless hand,—to stretch our plans to the compass of our original conceptions,—to challenge rivalry, and to conduct our enterprise on great general principles, without regard to the criticisms of ignorance and the barkings of jealousy. Nay, more, it stimulated friends at home to a generosity kindred with your own, and it inflamed your own pride to outdo yourselves. You saw the golden apple you had flung into the lap of mercy shining in the eyes of a nation. You burned with a fever of desire to see it matched by other glittering fellows. The more you gave, the more willing you were to give; for you were funding your beneficence at one bank, and the larger the account, the more did it redound to the glory and illustrate the humane patriotism of your new, but now profoundly appreciated State. The infection spread along your whole coast, and into the new States and Territories of the Pacific, until hardly a hamlet was left that had not entered itself a benefactor in the books of the Sanitary Commission, and written down its immortal claim to the gratitude and confidence of the homes whence had gone forth the soldiers whose sickness and wounds the whole Pacific Coasts were solacing at a distance of thousands of miles from the noble martyrs of our liberty. I verily believe that your coast has made itself felt in this struggle, through its adoption of the Sanitary Commission, in a way not open to it in any other direction. And I make bold to say, that if the Sanitary Commission has owed the largeness of its life and operations to you, when History makes up the record of this war you will not be ashamed of your foster-child, but acknowledge that it did as much for you as you did

for it. California is inseparably identified with the Sanitary Commission. She has poured a million of her treasure into it: with that million, the Commission has amassed and distributed eight millions more of sanitary stores and supplies, and established a system wide as the army is in its breadth and length, embracing both its far-spread wings, and reaching from its beak in Texas to its rearward plumes on the Potomac and in distant Kansas. The reputation of that Commission, now even greater abroad than at home, is a part of your own glory. As the first successful attempt ever made systematically to unite the spontaneous beneficence of the people cordially and permanently with the governmental provisions for the cure and relief of our soldiers, sickening or wounded, it is likely to have a permanent place in the history of human progress, — a place you may well claim to have had the largest share in giving to the Commission. You know, even better than I, what part Mr. KING had in guiding you to this association with us; and I should fail, in justice to my own convictions, my gratitude, my affections, and to my obligations to California, if I did not weave into this memorial a record of my dear brother's shaping and laborious efforts, ceasing only with his life, in behalf of the Sanitary Commission. How he went up and down your coast, pleading this cause; how he electrified and carried captive, in the train of its charity, the noble, generous hearts of San Francisco; how he had proposed to himself another tour through California this very month, I think, in behalf of its prospective wants, — is well known to you all. Never shall I cease to believe that a special Providence laid the long train of connections, and bound together the links of the chain, in which his heart and mine were inextricably knit — which ended in fastening together the fortunes of the Sanitary Commission and the golden wealth and more golden fame of California, in the great war which is predestined to re-create America, and to change the destinies of mankind! Thank God for so precious a conviction!

Of the part which Mr. KING has had in the prospects of

liberal Christianity in this city, State, and whole region, I can speak in this place with perfect freedom, and rejoice that I am not compelled to speak as a sectarian or denominationalist. Mr. KING's ideas of Christianity were so broad and catholic as to include the interests of all sects and names. He did not come among you to controvert the opinions of other earnest Christians, — to show how false or useless were the creeds or the labors of other denominations. He knew how imperfect a vehicle of thought and feeling language is, in the best hands, and how impossible it is in any words, to convey the whole meaning of that infinite truth treasured in the gospel of Christ; that all creeds are but temporary and approximate efforts to say better or more clearly what cannot be fully said by any and all, and what, accordingly, Christ himself, who spake as man never spake, was compelled to express in a life and a death that had the eloquence and the depth of meaning it were vain to put into terms. Christ was the Word himself, compared with which all words are vain and meaningless. So far as the symbols and creeds of men win the hearts of mankind to Christ himself, — make men sit at his feet, or look into his face, or imbibe his spirit, or enjoy the fellowship and communion of his love, it matters not by what names or expressions, theological or ecclesiastical, they effect this union or attempt to express this union with him, more than the theories and nomenclature of astronomers in respect of the sun affect the warmth of his beams or the life of the plants that grow in his rays. To preach this universal gospel, all-embracing in its sympathies and its symbols, true to its own generous ideals, its own rational and divine simplicity, yet possessing unaffected sympathies with all humble and sincere efforts made in any form to raise men up in their moral and spiritual stature through the name of Christianity, was the deep joy and precious privilege of our departed friend. How true he was to his antecedents, how large and liberal in his theology, how willing to bear any cross or imputation on account of an unpopular name, you will all testify. Nobody ever suspected him of catering for

a confidence he had no honest claim to,—of attempting to please those with whom he differed by compromising his inward convictions. But happily, his most inward convictions were all such as could not fail to win the cordial esteem and fellowship of all not besotted by bigotry and eaten up by fanaticism. And accordingly we find him enjoying a breadth of influence and a kind of coöperation among the Christian people of this State most honorable to them and most significant of the wisdom and the width of his own spirit and teachings.

I cannot doubt that the beauty of his disinterested and devoted life, so free from sanctimony and pretence, yet so rooted in principle and piety, gave thousands on these coasts their first pleasant and affecting view of religion,—recommended Christianity to hundreds who would have spurned it in any less large and generous shape, or with a less convincing illustration.

I need not say how difficult it is, in the murky atmosphere of a new country, settled by quick spirits drawn together by pecuniary enterprise, and inflamed by such special hopes, risks, and prizes as belong to your coast, to keep religious truths above the horizon and in the clear view of busy, competitive, and preoccupied men. Even the most rational and self-recommending views fail to arrest attention, unless urged by lips of the most persuasive eloquence, and enforced by a personality and a character essentially winning and commanding. I cannot conceive a man whose genius, temperament, and special qualities should be more exquisitely adapted to the place, the work, the time, and the circumstances, than were Mr. King's. New countries and populations partake the spirit and wants that marked the original beginnings of society. As poetry is older than prose, and the first and most venerable records of history are steeped in the boldest imagination, so new communities almost independently of the character of the people who form them, crave an opulent rhetoric, an oriental style of speech, and open their ears readily only to the poet and prophet united in one person.

Especially must religion come to them in her primitive garb of symbolic beauty and figurative suggestion. I am among those who think the decay of the imagination one of the principal reasons of modern skepticism and of the thin and prosaic theology which has lost all hold upon the hearts of men. In proportion as men retain the poetry of their souls, does the Bible, in both its great testaments, hold fast their faith and allegiance, and Christianity, with its profound and blessed mysteries keep their reverence and trust. When our liberal Christianity finds interpreters out of whom the sacred poetry of our nature has not died, it commends itself at once to those who yearn to unite rationality with earnest emotion and mystic faith, — who desire to be delivered from the dominion of what is opposed to reason, but never to lose the charm and attraction of what is merely *beyond* reason. Mr. King was such a teacher. He did not substitute ethics and mere human morality for religion, — that sacred bond that unites us with the unseen universe and the power of the world to come. He waded not in the shallows of this mortal coast, but boldly struck out into the boundless ocean of divine truth, sailing by faith and not by sight — Christ his pilot and his north star, and Heaven his haven — knowing well that the open ocean, after the headlands are all lost and only the stars and the sea remain, is a safer pathway for the navigator than the neighborhood of the most friendly shore.

Upon this precious food, the true bread that came down from Heaven, has the good Shepherd, through the pastor he raised up for you, fed you these four years past. How much reason have you to say : "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." This beautiful temple, built under the inspiration of the beauty-loving soul of him who sought to enshrine the loving and lovely faith he represented here, in the most attractive and expressive habitation that men's hands could build ; — this beautiful and grand temple — its chief charm his own sacred ashes — is but the poorest part of the work he did among you. What though he has gathered this great congregation, unlocked a thousand hands, and taken the

willing contribution of their hearts, to strengthen the outward walls of your Zion,— what though his magic lifted debt from your finances, and made you brave and able to work miracles of beneficence and to achieve, in less than one life-time, the victory that is commonly the result of the accumulated efforts of successive generations,— what though he has given our denomination here a first place in influence and importance, and in the external insignia of dignity and weight; — what is all this, compared with the temple he has built in the heart of this community,—the souls he has emancipated from the dominion of lucre and sin — the glimpses of a true Heaven he has shot into benighted hearts — the faith in God inspired by his godliness, in man by his manhood — the consolation he has communicated to the sick, the bereaved, and the dying, — and the example and illustration he has given of the Christian character and life? Long after this substantial temple is ground to powder and mingled with the sands which it supplanted, his work will remain inscribed on hearts that sing God's glory and Christ's praises in heaven.

Ah, those four years of Christian service among you! When was ever so much done in so short a time by a single man? Four years, his administration! and what a presidential term it was! How all the experiences and accomplishments of his laborious life, came as into the brief rich Autumn days of his harvest time, glorious with beauty and large abundance, — sufficient to furnish not only the immediate, but the long future wants of his people. You cannot measure labors like his by quantity. It is their *quality* that can alone truly indicate their worth. A single spark of fire is worth a wilderness of wood to men dying of cold. Time is no meter of efforts as immortal as his. He gave you himself, his heart and soul, — he gave you his life! You had him all, — all that his scholarly, brilliant, distinguished, laborious career had made him. He brought his root and his leafy branches here, to bloom for the first time in all the beauty of his nature in your genial soil. And when he had thus fully flowered and shed his whole fragrance upon you, he suddenly closed the

petals of his sensitive soul to your aching view, that he might open them to God, who, enamored of his beauty, plucked the flower and transferred it to his own more immediate garden.

And what a passing on it was! Nothing became our brother like his dying. All the tender, affecting incidents of that sacred scene, the gentle hand of his own and my own long-tried friend, Mr. SWAIN, the privileged witness of his victory over death, the envied companion of those holy and commemorable hours in which our beloved friend girded himself for the last journey, has depicted in words luminous with the light of the spirit they describe. They are written ineffaceably upon the palpitating heart, — I will not call it the memory — of every one of my hearers.

What courage, composure, and faith! what freedom from heated visions and feverish dreams; what thoughtfulness of others; what practical wisdom and presence of mind; what fidelity to all he had been saying as a Christian teacher, and doing as a Christian man! No regrets, and no misgivings; no hesitation, and no fear! He that had so much to leave, had still more to expect; he that had so much to live for, had still more to die for! Evidently he felt that his work was done, his life complete, and that he was ready to be offered. With Paul, had not his modesty forbade the application of apostolic language to himself, he might have truly said: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Rest, dear saint! rest in the bosom of that earth thou didst so much to make a more worthy residence for thy fellow-creatures! Rest in the virgin soil of that State thou so largely kept loyal to thy country, and which adopts thee as an only son! Rest in the midst of this city that knew the whole force of thy manhood, and enjoyed the last, completed labors of thy generous spirit! Rest in the midst of the loving friends whose worship thou hast guided and whose character and faith thou hast formed! Rest beneath this roof, unconsciously lifted by thy courage and faith, for thy own sepul-

chre and monument, and where thou seemest to realize thy dying words: "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Rest in the bosom of that God to whose loving arms thy whole life was ever leading thy flock, and in the embrace of that Saviour whose gentle ministry thou so worthily didst imitate!

We would not call thee back. The golden bowl, that so often ached with the tasks thou wouldst not spare it, is broken; but the soul that animated that weary brain is already clothed in a body that cannot tire! The silver cord thou didst stretch so far is snapped; but angels have strung this harp with strings that thy free hand may smite with unsparing vigor, and strain with fearless strength. The pitcher is broken at the fountain! — but thou art forever at the fountain, and canst drink freely of the waters of life, without need of any earthly vessel wherewith to draw.

Oh! how have I yearned once more to see thee in the flesh; to look once again into that gray eye, the open door of thy soul; to press once more the hand that ever held thy heart in it, and hear the ring of that joyous, inspiring voice; to tell thee how doubly dear thou hadst grown in thy absence; to lay the offerings of thy brethren's gratitude and affection at thy feet, to bring thee the thanks and blessings of the hospitals and the ranks; to communicate the praises of men in authority, the governors, the counsellors, the patriots, the poets, scholars, friends, and lovers of thy old home — to live over the campaigns we have fought together, our spirits side by side, though our bodies were apart, — to look through thy eyes on this fair land, and under thy guidance search out its beauties and wonders; to make friends of thy friends, with thine own introduction, and renew the blessed hours of an old communion, — the fellowship of friends, the communion of saints! But that would have been too much. Such rare and perfect joys are reserved for Heaven. There, with God's blessing, may I hope to meet thee. Till then, Apostle of Liberty and Right, Minister of Christ and Servant of God, friend, lover, martyr, — FAREWELL!

THE UNSPOTTED LIFE:

A

DISCOURSE

In Memory of

REV. THOMAS STARR KING,

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

MARCH 6, 1864.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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SERMON.

"Let us also go, that we may die with him." — John xi. 16.

It is an inquiry that comes to us ominously often of late, how we ought to feel about the death of those dear to us. We ought to feel, I answer, as dying with them; for, in fact, so we are, in the only way death has to us any meaning, or we aught to do with it: What is the dying of a man? Only his departure to another sphere of being. What is the dying of a beloved one? Only the entire translation at once of his spirit. But is not our spirit in part translated with him? Does not something of our thought, our heart, our imagination, and inmost mind, share in his ascent? Yes: not suddenly, but gradually, our human ties are worn away, and our affections weaned from their first nursing-places. Over long years of sorrow and experience does the process of our demise extend. As friend after friend rises, more and more of us, our real self, is gone, with each one taken into the skies; so that, when at last the herald comes for our poor mortality, he may have to sever but a slight cord, a single thread, of vital interest yet

holding us to the earth. Thank God, we do not remove painfully at once, but, as it were, piece-meal from one world to another!

You may well suppose this reflection is suggested by the sad news flashed over the telegraph on the last Friday so unlucky to our hopes. I find it in my heart to speak to you of nothing this morning but the decease of Thomas Starr King in San Francisco on that day, the 4th of March, 1864. O thou magnetic messenger, that seemest a spirit, so alert in thy motions and rapid to communicate through spaces of thousands of miles! thou hast run on thy most grievous errand since thy trans-continental wires were stretched. But not so swift thy passage over the earth as his into the heavens.

Far back I am carried by this event. In the summer of 1848, a young man was brought, by my friend Dr. Bellows, for introduction at my house. He had the golden hair and ruddy complexion, in a fair skin, which are thought by some to betoken an uncommonly spiritual nature. A singular modesty, gentle self-denial, and beaming good-will, were in his countenance and air. The sweetness of his voice, when he spoke, added to the clear intelligence of every word; while attending the tones were looks so transparent, that they served but for expression. The fleshly features were only the channel by which the immaterial inmate conveyed its wishes and thoughts. So extreme, however, in him was the impression of *youth*, that those who saw him with me said, "Why, he is a mere boy!"

But that boy was a man already, as his whole deportment and discourse so signally showed. He was a Universalist minister, then settled in Charlestown, — a bright consummate flower of the Universalist faith. No particular advantages of academic or theological education had he enjoyed. But his were faculties so ready and forward, that they appeared to educate themselves. They required painstaking nurture as little as they did careful pruning or sharp restraint. At the touch of the common light and air, they came out in all their fulness. They blossomed into knowledge. They grew into piety. They spread abroad into love. They gave no credit to the theory, that dulness or depravity is the necessary heritage of the human race.

For myself, I was so drawn to the young stranger who came to my door, that I asked of him the favor to preach for me speedily, by way of exchange; and accordingly, on the first day of October, 1848, he occupied this pulpit, preaching from the text, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" — a theme how akin to the unconscious innocence and humility with which it was handled! Pardon me the delight with which I look back to that first picture in my memory of a relation with Mr. King, that has never since felt a moment's jar, but, with its chords running from his heart to mine, has only made perpetual music for me from that time to this; though I must quicken my ear to hear its finer sweetness now. I am debtor for the grace of that early recognition. The Christian fel-

lowship thus expressed was indeed one of the steps — a necessary one, perhaps — to lead him into the pulpit of the Hollis-street Church, at his installation over which I was chosen to give him the charge. But, before entering on his more conspicuous career, he was compelled, by reason of slender health, to seek a balmier clime, which, like some other disabled clergymen, he found, mingled with hospitality from a family — including, I will not refuse myself the pleasure to say, some members of this West Church of ours — whose breath, on that Island of Fayal, among the sunny cluster, alighted like a flock in the ocean, of the Azores, was as kind to him as the atmosphere itself.

On his return, the influence he was born for swelled almost immediately through New England and New York. He was sought especially as a lecturer; and, in city halls or country lyceums, there was no more acceptable voice, till the fine oratory, so native to him, was summoned from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. You know how the selection of him for that far south-western border has, beyond the expectation of his warmest admirers, been justified by the result. Never was adaptation more perfect of a man to a work. Never to any shore of the globe was a more effective missionary sent out. You may be humbly proud of the one you chose. He has been alike religious apostle, philanthropic agent, and political converter. He has stood there like that Mount Shasta, which has lately been discovered to be loftier than Mont Blanc.

More than any other man, he has bound California to the United States, or strengthened her cable in the stormy gulf of Secession, so that it could not part when the great fleet of American commonwealths was so disastrously scattered. His country thanks him for the service. She will not forget it when her bands are whole again. Multitudes have gone into those regions after gold; but there has been no such *prospecting* of the auriferous fields as his. No miner has sunk shafts so deep. No engineer has crushed treasure from the rock, and cradled the glittering dust from mud and sand, with such skill as he has quarried and sifted, melted and refined, the heart of the people, which, under his masterly direction and gracious sway, brings its gifts of loyalty, devotion, and beneficence, by hundreds of thousands, to the common altar of country and God.

"Well, what shall he do for us, or get for us, where he goes?" I asked, in his presence, of a mutual friend, just before he went. "Let him fetch back himself," was the reply. Ah! he has not done that in the body; though, verily, it was what most we wanted, and however some of us had been pleasantly exciting our fancy at the idea of the greater stature he would appear with, and the still richer accents we should be thrilled by, on his re-appearance in our midst. How fondly I, for one, like others of you, sketched him, with his face of blessing, again in my house, and once more, with his voice so soft and strong, here in the desk at which so early he stood! But what has he

done or gotten for us there? He has done the errand of a liberal theology. He has gotten the State for freedom. His has been the unparalleled convincing and commanding power. He raised that community as by the force of a hydrostatic column. He has done it, not by that burning and combining imagination which men call *genius;* for the impassioned originality which belongs to only one man among millions fell not to him. He has done it more meritoriously by holy and benignant purpose of his own will, and by that obedience to God which is the one thing better than inspiration. By many-handed ability of superior talents absolutely consecrated, by industry, simplicity, single-eyed zeal, never surpassed, has he done his work. He has done it at last by self-sacrifice to his own excessive requisitions on a delicate frame; for, in private letters, he pathetically describes himself as doing picket-duty on the outermost rim of civilization, longing for a sight of the camp. He has done it with a keen intellect, quick fancy, classic taste, and rounded style, suggesting something of the Greek in his composition, but employed to urge principles wide as the Christian revelation, and deep as the human heart. He has done it, moreover, by a temper, in all his toil, which I cannot help calling divine.

But why need I so praise him? There will be none to detract, in all the world, from his eulogy. True, I saw him intimately under the roof, abiding with him by the month, and never saw a fault in him.

I am profoundly ignorant, if he were a sinner, of his sins. But anybody could have lived with that magnanimous nature. Nobody could help loving it, though it did not solicit love. Did ever patience and forbearance go further than his? So just was he in trifles, that if he was staying anywhere, and wanted you to stay with him, he would tell the advantages of the other situation in the mountain-pass. Was greater generosity or self-forgetfulness ever seen? Was fairness in argument ever more impartial? Was finer geniality or truer friendship ever exhibited? Was a brilliant fame ever more unenvied? Did ever any one make smaller claims for himself? Did human eloquence ever reach, with strains more melodious, more open ears? Was ever critic, in his office, more equitable or kind? I have known mild, affectionate, tender-hearted, and accommodating persons, a great many, in my day; but I have never been acquainted with one who would go farther for you on his feet, toil harder or more disinterestedly for you with his hands, or sing the hymn of goodness he embodied in his life more harmoniously to you with his lips. Cheerfulness, like a bird's carol on the bough, he united with a prophet's gravity in every sober cause.

But no burdens of malice did he bear. If there are those who think it right to traduce, and to stab fair reputations for supposed truth and liberty's sake, he, Thomas Starr King, was not of their number: and he has proved, in the midst of temptation and opposition,

that no bitterness or hate is the necessary condition of unrivalled success; for I judge there has been no accomplishment in the same way, on these Western shores, equal to his. He writes me, in a letter only a few days since received, that the pecuniary receipts in his church, recently dedicated, for the current year, would be twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, — a larger amount, by far, than in any other similar ecclesiastical establishment, without funded capital, in the land; though, two years ago, the site of the building was a dreary sand-hill. Meantime, his instrumentality was pouring sums far greater into the purse of the Sanitary Commission. Truly of all good he was a medium. With the untroubled ease of a crystal lens he transmitted spiritual light and heat. We very often mention with commendation the dead. I thank God for such a subject of panegyric; and I trust him to God, with all my grief, in the unfathomable mystery, shut so tight against our senses, to which he has gone.

The vanishing of a man like this seems a dreadful, an irreparable loss. Why was not some older or less useful person taken, and he left? How many of us could have been better spared, and our stations with more facility filled! Who indeed shall take his place? Nobody, I answer. He has not left his place! His own spirit, sanctified in glory to return mightier than ever to continue his work, — as spirits mightier than mortals doubtless do, — shall keep and enlarge the place God gave him only, whoever may succeed him

in office. Yet he did not leave his work imperfect. To what a beautiful top-stone he built it up! No; he did not die prematurely: no one does who is ripe for heaven. Dare we ask to be *old* before we are *useful*, since the expiring in greater youth, on the cross, of him who could yet say, "It is finished"? Providence leaves nothing lacking. God knows where he wants his servants, and at what posts to assign their highest labor and joy. This at least is true of our friend, that, dying at thirty-nine, no man of his age could be a greater loss to this country, as no man, at any period of life, could by a larger band of the bereft be personally deplored. I pray you to observe, that, in all these sentences, I speak from conviction, with calm and unexaggerating mind.

"He was conscious to the last," says the electric report. Yes: he lived too thoroughly not to *manifest* life so long as his spirit staid. But did his consciousness cease when his frame turned to clay? No: it only flamed beyond these dusty bounds into unobstructed communion with God; though I see not how he can love us better even in heaven than he has done on earth. A telegram from Dr. Bellows, sent to me since this spontaneous preparation, announces that his death was after a few days' illness, at eight o'clock, Friday morning; and that he was "happy to go," though "the grief of his friends is inexpressible."

What shall we say of him? Many will mourn the patriot, the public benefactor, the moral teacher; but hardly more than those, also, that will lament the

valued asssociate, whose life, as much as any in this generation, was fit to be friendship's crown. As I speak of him, something whispers to me, Is he not nearer to us now than he was at that remote position? This darling of our hearts, so loyal in his own, though loving the distant spot of his adoption, longed, like a home-sick child, for New-England things and faces. Is not angelic sight of New-England things and New-England faces part of his reward? With face as benignant, a listening as attentive, and a manner as lowly, as ever, may he not be witness, and consoler too, of our grief? O precious companion in past days with us in the dwelling and by the way! no more wilt thou take part in the delightful conversations to which thy own racy narrative, sympathetic art, and representative wit, lent the charm. No more wilt thou visibly attend us among the scenes of Nature, to whose most exquisite as well as sublime varieties of form and color, light and shade, thy perception was so large, so sensitive also, and acute. We shall not again see that soft brown eye of thine measure, more nicely than a surveyor's glass, the outline of the hills. No more will it dance in ecstasy at the curve of the waves, the shape and diverse hue of the sunset clouds, the slanting afternoon rays that shoot through the green alleys of the summer-woods, where we passed together, or the cathedral-arches reared for worship — "God's first temples" — among the branches of the pines. So deeply I at least must feel. When I walk henceforth among the mountains, through the

landscape, or by the sea, an image will come between to veil and hide them a little from my sight; but mountain, landscape, and sea will be veiled and hidden by something more beautiful by far, and dearer to my heart, than they. Alas that we shall not see it with our eyes! But, O friend vanished for a little while away! we will not be downcast. Thou adorest in a loftier shrine. Thou beholdest beauty in the growths of a richer and more majestic paradise. The landscape is broader, the sky more grandly lifted, with thee; and thou must have contradicted thy own nature if thou art not busy making the upper home more happy also for us to participate its felicities with thee by and by.

Brethren and sisters, how shall we who survive bewail our friend? Not only in our words, not only in our tears. Not as we would bewail absent ones. He is not gone: he has come! We will not sob over, but celebrate him. Providence does not permit us to pray beside his clay. That is not his body any longer, but foreign to him as any other dust of the globe. He is all spirit to us now, as he was nearly all such before; and our obsequies shall be the seeking and assimilating of his quality to our souls, enthusiastic appreciator as he was of others' merits, and lowly, self-abnegating disparager of his own. The singular spell his peculiar nature laid upon us shall be a charm still to bring kindness from his aspect into our faces, richness from his voice into our tones, the matchless modesty of his behavior into our bearing, the breadth

of his contemplation into our views, and the charity of his disposition into our life. As his hold on us was indescribable, so be it inexhaustible! How we want to see him again, that healthy man who had nothing the matter with him! See him again we shall. But his action is not dependent on our sight. Surely his own people by the farther and wider sea will not let that stream of mercy stop which flowed at the touch of his magic and almost Mosaic rod. Did any of us ever feel like pouring out our hearts for him so freely as now?

May He who gave him, and to whom we give him back, sanctify to his wife and children, to his kindred and friends at home, to his relations of blood or spirit, to his brethren in the ministry, to the far-off State and Church of his adoption, and to either shore of this widely extended nation, the death of this pure and earnest servant of his own, whose name is on all our lips, whose worth is in all our hearts! So, in his going as in his coming, shall the world be blessed.

Such expression only for the departed have I, on the instant, been able to make. But I feel that any utterance respecting him is not from me the most proper token of regard. I prefer to take my place among the mourners, who at funeral services, in encomiums however cordial poured out on vanished excellence by others, are not expected to join. The unspeakable, though we must try in language to hint it, who can speak? With our brother, of no sect, sainted before he was dead, and now in perfec-

tion alive, let us rather communicate in silence? If one denomination ever gave him to another, which may be doubted, that other will find it hard to return an equal gift. His was a soul which nought less than all humanity can claim. Let us, while we muse in our affliction, wait on God for the privilege, through those bodies which are spiritual, of another meeting, face to face, and voice to voice. Young as he was, in due time has he been translated among the elders; for of him, as much as of any one, was it written so long ago, that "wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age."

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE CONSTITUTION

OF

STARR KING LODGE

OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

SALEM, APRIL 17, 1865,

BY

Brother GEO. H. HEPWORTH, of Boston.

SALEM, MASS:

Printed at Swasey's Job Office, 27 Washington St.

1865.

Hall of Starr King Lodge,

Salem, April 19, 1865.

Rev. George H. Hepworth:

Dear Sir, — In accordance with an order, unanimously adopted, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to present to you the thanks of Starr King Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, for your exceedingly able, eloquent, and instructive Address, delivered before them on the 17th inst., on the occasion of the dedication of their Hall, the constitution and consecration of their Lodge, and the installation of their officers.

We were further instructed to say, that if both agreeable and convenient to yourself, it would afford them the highest pleasure to receive a copy of the Address for publication.

We have the honor to remain,

Very truly yours,

N. J. HOLDEN,
GEO. R. CHAPMAN,
W. L. BOWDOIN,
Committee.

Boston, April 20, 1865.

Gentlemen, — I have just received a note from you, asking for the manuscript of my address before the Starr King Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Salem, on the 17th inst.

I send it herewith, and remain,

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Messrs. N. J. Holden, Geo. R. Chapman, W. L. Bowdoin,
Committee.

ADDRESS.

BROTHERS:—

I suppose that this revered institution of Masonry received the impulse which insured its perpetuation from the Crusades. The poetry of Palestine gathered about it, and charmed it into a new life. It was revived upon the battle field, when true Knights fought against the pagan for the Sacred Temple beneath whose roof He spoke whose words are the vital element in every civilization. It came back from the tented fields of the East one of the strongest elements of our modern civilization, a secret society of tried and loyal men, who had dared and bled for native land, for Religion, and for Justice between man and man.

And it is fitting that in these latter days, in which every hour helps to make a grander history for our country; in which the deeds of daring of which Trou-

badour has sung have been successfully rivalled by the Crusaders who bear only the one mighty word Freedom on their shields; in which boys are eager to be men, that they may help to bear the flag aloft which means faith in God and in man; in which the aged, recounting the glories of the last revolution, almost regret that so many winters have left the snow upon their heads, that they cannot do a soldier's work in these grand times; — I say it is peculiarly fitting that we should bring the earlier and the latter days together, that we may compare the workmen and the warriors of the different periods. For, be it known, there never has been a time when this great and generous people, so determined and brave as soldiers, so warm-hearted and magnanimous as victors, have stood in greater need of true masons,—men who know how to use the compasses and the square, and who, in putting block upon block, will bind them together with the strong cement of justice.— A great earthquake has rumbled with its dismal and foreboding sound beneath every home in the country. No ears have been so dull that they have not heard it. It has struck terror into the very heart of the community. It has shaken our warehouses to their foundations, until every merchant trembled for his safety. It has desolated our hamlets and villages, by overwhelming in its destruction those who were to have borne the burdens of the future, but who now sleep as always sleep the brave, with the gratitude of a newly born nation blossoming in

the flowers above their graves. It has terribly marred the building of our nationality, shaking from their places many a stone which we thought secure, and laying upon us the necessity of removing an immense amount of *debris,* which somehow always looks like a pile of broken fetters for mind and body, and of putting in here and there on the Northern section a new stone, and of almost entirely rebuilding the Southern section, which is but a huge heap of ruins. This is the work of the future. The laborers will be called together by the bugle sound which announces that the war is at an end, and we are again the United States. How easy it is to see that then we shall stand in need of master masons who know their duty, and who dare to do it. We must no longer send apprentices who have never wielded the trowel to the field of labor, men who apply the plummet neither to their own work, nor to that of others,— men who have no care for the architectural perfection of the structure. Now that we are to build anew, let us shape every stone in such a way that it will become a sympathetic part of the magnificent whole, and let it be said that they who re-built the Temple of American Nationality, worked by a plan drawn by the hand of Providence.

Brothers, as I look upon the page which records the origin of this institution, I am glad to find that the heraldic crest of our Order is one of which we may well be proud. Masonry is the result of a struggle for Freedom, and has done sharp work, both in the halls of

legislation and on the field of battle, for the great cause of true Liberty. In early days, while yet the Feudal system imposed its deadening weight upon the masses of Europe, the workmen of England, chafing against the chains of a galling serfdom, determined to throw off the yoke, and call no man master. Combining for this purpose, they refused to labor for the King, even, until he acknowledged the validity of their claim to liberty. We are thus born of noble stock, and can look to our past feeling that in the midst of the younger civilization of the Christian era, the organization which we have the honor to represent entered its hearty and successful protest against oppression, standing defiantly upon its idea of right, and compelling even the imperial will to give way.

And now this institution, rendered sacred by the names of the great and good who have knelt at its altars; with a history all moss covered with hallowed associations, and reaching far back into the middle ages, or stretching mistily into the dim distances beyond the point of history, where lie the dominions of fable and tradition; built everywhere upon the highest principles known to man; marked by devotion to country and to truth; made splendid by its record of deeds in the great battles, military and civil, of every age, — rounds its dome over the American community. It offers an asylum for soldier, citizen, and patriot, within whose secret shades he may learn to become a true mason, and thus a true man.

And it is well for us when we meet to organize a new body of workmen, that we should take the name of some noble man who has lived in our midst. It serves to prove that the institution is not merely a relic of the past, but a living force in to-day's life; not merely a club, whose members meet for pleasure, but a working body that has a beneficent influence upon the society whose laws protect it. It is a good augury that only the best men, the men who belong to the true order of nobility, and whose patent-titles are to be found in their large minds and chivalric hearts, can immortalize themselves by bequeathing their names to one of our Lodges. I should congratulate my brother King upon the honor conferred upon him, were it possible for my lips to speak in such tones that his ears could hear them,—but since he has become a member of the Grand Lodge of Eternity, which holds its communications beneath the star-light roof of that mansion which is not made with hands, and whose Master is He, at the mention of whose name every good mason bows his head, I may congratulate you that you have chosen a name so enshrined in the gratitude of this whole people.

It would seem superfluous labor to tell you aught of Starr King. Not a child in New England but lisped his name tenderly; not a hamlet nor a village that has not been charmed by his eloquence. He was a part of our life, a potent element of our society, one of the thinkers, one of the leaders of New England.

The name you have chosen is that of a man who gave himself to every noble reform, and who sacrificed himself, as truly as though his bones were bleaching on the battle-field, upon the altar of our common country. When he left Boston he was only a brilliant preacher, an eloquent lecturer, and a true friend. But when he died, he was the property of no city, of no State; New England could not claim him. His influence was as broad as a continent, and his home was America. The excitement of war, the divine excitement of patriotism transformed and transfigured him, imbued him with a power which surprised himself, and with a giant's zeal and strength he threw himself into the contest, meeting single-handed, the helmetted, mailed champions of Disunion, and conquering them one by one, saw the State of his adoption, with a burst of enthusiasm such as seldom stirs a people, cheer the dear old flag which they had well nigh deserted, and vow to hold it high in air until every enemy shall be put under our feet. Then tired, worn, and weak, he lay down upon his couch, and wrapping the mantle of immortality about him, vanished into the immediate presence of God. Ah! Brother, we are indeed doing honor to ourselves in proclaiming to the world that such as you have knelt and served at our altar.

Thomas Starr King did not live long as men generally reckon time. 1824 rocked him in her cradle, and 1864 dropped a tear upon his grave. Yet that short life was full of rich words and deeds. He had all the

marked characteristics of a true man. Virtuous, in its old Roman sense, generous to a fault, steadfast in his friendship, stern in his opposition to wrong, he made an impression upon all who knew him, which will not soon be forgotten. A schoolmaster at fifteen, a clerk at eighteen, a preacher at twenty, a christian all his life. Many a young man who has come into the great city with nothing but his principles and his poverty, has found in the hearty hand-shake of the eloquent preacher, safety from temptation,—and in his words of tender reproof and critiism, a religious faith and life that have passed from speaker to hearer,—and in his hopefulness and enthusiasm, a potent charm against every form of evil.

He was one of those who struggled in his earlier years against opposing fate, nobly stemmed the current of adverse circumstances, and rose by his own might. He is the true type of the kind of men which our national institutions produce. He is a living proof that there is hidden in every corner of our American society where there is a schoolhouse and a church, a mysterious spirit which whispers hope into the boy's heart, tells him that every door is open to a brave and honest soul, and that no position is beyond his reach if he labor zealously. That spirit is the vital element of Republicanism. It has a music for every child. It tears down the fence which limits nobility to clan, and tells us that all are noble, irrespective of ancestry, who are doing the world's work honestly and well. It sings the song of

Tennyson's Clara Vere de Vere in every little church —

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

In his retirement and his humility, King heard these words, and they stirred the divinity within him. Without the advantages of what is called a liberal education, he became a remarkably thorough scholar in the school of thought to which he devoted himself. I think I see him, his day's labor over, with an indefinable feeling in his heart that there was work for him to do in the world, sitting in his little study and toiling with his books until the waning flame warned him to bed. I think I see him, impelled only by those hopes and ambitions which the Republic affords every youth, laboring with untiring zeal to carve for himself a future that should not be insignificant. And when, turning from these little beginnings, I look to the results of his life-work, a fame, broader than the continent, a position of security in the affections of the people, I am glad to say that in America men can make themselves. The nation gives them the school-house, the school book, and the ambition; tells them that nothing is impossible, and then starts them on their career. 'Tis thus our great men are made. Happy Country, that is not cut up into classes, that accepts no peerage except that of virtue,— that puts golden letters on every position which tell the world that honors are won by principle and by work.

Pardon the digression, Brothers, but, when I speak in this line of thought, I cannot help recalling the fact that all the greatest and truest men of our time have risen to the proud places which they now occupy from the humblest positions. Let it not be forgotten that the American Statesmen who are guiding this people through a perilous sea of politics, are men who a quarter of a century since were the children of poor parents. Surrounded by the divine influence of a true Republicanism, they outgrew their poverty and their lowly place in the community, and, climbing higher and higher, at last stand upon an eminence so lofty that all this people look up to them with reverence,—while a million mothers tell their rosy-cheeked boys that all honors are within the reach of a determined will. The Generals who command our forces in the field, and who, in this great warfare of ideas and of principles, have led us on to such decisive victories that Peace, prayed for, and longed for, for four years, is at last close to us, are, without exception, men who are indebted to republican institutions for their culture and their fame, and who, in any other clime, would be doing the merest drudgery for their daily bread. Glad am I, thrice glad, that in this struggle, Europe has not imported to our shores a host of noble blooded adventurers to take the glory of our triumphs from us. We can now say, and proudly will we say it, that our armies, our leaders, and our statesmen have all been of American manufacture. And when, the work

all done, our flag vindicated, our country once more united, the cities of the transatlantic borders shall look upon the America that is to be, we will say,—This is the work of an educated people; this is the product of our common school system. The eloquence of our successes will be heard everywhere, and Italy, pining for liberty, shall take heart again; and Hungary, crouching beneath the glittering points of six hundred thousand Austrian bayonets, will rise and say, We, too, have hearts of men; We must and will be free. Oppression, all the world over, will totter to its grave, and kings will sit upon their thrones insecurely unless they prove themselves the friends of the people.

But high above all others as a self-made man stands the tall, gaunt leader, whose death by the assassin's hand we mourn to-day. Did any Country ever weep so many tears for one beloved as we have wept for him? Did ever ruler find so secure a place in the affections of the people as did he? Born of honest poverty, with no school-book but the Bible, with no teacher but a tender-hearted mother, who, his day's hard labor over, heard his simple lesson, he grew up a true, noble and religious man. With courage which no man ever dared to doubt, he pursued the even tenor of his way, dealing justly in all public measures, and never suffering himself to be moved from what he thought was right by the undue excitement which many a time in the last four years has swept through the community like a whirlwind. Watching

ever to discover the way pointed out by the hand of Providence, he neither went too fast nor yet too slow, but steadily kept pace with the stern logic of events. His epitaph shall be written thus: THE MORE WE KNEW HIM, THE MORE WE LOVED HIM; AND THE MORE HE WAS TRIED BY THE COMMON DANGER, THE MORE HE WAS TRUSTED BY THE PEOPLE.

Bear him, comrades, to his grave;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears shall reap.

Patience, friends! The human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
Everywhere for us shall pray;
On our side are nature's laws,
And God's life is in the cause
That we suffer for to-day.

And, Brothers, while we sadly look upon that still face, methinks I hear a voice saying, O, ye Americans, reverently lift your hands in the presence of this martyr, and swear

That the State whose walls we lay,
In our blood and tears to-day,
Shall be free from bonds of shame,
And our goodly land untrod
By the feet of Slavery, shod
With cursing as with flame.

But again, I say, pardon the digression.

I delight to recall certain personal qualities which peculiarly endeared Starr King to a large circle of friends. It was my good fortune to know him well,

and I can truly say I never grasped the hand of a warmer-hearted man in my life. An electric current of good feeling ran from his soul to yours the moment palm touched palm. He was full of hope, and always managed to find a star, no matter how dark the night. Wonderfully forgetful of himself, he seemed from the first moment of his acquaintance with you to be studying and revelling in the better side of your character. Gifted with a mind that could charm any circle, he always forgot that he was himself the bright centre of attraction, and like a magician threw the sparkle of his own genius into the common-places of others. He was as remarkable in company for the good things he managed to elicit from others, as for the rich thoughts which came from his own lips. Indeed, the great charm of the man lay in the fact that he was thoroughly in love with the world, and with everybody in it, and steadfastly refused to see the dark side of any picture. Generally, the feted hero of the day sits in his stern dignity, receiving the homage of his followers as though he were doing them an honor, and hence the fact that great men are, for the most part, isolated, and well nigh friendless. They have a crowd of admirers, a host of sycophants and servants, but very few close friends. Not so was it with King. One of the most popular men in America, having the power to absolutely dictate his own terms to the thousands who sought his services, he walked through life in all the simplicity of childhood, more ready

and willing to find good things in others than in himself, and left behind him, when he sped to Heaven, a host of men, his rivals for fame, who never envied him his good fortune, but who wept as for a true and noble friend.

How almost beside himself he was when spending a week among the mountains or on the sea-shore, all his admirers can bear ample testimony. With a genius which penetrated to the artistic centre of a landscape, with a mind that delighted in every phase of nature, he won his way to the hearts of the humblest farmers among the White Hills, and of the poorest fisherman on the sea-coast. I have walked for hours with him on the Siasconset beach at the eastern end of Nantucket, where the deep swell of the Atlantic broke upon the sands, and every minute was a charmed one; for now he would playfully hold out his hand to the waves, and talk to old Neptune with such infinite wit that if the grim sea-god could have heard him, he would have been cajoled out of his trident; and again he would take a seat at my side, and talk with an eloquence which ought not to have been wasted, of the treasures hidden in the watery depths, the forests beneath the water, the hills and valleys never explored save by those brave unfortunates who have found a grave beneath the waters which they loved so well. A true artist, and a true poet, he seemed to put his head on the very bosom of nature, and to rest as sweetly as a child held by its mother.

But, fascinating as is this part of my theme, I must

not dwell with too much emphasis upon those elements of his character which endeared him to those who knew him intimately, but could not be known to the world. You do not see him to the greatest advantage until, leaving the little circle of those who love him as a genial friend, he boldly enters the arena of society and modestly takes up the gauntlet which some foul and defiant enemy has thrown upon the sand. You would hardly expect a man of King's genial temper, a man who naturally kept aloof from all scenes of fierce contest, to make a brilliant and successful Sir Knight in the social tournament. And yet many a fallen champion acknowledges his courage and his skill. He did not, indeed, wield the sword of Richard, requiring the strength of a physical giant to draw it from its scabbard, which crushes helmet, head and trunk of the foe at a single dreadful blow, but rather the sharp, curved blade of Saladin, which, skillfully used, noiselessly but effectually destroys the enemy. In 1852 he took his position as a Reformer. It was at a time when free speech upon the national topics of the day was regarded as very dangerous, and when a young man might seriously affect his popularity by speaking, and especially from the pulpit, of the great, grave evils of slavery. Forgetful of all else but the right of the matter, like a true mason, and one who had been lifted into the mysteries of Knighthood, he devoted the sword of his eloquence to the cause of Justice and Humanity. I say it was a dangerous position to occupy at that time. It

was a brave thing for a man to speak his mind plainly to a New England audience twenty years ago. No man did it who valued his reputation more than his character. The whole populace had been drugged by Southern influence to such an extent that they broke into crested waves of excitement, like an inland sea when struck by a tornado, whenever the orator hinted at the perilous doctrine of Abolition; but in spite of all friendly warnings, of all murmurings that came from pews which were to be advertised for sale on Monday morning, King was steadfast in his loyalty to Freedom. He battled faithfully and fearlessly with this hydra-headed public opinion, and lived long enough to see the people leave their old stronghold of indifference, and march in broad procession to the new encampment of Liberty and Right. Our saints to-day are the men whom twenty years ago we stoned. They were in the minority then, but they were also in the right. They were the sturdy leaders of a forlorn hope against the undisciplined and uneducated world, but now that world has learned to revere the very men it would have crucified; and the fanatics of a few years since, have lived,—glorious privilege,—to see the whole Atlantic tide of the nation's thought rise to the high water mark which their own fingers have indicated.

Still, King did not occupy his true position as a public man until he went to the Pacific coast. When he entered through the Golden Gate the war-cloud was just beginning to mutter its hoarse threats. He saw and heard them, but, a stranger in a strange state, he

for a while left the work to be done, to others who had enjoyed a longer residence. At last came the shot from Moultrie which brought New England to its feet, and melted twenty millions into a giant. State after State on the border halted and hesitated. Hardly daring to defy the North, their sympathies entirely with the South, the people were in a predicament, the passage out of which was easy for a true loyalist, but difficult for one who was undecided whether he was a loyalist or a traitor. California was unfortunately in this condition of indecision. She was far distant from the probable field of contest, yet she could do a vast deal of good or harm by throwing the immense revenues of her gold mines into the one or the other scale. Her highest officers, both in the civil and military departments, were men of southern birth and proclivities, who with an ominous earnestness, gave themselves to the work of carrying the state over to the Rebels. The excitement was intense. The great body of the people could be persuaded to go either way, according to the amount of pressure brought to bear upon them. Perhaps they had partially forgotten their love for the old Flag in their thirst for riches. At any rate the lovers of the Union looked about in breathless anxiety for one to become their leader. King, our Brother King, was the providential instrument used in this crisis. Thoroughly roused himself, every nerve strung to its utmost tension, he stormed the citadel of the Rebels with his fiery elo-

quence, until in their exasperation they threatened his life. He met them face to face, and bade them defiance. They swore that California should go out of the Union, and they put into operation all the diabolical machinery which traitors can devise to effect their object. But he was mightier than they. He unfurled the dear old flag, the flag of the past and the future, and, standing beneath its consecrating folds, with a tremendous burst of eloquence, such as comes from human lips only in times of grand excitement, he stirred and swayed his immense audiences until strong men wept and women sobbed; and ere his magic tones had died upon their ears, the city of his adoption was safe. Then through the state he went. From town to town, from hamlet to hamlet,—sometimes talking to thousands, and sometimes to scores only,—he travelled, and when the journey was over, and the result of his labors came through the ballot boxes, traitors crawled into their slimy dens, doomed and damned by the free voice of the people, while millions of dollars were sent to the East, a free-will offering upon the altar of the Sanitary Commission. Such a triumph is seldom gained. The Pacific Coast will long remember the marvellous eloquence of King, and we cannot forget that he was a son of our own New England.

But he is gone. Nevermore will he visit our Lodges on earth. He sleeps after an honorable warfare, and has become a member of the Celestial Lodge

Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens.

Farewell, Brother. We put the evergreen of gratitude and affection upon your grave, and learn to become better men, and better masons, because of your labor and your triumph.

Perhaps I had better close these remarks here. And yet I cannot. There is another word to which I must give utterance. While constituting a new Lodge of our order, the question naturally arises, What has been the mission of masonry in this war? Is this institution simply a relic of the Past, dealing in dead forms and ceremonies, moss-covered and ivy-covered with age, or has it a word for and a work in the present hour? Do we withdraw from the great heaving world, from its thoughts and its duties, only to commune with romantic heroes and to enter the temples of three centuries since, when we gather about this altar, and greet each other with the friendly grasp by which Brother knows Brother? Do the mysteries of this place better fit us for the work we have to do among the men of our own time? Many have told us that Masonry is a thing of the past only, a sacred relic indeed, but without significance to those who labor in this most practical of all the centuries. Strange misapprehension of our power and our purpose. The antiquity of our order, so far from detracting from our usefulness, only adds increased weight to our great responsibility as citizens and as men. The Church, too, is old, but yet it is not merely an institution of the past. It has forms and ceremonies which are all the more hal-

lowed because the good of many generations have worshipped by them. Yet it speaks to us, and is the very pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, guiding the people through this wilderness of life. So masonry has an eloquence that men must heed. It has had its place in the war, ameliorating its evils, and shielding many a soldier from harm. How many have been the kind offices it has performed will never be known until the day when all secrets shall be revealed. Lives have been saved, wounds have been healed, starvation averted, by its potent charm. Many a soldier lying stark and cold upon the field of battle has received Christian burial because of the mystic sign of the Fraternity worn upon some part of his garment. Many a brave boy in the hospital has roused such unusual sympathy in the heart of his attendant by means of the golden square and compasses, that his wants have been attended to, and his life saved. Aye, we even hear that the cruel persecutions of Libby and Andersonville have been slackened as the eye of the tyrant fell upon the symbol of our order, and the suppliant has begged for food in words which no mason, unless he be wholly lost in perjury and crime, can withstand.

I am glad to record an instance, for the truth of which I can vouch, of the benefits of this Institution. I have it on good authority, that during the last four years, twenty-five gentlemen, all of them Masons, held regular monthly meetings in the city of Charleston, for the purpose of encouraging each other in the maintenance

of loyal sentiments. They never met twice in the same place. They never, by word or deed, helped the Rebel cause. Marked by the police, dogged by detectives, they yet managed, year after year, to extricate each other from difficulty, and to hold their own as Unionists. Had they been caught while attending a meeting, they would undoubtedly have suffered death at the hands of an enraged populace. A noble band of determined Master Masons they were, and worthy the order in the palmiest days of its history. Filled with the true spirit of chivalry, their shields emblazoned with the motto *Sans peur et sans reproche*, they maintained their honor in the centre of the Rebel stronghold. "Brothers, we greet you now that the conspiracy is at an end. We are proud of an Institution that can rear such men, and claim the allegiance of such heroes." I have heard that this little band reached the climax of its history, when, on the Fourth of July last, it held a regular meeting, which was attended by nearly every member, before which was delivered an Oration whose sentiments would have been applauded in Fanueil Hall, and an Ode to our country filled with the spirit of patriotism; — after which the company pledged itself anew to the Flag by unfolding the Red, White and Blue, and trampling the bunting of Rebeldom under their feet. All this while the detectives were trying to discover their retreat, and the whole city was engaged in insulting everything that means loyalty, even the dear name of Washington. The records of the

last four years can produce no better example of bravery and true manliness than this.

And now, Brothers, that our forces are everywhere victorious, and the glad morrow is at hand when we shall have peace again, we can truly say that as in times past Masonry has been well represented in the Army and Navy of the Union,—everywhere and at all times exercising a beneficent influence,—so in the future America it shall have no little influence in shaping the destinies of the Republic. It has been true to the spirit of Freedom always,—and now that Freedom has been attained, it pledges an uncompromising loyalty to the Re-united States.

So mote it be.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

ON THEIR

CCXIII ANNIVERSARY.

BY REV. T. S. KING.

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS, 38 CORNHILL.
1851.

WILLIAM A. HALL, PRINTER,
22 School Street, Boston.

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

Boston, 2d June, 1851.

DEAR SIR,

At a meeting of the ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, held at the Armory, this evening, it was voted unanimously that the thanks of the Company be presented to the Rev. THOMAS STARR KING for his eloquent, patriotic, and instructive discourse, delivered before his Excellency the Governor, other distinguished guests, and the Company, this day; and that a copy of the same be requested for publication. The past officers of the Company were appointed a committee, to carry this vote into effect, and, as late commander, and chairman of the committee, I have the honor to communicate the above votes to you, and solicit your compliance with the wishes of the Company.

I am, Sir, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

REV. T. S. KING,

Pastor of the Hollis Street Society, Boston.

BOSTON, June 4, 1851.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your note advising me of the vote of the Company, let me say that the manuscript of the discourse is at your service.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

T. S. KING.

HON. ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

OFFICERS FOR 1850-1851.

Commander — Col. Isaac Hull Wright.
First Lieutenant — Maj. George M. Thacher.
Second Lieutenant — Maj. John C. Park.
Adjutant — Maj. Abraham Edwards.
Sergeants — 1st Mr. George D. Hodges.
2d Capt. William B. Bullock.
3d Lieut. David Pulsifer.
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5th Mr. George B. Wellman.
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OFFICERS FOR 1851-1852.

Commander — Brig. Gen. Caleb Cushing.
First Lieutenant — Brig. Gen. Thomas Davis.
Second Lieutenant — Col. Robert Cowdin.
Adjutant — Lieut. Edward Thwing.
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2d Capt. Reuben Howard.
3d Lieut. Henry Taylor.
4th Lieut. John McClelland.
5th Lieut. Benjamin E. Deland.
6th Lieut. William B. Oliver, Jr.
Treasurer — Lieut. John G. Roberts.
Clerk — Lieut. Thacher Beal.
Armorer — Lieut. John G. Roberts.

DISCOURSE.

"FOR I COULD WISH THAT MYSELF WERE ACCURSED FROM CHRIST FOR MY BRETHREN, MY KINSMEN ACCORDING TO THE FLESH: WHO ARE ISRAELITES; TO WHOM PERTAINETH THE ADOPTION, AND THE GLORY, AND THE COVENANTS, AND THE GIVING OF THE LAW, AND THE SERVICE OF GOD, AND THE PROMISES; WHOSE ARE THE FATHERS, AND OF WHOM, AS CONCERNING THE FLESH, CHRIST CAME."—*Romans* ix. 3, 4, 5.

We shall not, I presume, gentlemen, be out of harmony with the proprieties and spirit of this occasion, if, yielding to the suggestions of the Apostle's words, we consider the sentiment and duties of *Patriotism.*

It has been questioned by some, whether there is any such distinct virtue as Patriotism. Not a few moralists have indulged suspicions as to the harmony of such a passion with the soul's integrity. Many Christians have openly denied its consistency with the moral temper which the New Testament would inspire; while others have strenuously urged that it is the very royal grace of character, and oversweeps all virtues. There is a sliding scale of judgements as to its legitimacy and worthiness, reaching from the declaration of Dr. Johnson, that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," to that of Cicero, that it is a duty more sacred than the filial tie.

In abstract controversy we may dispute, with some plausibility, the moral healthiness of the sentiment, and may not be able to free it from all haze, and discern its disc, but the living world braces the mind and refutes its skepticism. History refuses to countenance the analytic ethics of spiritual dreamers. It thrusts upon our notice Leonidas, Tell, Camillus, Hampden, Winkelried, Scipio, Lafayette, Adams, Bolivar, and Washington, in whom the sentiment has become

flesh, and gathered to itself the world's affection and honors. An honest heart cannot help feeling, when it reads their biographies, that their line of greatness is as legitimate as that of poets, philosophers, philanthropists, and priests. We cannot be so sure that the principles which would expunge their names from the world's honorable regard, or throw suspicion upon their virtue, are right, as we ought to be that the result is wrong and base, and therefore, that the principles must be false.

The virtue of Patriotism has been provided for, and is expected of us, by nature. Some moralists, as we have already intimated, have condemned all private and restricted affections, as inconsistent with the law of universal love. They argue that our love must be for *being* in general, and must be proportioned by the moral worth of the object, without regard to relationships, ties, and personal associations. But they only argue against nature. The method of Providence in evoking our spiritual sentiments is always from particulars to generals. God "hath set the solitary in families," and bound the families into communities, and organized communities into nations; and he has ordained special duties for each of these relationships, and inspired affections to prompt the discharge of them, and to ennoble the character.

The law of love is the principle of the spiritual universe, just as the force of gravity is the governing law of space. It binds each particle of matter to every other particle, but it attracts inversely according to the square of the distance, and thus becomes practically a series of special and local forces, holding our feet constantly and irresistibly to one globe, and allowing only a general unity, which the mind appropriates through science and meditation, with the far off and kindred spheres. The soul that has most of the universal Christian sentiment of love, will have the most intense special affections. We cannot love the whole world and nobody in particular. However deep the baptism of the spirit in general good will, a man must look with a thrill of love

that nothing else can awaken, into the face of the mother that bore him; he cannot resolve the ties that bind him to filial responsibilities and a brother's devotion; and so Providence has ordained that, out of identity of race, a common history, the same scenery, literature, and laws, though in perfect harmony with a sense of good will to all men, the wider family feeling, the distinctive virtue, Patriotism should spring. If the ancient Roman could believe that the yellow Tiber was the river dearest to heaven; if the Englishman can see a grandeur in the Thames which its size will not suggest; if the Alpine storm-wind is a familiar home-song to the Swiss mountaineer; if the Laplander believes that his country is the best the sun shines upon; if the sight of our nation's flag in other lands awakens sentiments that speed the blood, and melt the eyes; if the poorest man feels a proud consciousness of property in the great deeds that glow upon his country's annals, and the monuments of its power and glory; let us confess that the heart of man was made to contract a special friendship for its native soil, its kindred stock, and its ancestral traditions, and that where the sentiment of Patriotism is not deep, a sacred affection is absent, an essential element of virtue is wanting, and religion barren of one great witness of its sway.

I know it has been said that the Bible does not justify and commend Patriotism, in any of its precepts. No, but it sanctions and illustrates it by splendid examples. The prime instructions of the Old Testatament are Patriotism and the fear of God. They blended in the heart of Moses. In the wilderness he bore the Hebrew people in his heart. Religious patriotism stimulated his genius, supported him in perplexities, and made the desert green. When at last he stood upon Mount Pisgah, and looked upon that rich landscape of Palestine, which his sand-stained feet must not press, its loveliness wore a tinge of beauty, which the sun-beams could not shed, from the thought that there the ignorant people for

whom he had toiled should have a home, and begin their mysterious mission among the nations of the earth.

The story of Samuel, whose heart, will, prayers, wisdom, and virtue were for his countrymen, is a lesson of Patriotism. Pointing to that name, the Jew may now dispute with us, against the career of Washington, for the honor of giving to the race the model patriot. When we pronounce the name of David, we think of the enthusiasm that wielded the hero's sword, and touched the poet's harp, for the glory of his nation. Nobler than his military valor, was the ambition that urged him to rouse the dormant genius of his land, and to enshrine and celebrate its hallowed memories in odes and jubilant hymns. From his heart burst the gush of feeling which the Christian Church now uses as the expression of a spiritual patriotism,—"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companion's sake, I will now say peace be within thee." And it is in the Psalms that we read the touching lament, as from the heart of Patriotism itself,—"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning . . . let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

In the prophecies, too, the authority of God and the evil of sin are blended inseparably with aspirations for the glory of Israel. A prophet could not brace his breast to denounce an impending woe, without casting his eye farther on, and hailing the light of future national eminence, which made his heart swell with reverent pride, and in which the darkness of the threatened judgement melted away. Although the highest office of Revelation is to point to, and prepare us for, the "better country, even the heavenly," no one can rightly read the pages of the Bible, without catching enthusiasm for his earthly country, the land of his fathers, the shelter of his infancy, the hope of his children.

Do we not read that even he whose love embraced the whole race in its scope, the eternal and impartial Love made flesh, who pronounced the parable of the good Samaritan, and shed the warmth of that spirit, through his life, into the frosty air of human sentiment, felt more keenly the alienation of his countrymen according to the flesh, than he felt the spear-point and the nails, and paused over the beautiful city of David to utter a lament whose burden swept away the prospect of his own lowering destiny,—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered your children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

When we say that the Bible justifies and encourages Patriotism, we virtually say that it is a sentiment subject to the sway of the moral law, requiring, like all our natural instincts, guidance, Christian light and training. There are base theories about the superiority of this sentiment to any Christian limitations. There are base counterfeits of the sentiment itself. It is not the pugilistic passion, that estimates glory solely by battle-fields, weighs national worth by vigor of muscle, and culls the anthology of its bloody traditions into a sort of "Pirate's own book," by which its brutal appetite is nourished. It is not the senseless sentimentalism that so often with us, on public occasions, finds literary expression in tawdry rhetoric, flaccid apostrophes, and sophomoric gasconade, and which has sometimes raised the problem before sensitive minds, whether on the whole, the service of our national holiday to liberty compensates for its debauching influence on literary taste.

The Patriotism that is a virtue, and that ennobles character, is a spirit of devotion to one's country, from a purified instinct and for purposes of enlightened benefit. It is nursed and hallowed by Christian principle, and draws to its aid all the resources of genius. It is a *constructive* quality, quickening the intellect by its love of country to zealous ambition to

improve it and raise it higher. It is an imaginative sentiment. Imagination is essential to its vigor. It comprehends hills, streams, plains, and valleys, in a broad conception, and from traditions and institutions,—from all the life of the past and the vigor and noble tendencies of the present, it individualizes the destiny and personifies the spirit of its land, and then vows its vow to that. So that it is of the very essence of true Patriotism to be earnest and truthful, to scorn the flatterer's tongue, and strive to keep its native land in harmony with the laws of national thrift and power. It will tell a land of its faults, as a friend will counsel a companion; it will speak as honestly as the physician advises a patient; and if occasion requires, an indignation will flame out of its love, like that which burst from the lips of Moses when he returned from the mountain, and found the people to whom he had revealed the holy and austere Jehovah, and for whom he would cheerfully have sacrificed his life, worshipping a calf.

The distinctive feature of true Patriotism, is that it is pledged to *the idea* which one's native country represents. It does not accept and glory in its country merely for what it it is at present, and has been in the past, but for what it may be. Each nation has a representative value. Each race, that has appropriated a certain latitude which harmonizes with its blood, has the capacity to work out *special* good results, and reveal great truths in some *distinctive* forms. God designs that each country shall wear a peculiar ideal physiognomy, and He has set its geographical characteristics as a bony skeleton, and breathed into it a free life-spirit which, if loyal to the divine intention, will keep the blood in health, infuse vigor into every limb, give symmetry to the form, and carry the flush of a pure and distinct expression to the countenance. It is the patriot's office to study the laws of public growth and energy, and strive with enthusiastic love to guard against every disease that would cripple the resources of the frame, and thus prevent the lineaments of vice and brutality from

degrading the face, which God would have radiant with truth, genius, and purity.

He was the best patriot of ancient Greece who had the widest and wisest conception of the capacities and genius of Greece, and labored to paint that ideal winningly before the national mind, and to direct the flame of national aspiration, fanned by its heroic memories, up to the noblest possibilities of Grecian endeavor. The truest patriot of England would be the man whose mind should see in the English genius and geography, what it could do naturally and best for humanity, and seizing on the traditional elements that are in harmony with that possibility, use them to enliven its own sympathies, and quicken the nation's energy. A pure forward look is essential to Patriotism. The patriot must express the genius of his land in miniature.

From this point we see the patriotism of Paul. His countrymen denounced him. They said that he had cut the ties which bound him to his race, because he preached that Moses was not the highest and final religious teacher. He slighted the temple-worship, and labored zealously for the new sect of Nazarenes, and the Jews, wherever he travelled, echoed the cry of the priestly party in Jerusalem, that he was a traitor to the traditions of his fathers, and an enemy of the Hebrews. But the noblest patriotic spirit was in him. In that respect, he may be safely copied by those who love their country, in every age. He saw what was the mission of the Hebrew race. He read clearly God's hieroglyphic message to them, written over the face of their providential past. He saw that they were an organized hope ; that they existed to bear new religions from their bosom, and send forth at last, the perfect faith that should sway and mould the world. He saw that it was to be their glory to lose themselves, in the benefit they carried to the nations, as the snow upon the mountain-tops melts into the rills that dispense fertility to many meadows. Paul did not believe that he could improve God's design in raising the chosen nation,

or could permanently alter it. And in working for the cause he adopted, in preferring the then despised Messiah to the pomp of the ritual faith and the decrees of the Sanhedrim, he was in the line of sympathy with the patriotism of the past. The Apostle to the Gentiles, in taking a course so radical, which diverged so widely from the popular path, was the purest Hebrew,—in truth the very "Pharisee of the Pharisees," for he was on the track which God designed the whole nation to take, and was laboring to perfect for his countrymen the promises and aspirations which, for ages, through prophets and poets, had burst from the nation's heart. Paul was so loyal to his people that he braved their ignorance and bigotry in order to secure the fulfilment of the national calling, and so attached to his blood and race as to feel keenly his isolation from their sympathy, and to be willing to sacrifice himself,—every thing but his country's mission,—even to be "accursed from Christ, for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh."

We may well lament that so many counterfeits of this noble virtue have brought the reality into suspicion; that those who have arrogated it, have so often shown only the qualities of the demagogue, and under its sanction thrown off allegiance to truth and righteousness; for in our own land, in this juncture of human history, and especially in this crisis of our own national experience, we need the virtue of Patriotism. We need it as an offshoot from the spirit of reverence to God and of Christian consecration. We have every thing in our position, our history, our advantages and calling, to justify, stimulate, and foster such a feeling. The old Jew could exclaim proudly, even in times of calamity, "he hath not dealt so with any nation," and could thank God more fervently than for all more private mercies, that he was born a Jew. If he travelled into any other country, he went trailing the glory of a miraculous past, that dwarfed the visible magnificence of the monuments amid which he stood, and with the thrill of cheering prophecies in his breast.

Were we to select the two lines of history that afford the most striking evidence of divine guidance in the affairs of men, they should be, first, the record of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian religions in their successive developements; and, secondly, the history of America from its discovery, down through the persecution of the Puritans, the life of Washington, the war of Independence, and the siege of Yorktown, to the treaty of Paris. The Jewish race were guided and guarded, that a universal religion might issue from their genius. Our land seems consecrated to the office of bearing a just and faultless polity that shall educate the world. Step by step, we may parallel the providential mercies of the one history by those of the other. The call of Abraham to a new region, which God would reclaim from barbarism and make the centre of healthful and lasting influences upon humanity, has its echo in the call of Columbus, in whose brain the two hemispheres were welded into a globular idea. The leading of the Israelites through the Red Sea has a counterpart in the division of the waves, to let the little Mayflower, with its precious freight of principles and souls, sail safely through the winter storms. And the line of Hebrew heroes who fought for a great hope, and of prophets who towered at intervals from the landscape of the nation's life, and sent up into literature the flame of the nation's aspiration, are not dishonored, if we compare with them the heroic men of our own history who labored for a hope, and "builded better than they knew," and the seers whose minds have glowed with the American idea.

Here we are, successors of noble men, heirs of a providential past. Every thing in our history incites to Patriotism. The winds would fan it into activity. Every page of our annals preaches it. The man who cannot thank God he was born an American, is undeserving the blessing of such birth. That consciousness, enlivening the sensibilities, should equalize fortunes. The poor man should not feel poor when he thinks that his humble roof and circumstances are sheltered

by a canopy of ideas and sentiments, such as never before arched over any palace of the world. If the humblest Catholic feels pride in being one member of a community that stretches from Andes to the Indus, and which has Christ for its founder and heaven for its goal, the lowliest citizen of this land should feel it an immense enlargement of his being,—an enlargement which mere wealth could never give,—that he has partnership in the mission of a people, along whom God is pouring the best life of the past, enriched with additional streams of inspiration, solicited by our own genius, into the future. For the tendrils of our blessings stretch far out into the centuries, and twine around the most precious elements of history to draw nourishment. The human race is vitally one, and whatsoever is eminent and best, in any line of social manifestation, is somehow connected with other and distant portions of the common body; as the topmost branch of a tree bears life that is due, in part, to the health and fidelity of juices in the root, and as the wave that foams upon the shore discharges an undulation that began far out upon the sea.

Our country is foremost in the line of public justice and orderly freedom, and therefore all the influences which, in distant lands and former centuries, supported and quickened those principles, are somehow represented in the social blessings we enjoy. All that former thinkers have done to justify the principle of freedom, and heroes have achieved against the oppressions of despotism, and martyrs have suffered for their perilous love of liberty; all the stimulus which religion, in the past, has given to the heart's reverence for right and the hand's loyalty to truth; all that eloquence has done to make tyranny tremble, and fan the popular sense of justice to a flame; all that literature has preserved, in treatise, song, or drama, of past devotion to liberty, and longing for its triumph, are related, and have contributed, to our success in the structure of a social polity. We may properly enjoy the pride, if we will be faithful to the privilege, of bearing in our

institutions the best thought and life of the past, concerning public justice and social welfare.

Well did our eminent statesman say in a public address in Boston, a few weeks since, "if a man is living here who has not an American heart in his bosom, let him tear it out." Surely if there is a man in this land who deliberately slights the sentiment of patriotism, and is conscious of no pride in his country, as a distinct affection, no devotion to his country, no feeling of deep interest in his country in unsettled times and shadowed hours, no impulse to sacrifice himself and all personal interests for his country's benefit, he has a heart that needs to be waked from paralysis and inspired with gratitude by religion itself.

And it is a striking glory of our land that the patriotism it asks for, is of the highest stamp. The sentiment must here be stripped of every quality which has hitherto brought it into suspicion, or it cannot be American. If a person is afraid of narrowing his soul by cherishing any restricted affection, we offer him here a domain whose breadth is from Aroostook to San Francisco, and its depth from Minnesota to the reefs of Florida; and if this area is not large enough, and does not comprehend needs and interests enough, to satisfy his affectional hunger and exhaust the philanthropic resources of his heart, he has a genius for love that would justify the description once given by a countryman of ours of the boundless aspirations of the soul, "we wake in the morning with an appetite that could take in the solar system like a cake; we stretch out our hand to grasp the morning star, and wrestle with Orion." To a mind of ordinary capacity, the extent of our territory and the various needs of our population, furnish as fine a temptation, certainly, as can well be offered, for the exercise of the sentiment of *universal brotherhood.*

And when we define Patriotism as the sentiment of devotion to the *idea* which a nation is called to typify, we strip American patriotism of every element which makes it possi-

ble in a selfish demagogue, or repulsive to the most sensitive Christian mind. For *three* things are plainly indicated in the characteristics and posture of our country, as portion of the divine intention, and of the divine instructions to us. *First*, God has placed us on a fresh continent, separated by oceans from the ambition, plans, interference, and diplomacy of the old world, with no enemy near us, in order that we may read in our position the instruction to sheathe the sword and live in *peace*. The war-spirit and the patriotism that cherishes it, are denounced with sufficient intensity for their barbarity and shamelessness in other lands, by the temper of the gospel; but with us *geography* also denounces them, and declares them to be the very idiocy of ruffianism. As though sick of blood, and the order and civilization it purchases, heaven has colonized this land and whispered to us solemnly,—let sundered Europe drench itself with gore, if it cannot learn the economy and beauty of friendship, but here the sword should be unknown. Offensive war cannot be justified here on any pretence. You are strong enough to be magnanimous in controversies, to appeal to arbitration in complicated diplomacy, to suffer wrong in cases of pecuniary and material interest, and exhibit the grace of endurance and forgiveness. History will adjudge you guilty of the last abomination, if you draw the sword,—and thus contribute to debauch still further the code of honor among nations,—in any other crisis than the final necessity of self-defence against invasion, and the call thus to defend your commissioned ideas.

And *secondly*, the Almighty has given us a domain that may be the seed-field of the globe, mines that may enrich all nations, and streams that should fill the air with the hum of wheels, and thus has sought to redeem us from the appetite for territorial aggrandizement, and has consecrated us to every art and all varieties of industry. He has written upon every prairie, and enscrolled by the winds upon the surface of every lake and river, the command to beat swords into

ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and to turn all the genius that is capable of being wasted in military art, to a scientific contest with the rocks that bar the free communion of traffic, and the mountains that interpose to make enemies of states.

And, *thirdly*, God has entrusted to us the idea of political equality, and of the citizen as superior to the state, for whose culture the state exists, and has commanded us to unfold it, and exhaust its capacity of developement in progressive institutions. *Peace*, *industry*, and *cultured freedom* are the warp of our country's mission, and there can be no patriotism on these shores that does not acknowledge them, seek to deepen the passion of our people for them, extend their blessings and confirm their sway. The temper of our public spirit should befit, by its calmness, breadth, justice, and comprehensiveness, the scale of the land we represent and rule. "To men legislating for the area between two oceans, betwixt the snows and the tropics, somewhat of the gravity of nature will infuse itself into the code. It seems so easy for America to inspire and express the most expansive and humane spirit, —new-born, fresh, healthful, strong, the land of the laborer, of the democrat, of the philanthropist, of the believer, of the saint, she should speak for the human race."

Patriotism is unselfish devotion to the idea of a nation, its heaven inspired soul, its representative office and mission. And any thing lower than this form of it here, any interpretation of it that would make it equivalent to a defence of every act of every administration, even when that act does violence to the spirit of our history and the providential pointings of our call, is a disgrace to ourselves, an abuse of a noble word, and an offence before God. If a country such as ours is to raise no loftier, no more heroic type of national virtue than that, our fertile zones will indeed be barren of attractive fruit. Then we may say, here is America, but where are the Americans? Then,

"When we climb our mountain cliffs,
Or see the wide shore from our skiffs,
To us the horizon shall express
Mere emptiness and emptiness.
And to our eyes the vast skies fall
Dire and satirical
On clucking hens and prating fools,
On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls;
For nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly."

Moreover, a lower type of patriotism than that of insight into, and devotion to the representative, or ideal country of which our land is the projection, with us is little less than suicide. Never was there a people whom it so behooved to be patriotic in the highest sense, for our patriotism is daily passing into fact, and becoming part of the nation's substance. We vote it, we speak it, we incarnate it in the men we select to act for us. New states, almost while we are reading these pages, are rising to have a voice in the highest councils of the Republic, and from their ideas of what this country is for, and from the quality of their passion for it, the institutions are springing which will mould, or powerfully control, the budding intellect that will soon be on the stage. We are living for the future. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. We can say only that we are a mass of tendencies. And the sentiment of patriotism that obtains, is breathing, year by year, the life-element or the death-element into the structure of our land.

We have said that the form of patriotism which could harbor in the most Christian breast is called for, and is the only one that is justified by the situation and the *manifest destiny* of our country. We may also say that such a form of patriotism is nourished and expected by the traditions upon which the lower forms of patriotism usually feed. It is a beautiful fact that the record and the memories of our revolutionary strife foster all grades of the patriotic sentiment. They stir the blood and quicken the brain. They thrill the senses and satisfy the imagination. The plain of Concord, where "the embat-

tled farmers stood," and the shaft that overlooks the metropolis from a neighboring city, tell a story that awakens a love of country in the plough-boy, while they quicken the faith of the Christian and the philosopher in the reality of principles, the influence of heroic self-sacrifice that counts no cost, and the power of ideas. The non-resistant peace-man, though his ear would throb with pain to hear the roar of musketry, that disturbed the air about us, seventy-five years ago, loves the sweet, bodiless echoes it has brought, and still wakens in that depth of time. And while the passions of the caucus in Middlesex have, doubtless, been often stirred to the worst dregs, by appeals to what the fathers did when the country was in danger, no finer eloquence has vivified the air of the national Senate-Hall, than the simple exclamation, " there is Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." The unreflective man is thrilled with the contagious enthusiasm of our ancestors, who would not be trampled on by tyranny, and who put their lives in their hands to assert their rights. The great thinker sees the meaning of those three spots in the stormy history of the world, and how ideas were liberated from the shock of steel and the battle-smoke, which have since changed the destiny of the world. And while we may catch the physical enthusiasm from the determined spirit with which, on the bloody fields, our fathers resisted unto death, our patriotism must be inspired by the ideas which redeem those fields from the insignificance of skirmishes and the depravity of butchery, and must pledge itself to establish and unfold them in our country, according to the new needs and invitations of our age.

If the glory of the foundation of our land was in the establishment of a principle, the glory of its history must consist in the unfolding of that principle. True patriotism, therefore, which labors to keep a nation faithful to its mission, cannot be satisfied here, unless the idea of human worth and privilege, that awakened and supported our political struggle,

ripen and produce their finest spiritual fruit. In this respect, the growth of our country should be like that of an endogenous tree; the gradual developement of the life-principle at the centre manifesting itself in the nourishment of new products, throwing the old results, year by year, farther out into history, till the political effects of the Revolution become the gnarled root, and tall, hardy stem, which preserve and defend the active inward forces, that now unfold in leaves, and blossoms, and announce the harvest. In the peace movement, the temperance reform, the judicious and practicable schemes for the abolition of bondage, the attempts to discover a more Christian organization of society;—in every association and all effort that seek the highest welfare of man, and prepare the way for his free culture and rightful enjoyment, as a creature of God, the American idea justifies itself and culminates; and by strengthening this tendency, and only thus, can Patriotism be faithful to its law and vindicate its nature.

Every mention of the ideas to which our land is consecrated, and of the importance of its mission, calls up the crisis which we have recently passed through, and the danger with which, it is said, our land was threatened. Patriotism has learned to pronounce with emphasis the word *Union.* It is a hallowed word to it. It does not like to hesitate in uttering it. It has no desire that its tongue should falter with it, or merely lisp its utterance. But there is danger in our reactionary eloquence that, in eulogies of union and assertions that we must have it, we overlook or too slightly estimate the conditions of union. This country has an ideal character, a representative value. Its mountains were upheaved, its rivers were grooved, its prairies unrolled, its night-skies bent, for the home of an idea. Its glory cannot spring from vast extent, populousness, power, and wealth, but from the unquestioned dominion of an idea. If we are to be one, we must have a great unifying sentiment. "*Liberty* and union, now and forever, one and inseparable;" that

is the marriage-vow, that alone can be the marriage-bond. We cannot vote ourselves together; we cannot keep ourselves together merely by cultivating superficial, or commercial good feeling. The unity of our nation—the most marvellous and splendid organism of history—may stand forever unshaken by the diversities of climate which it includes, by the variety of material interests,—commerce, agriculture, industry, which it enfolds; may indeed be all the stronger for the twisting of so many strands: but though nature made our vast landscape one; though it be interlocked by rivers, railways, and canals; though it be vascular with myriad arteries of human skill; though the geographer may find no place where he can split our country, the strife of hostile ideas will rend it as the valley yawns by the wrench of the earthquake. It is the office of Patriotism to see this, and to say it,—to say plainly and solemnly that no political unity, no charter however wisely concocted, or defended by the most stalworth mental muscles, can stand before the fierce and equal combat of two mutually destructive principles. There is no treason, no lack of Patriotism in saying this, unless it is unpatriotic to say that chemical wraths will not combine, and that powder and fire will not marry peaceably.

We need the feeling of brotherhood; we need to be knit together in ties of cordial amity; but no amity can be manufactured where the laws of spiritual affinity interpose a ban. Whatever peculiarities of State institution, however wrong and heinous, exist in separate members of the confederacy, let them keep undisturbed by interference from other States, until they choose to abolish them themselves. Whatever laws are demanded by a just and strict construction of the central compact, let them have, so long as we profess to have that charter, and let them not be forcibly resisted. But though the sun now breaks through the recent cloudy screen, if peace, harmony and strength are to bless our nation, there is one direction in which we must not go beyond the letter of

the bond. The "pound of flesh," but not a tittle more must be asked, not another fraction can be granted, not so much as will "turn the scale even in the estimation of a hair." What is local must be local. The inward, vivifying principle of our government must be sympathy with liberty; its attitude must be respect for liberty; the spread of its domain must be under the sanction and for the ends of liberty, or the inspiring sentiment of union and the bond of unity,—that which filled the hearts and quickened the intellects of the noble men who built our constitution, that which gives glory and renown to our charter, will wither and die.

"Behold," said David, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." But if the time is to come when a large section of our land insist that human bondage is to be sanctioned and extended wherever our banner and our eagles go; that the haggard genius of oppression must sit with equal privilege and honor with the spirit of freedom in the exalted seats of our confederacy, then — I utter only the simplest lesson of science — then there can be no unity, for we shall no more be *brethren;* the gulf of antagonistic ideas will divide us; the nerve of patriotism, in the best souls, will be shrivelled; for the ideal beauty of our nation will be expunged, its hovering genius will flee, and there will be no America to serve; and our glory, whose auroral promise tinges our first annals, and whose beams are now gilding the mountain-tops, will be stained with blood, and finally pale. Then, while he looks back and sees, as Paul saw in the past of his nation, that unto us pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the promise, and the fathers, and looks around to see the fatal faithlessness of the children to the divine idea and the providential intimations of the past, the only utterance of patriotism that will be possible, from the Christian breast, will be the sorrowful exclamation of Paul—"I could wish that I were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Patriotism, then, is not only a legitimate sentiment, but a duty. The agency of an overruling and friendly power is suggested by the study of the critical seasons of our past history. But our patriarchal and heroic periods have passed. Having endowed us with the means of our own developement, the divine agency retreats to leave the field to human responsibility. We cannot rely for our honors or safety upon the past; with the principle we must reject the privilege of primogeniture. We are here, by favor, to do a vast and noble work. "To whom much is given, of him will much be required." We may feel as we look upon our territory, which exhibits every zone, and represents lands that invite all varieties of industry, that God poured out our noble rivers and stretched our prairies on their level base, and unrolled our rich savannahs, and reared the pomp of our forests, and washed the long line of our coasts with generous ocean waves, and wove all these diversities into one, to be the home of no mean people, and the theatre of no paltry destiny. The world waits to see the quality and energy of our patriotism. The book of our country's history, preserved by human heroism and providential care, is handed to us, that we may inscribe there the records of its glory, or its shame.

In conclusion, Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, let our thoughts be cheerful, and our resolutions pure. I need not charge you, in the name of religion and of Christ, to love your country and to labor for its honor. You would be faithless to your own special history, to the instructions that gleam along your annals, if you falter in that spirit. Love your native land. Feel no scruple in welcoming and nourishing a peculiar affection for its winds and soil, its coasts and hills, its memories, its flag. You cannot more wisely love the world than by loving your country. You cannot more efficiently labor for the good of all men than by pledging heart, brain and hands to the service of keeping your country true to its mission, obedient to its idea. Let your patriotism draw its nutriment and derive its impulse

from knowledge of the representative America, as yet but partially reflected in our institutions and ideas. Be ready to yield fortune and life to advance and defend the truth which our country bears; and to pray God that the swords you bear may never be asked for by our rulers, until the time shall come when they will leap from their sheaths to resist oppression, encircle peace, or vindicate endangered liberty.

The Death of Mr. Webster:

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN

HOLLIS-STREET MEETING-HOUSE,

ON SUNDAY, OCT. 31, 1852.

BY THOMAS STARR KING,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

BOSTON:

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SERMON.

DANIEL vi. 3: — "THEN THIS DANIEL WAS PREFERRED ABOVE THE PRESIDENTS AND PRINCES, BECAUSE AN EXCELLENT SPIRIT WAS IN HIM; AND THE KING THOUGHT TO SET HIM OVER THE WHOLE REALM."

THERE is but one subject that can engage our thoughts in the church to-day. A great sorrow saturates the air. The solemn sense of irreparable loss weighs down the spirits of the American people. Out from the heart of the land has burst a grief, of which the official symbols — the sobbing of cannon, the mourning drapery, the lowered flags, the public resolutions — are, for once, the honest and feeble signs. The whole feeling of the nation, like a conscious weeping willow, arches its vast respect, and droops its sensitive foliage over one new-made grave.

The words I have selected from the Old Testament are perfectly applicable as an expression of the greatness which has recently been stricken from the living forces of our country. He was preferred above all presidents and princes. The highest office would have been nothing but the proper pedestal, to set the proportions of his greatness in their appropriate position and relief. The largest honors would have been only the natural drapery of his broad shoulders. If all the great men of this generation could have been collected from all nations, it is probable that no one would have been found to deserve the preeminent place for massiveness and majesty of mind, and to stand forth, by honorable election, as "the foremost man of all this world," so much as he whose mortal life has recently been quenched.

But, however this may be, it cannot be questioned that the crown of our national genius has been snatched away by death. By common consent of the most eminent in our land, — the orators, the lawyers, the states-

men, — he was their leader, whose supremacy they cheerfully allowed. His brow was, for more than a generation, a prominent part of our natural scenery. His was the great granite face, like that on the Franconia Mountain in New Hampshire, standing out from the solid ridges of our New England intellect and character, and overlooking the land. Him and the great cataract of the lakes, we boasted of to other states as the chief glories of our country. It would have been grand, if, in the fulness of his vigor, and before any controversies of his political honor arose, he could have stood in the most eminent place of our country, — the magnificent entablature, dignifying and completing the various columns of its genius. He did not have this proper setting for his powers; but he did stand highest by his native sublimity. In the regard of those whose opinion is lasting fame, in the respect of foreign eyes, he stood, as he will stand in history, preferred, for mental greatness, above all the presidents and princes that were more distinguished by office.

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

How can it be otherwise than that the sudden disappearance of this colossal greatness from the moral landscape of the world should shock all hearts with emotions that affect the lowest strata of our sensibility! If the tidings had been borne to us that some of the permanent wonders of nature had been obliterated, that an earthquake had shaken down the great range of the Himalayas, or ingulfed the majesty of Mont Blanc in its black bosom, or had levelled the rock over which Niagara has roared for ages, our minds could not have been so startled with a feeling of the mysterious power that envelopes us, as now that we learn —

"This mighty spirit is eclipsed; this power
Hath passed from day to darkness; to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeathed, no name, —
Focus at once of all the rays of fame!"

What visitation of Providence can thrill the citizens of our country, especially of New England, with more solemn thoughts than to know that the majestic presence — "how

noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" — is never more to be seen of men; that the greatest nature our land has reared since Washington was born is never more to guide our councils and ennoble our Capitol; that the book of his activity is sealed; and that he is now to be a treasure of memory, a silent grandeur, in the quiet halls of history, — a force and an ornament belonging to the past?

This is not the place, of course, for any eulogy, or even an analysis of the powers, of the departed statesman. That which would be extravagance if said of most great men is the simple statement of his intellectual power. And yet, in speaking of his genius, we should be careful not to weaken our eulogium by doing injustice to the breadth of the field of genius. There are kinds of greatness of which his mental constitution did not largely partake. To the rank of explorers and discoverers, — men who anticipate history and

hasten destiny, and who stand far ahead of the vanguard of humanity, holding up the flame of a new truth, which their intellectual fire had kindled, that flashes light into the unexplored pathway of the future, — he did not belong. He was made to be an institutionalist, rather than a prophet. His mission was to comprehend, purify, conserve, and strengthen the good structures which society has already gained, to widen and confirm their possible blessings for the race, rather than to meditate a new order, even though it might be a higher one, which could be reached only by disruption of established ties, and through the turmoil of revolution. The natural attitude of his mind was reverence for the beneficent truth and institutions which the past bequeathed. He was the profound interpreter of the practical wisdom embodied in political systems, and the potent defender of it against the misapprehension of ignorance, the perversion of party interests, and the hand of heedless innovation. He estimated the positive social good which rooted institutions disburse, even though many

evils were incidental to them, of really more account than the ghastly theories of perfect good, which beckon away so many flighty and adventurous intellects from the solid road of slow and steady progress.

He had the combination of powers, temper, and discipline, that make a safe and successful administrative statesman ; and his intellect was just the ally which our system of government most needed, at the time when he entered public life, to set forth its wisdom, to unfold the beautiful symmetry of its structure and powers, and to hold it up to the admiration and gratitude of the country, that the affections of the people might fasten upon it, like the tendrils of the ivy upon the solid castle-wall.

The whole structure of our Constitution ; the grandeur and marvel of its combinations, as relieved against the miserable patchwork of the old confederation ; its originality among the political edifices of history ; the skill with which its forces are balanced, and the ease of their working, — were comprehended in his intellect as the mind of a mechanic compre-

hends the idea of a machine which his genius has invented. He was the epic poet of the Convention of 1787. His sympathies were less with the Revolution than with the builders and the erection of our present national polity. Our whole governmental America; the bands that connect the State forces with the vivifying power of the central administration; the complex harmony of judiciary and executive, military and legislative powers; the ligaments that could sustain the greatest strain, and the delicate tendons where it needed the most tender handling and the most permanent safeguards; the safe vents supplied in it for popular passion, and the cylinders that must constantly condense the force of unrelenting law, — all played in his brain as a vital and complicated conception, whose magnificence he revered, and whose beauty was the constant inspiration of his heart. The work of the great Convention that framed our government seems nobler as reflected in his capacious understanding, and as its ideal rods and beams and valves worked without friction

in the bright medium of his imagination, than it probably seemed to the hot intellects of those who had just completed their task, and left it outlined on immortal parchment.

The idea of the Union, which to many minds is an abstraction, and too often is the customary expletive of a demagogue's vile morality and feeble thought, was with him the vivid and adequate symbol of the greatness and the privileges, the power and the peace, of the republic. It seemed as though his eye always took in the moral and civil scenery of the country, — its thousands of happy homes, its schools and churches, its factories and workshops, the vast fleets of its commerce, and the widening line of civilization, before which the wilderness was falling; and then, when he spoke, made the word *Union* embody all the gladness and grandeur which so much prosperity and plenty, so much order and happiness, awakened in his breast. For this reason it was, we must believe, that he called on his countrymen to cherish the sentiments that should make that word sacred. For this

reason he used continually the awful imagery of the breaking up of constellations, and of anarchy in the firmament, to state the terrors and the woes that would attend an explosion of the forces that bind our states together. His intellect appreciated the wisdom of their combination, and felt, too, the delicacy of their poise. Not that he was indifferent to the evils which are covered and partially maintained by our great national bond; but he would not look at the evils exclusively or minutely. He saw an immense overbalance of good, — benefits more various, more substantial, and more precious, than any polity on earth had ever secured to men. These the word Union represented; these, to his mind, the blotting of that word annihilated, and in their place introduced discord, contention, and bloody strife.

Add to this, that the great future of America (if explosive passions could only be kept down) charmed his imagination. He comprehended what the country would be, centuries hence. In swelling speech he bade future generations

hail; and there were times when he seemed to see the upturned faces of the Saxon millions yet to come, beseeching him, by their looks and by their prayers, to pledge all the resources of his intellect and his influence to preserve the unity and peace of a nation, upon which their fortunes and their happiness were cast. It may be a sign of the secondary grade of his genius, that the idea of right, in its abstract holiness and majesty, did not burn constantly before him. But no abstract principle or sentiment withdrew him from a careful measure of the good which an actual system would secure to men in the long run. He was not led away by any enthusiasm for liberty as an unbodied idea, but rejoiced in the liberties which the Constitution steadily secured to a continent; and, no doubt, felt that the law of right commanded him to defend and perpetuate that charter, in the hope that the evils it sheltered would die out in time, while its good would widen and be everlasting.

The prophetic men, who stand above all systems in immediate communion with eternal

truth and justice, command the deepest gratitude and worship of after-times. But God has a use for these Herculean heroes of society. And among the crowds of legislators who have no larger vision than sectional and partisan passions disclose, and the swarms of politicians that act only with reference to self, let us gratefully confess the eminence of this man, on whose brain were stamped the features of an empire, whose imagination personified a government, and who felt that he spoke and voted for the interests of millions and the hopes of posterity.

Mr. Webster was a statesman. His greatness did not consist in a capacity of concentrating and leading the passions of large bodies of people. Clay and Chatham were eminent for this power. But he was a philosophical statesman. He had a clear and vigorous comprehension of truth in the domain of public affairs. When he succeeded, it was by the force of his statement in the senate or the cabinet; and his power over the people resulted from the majesty with which he robed

the truth, by his argument and utterance, and by the dominion which he made it exercise over their reason and heart. His ample mind was a spiritual state-house or capitol, rich with the annals of constitutional history, filled with the stately lore of national and civil law, studded with apartments that were crowded with records of diplomatic wisdom, freighted with the principles and statistics of public economy. His eye was constructed to see the truth and proprieties of national relations. He knew the coasts, the shoals, and the soundings of the ocean of national experience; and his arm had the vigor to grasp and guide the helm of a state. His eloquence, too, had the serious and self-assured strength that made it competent to the utterance of a nation's thought and purpose. It was fit in language and manner for a congress of kings. Even in his simplest passages, the power of a great personality was manifest. His common sense was ponderous and sublime, by the momentum which his arm gave it, and the dignity which his diction imparted to it. Within the limits of his ge-

nius, his powers were unsounded. No triumph that he ever won seemed to require the whole of his resources, or to drain the hiding-places of his strength. The movement of his mind was like the sluggish might of the sea. His genius has thrown up into literature the most brilliant spray of rhetoric and imagination; but its natural manifestation was the majestic ground-swell of a resistless, undeveloped, unfathomable power.

Other elements and indications of his wonderful greatness would arrest our notice, in any thing like a full treatment of the theme, — the truthfulness of nature and sincerity of spirit which hindered even his reason from being a powerful advocate in a bad cause; the dignity of his speech and bearing in all public scenes, and the strenuous influence of his example against the vulgar degradations of congressional debate; the strong moral and religious reverence that pervaded his public words; the fast fidelity to his friends; and the tenderness which made the majesty of his presence sweet and cheering in his home.

But we cannot critically measure the outline and bulk of his nature, standing so near his new-made grave. In what I have thus far said, I have kept you too long from the grateful and practical religious lessons that are unveiled by such a life and such a death.

The great Teacher has said, "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant." We are called on now devoutly to recognize the beneficent ordering of Providence, that makes all true wisdom and greatness generous, and compels it to be a public advantage. Selfishness is in the heart of the world; but the best portion of the power of pre-eminent genius is saved, by a law of Providence, from the control of selfishness, even if that temper is in the heart of the possessor. The thoughts of a large reason, the creations of a rich imagination, the heroic activity of a great patriotism, are for the people, for mankind, for all time. What gratitude is due from us to Heaven that it is so! A mind like Bacon's burns with the passion for truth, and braces up its brain to the strenuous search and

careful demonstration of new principles that rule the domain of science. But he cannot keep those principles for his exclusive use. He cannot put a price upon them, and say, "I will sell them only to the rich, only to feed my purse and my pride." The moment he proves and utters them in his intellectual joy, the air bears them on its wings, and makes them universal. It turns out that the toils and victories of that intellect in its library were for the benefit of humbler men, for the advancement of knowledge and the improvement of civilization. In his desire to satisfy the thirst of his own intellect, Bacon harnessed himself to the whole fabric of society, and strained his sinews to start the world on the path of progress. The greatest of all, he was the servant of all.

So, too, Shakespeare cannot patent his creations, and say, "Those only shall enjoy the fruits of my genius who will pay my price for the great luxury." The all-merciful God will not suffer that, but admits the poor to enjoy them, and scatters the leaves that bear

them into almost every home. Newton does not think of the sailor, or the interests of navigation, when he toils till he lifts the moon by the muscles of his logic and weighs it, and proves on what pillars of law the sky-roof is upheld; but he is the intellectual attorney of future ages and the human race, in all those wearisome labors to unlock the hieroglyphic cipher of celestial law; and the pay he gets is gratitude, and a name printed in star-type on the firmament. The patriot, when he resolves to resist oppression, and peril his life rather than bear the finger-weight of tyranny upon his soul, lifts up the heavy mesh that holds a people in its toils, in his struggles to free himself, and so becomes the saviour of a land.

Every magnificent brain scatters light like the sun. The ample intellect that has just been withdrawn from us, illustrated, in its way, the beneficence of God. The nation is bereaved; the people mourn; for the nation has lost a great servant, the people a majestic friend. God gave him a glorious mind, fit to

do national service; and it is compelled to do that service. Whatever interests or desires might draw him towards a strictly professional or private life, he cannot stay there. He rises, by the natural upsoaring of his powers, to the Capitol. The whole land has the benefit of his private discipline, his thought, his speech. Countless farms, workshops, counting-rooms, and homes, that have the deepest interest in peace, have the benefit of his insight, his knowledge of public law, and his cool, just temper, to save them and civilization from the detriment of war with our mother-land. The Greeks, struggling for liberty, catch the inspiration of his eloquence, which strengthens the public opinion of the world in their behalf. His fellows, that need justice, have the aid of his understanding and his lips in the solemn precincts of the temple of law. The whole North has the advantage of his mature powers to silence the malice and the taunts of southern envy. Public order, that has been shocked by a barbarous midnight murder, has the aid of his arm to tear the accomplices of an assassin

from the subtle technicalities that seem to hide them from the reach of justice, and drag them to their doom. And the moral sense of humanity possesses his frame, and breaks out through his lips, to impeach the Czar for his cruelty to Hungary, and arraign him for trial at the bar of the civilized world.

His work is a public one. With a hero's strength he must do the hero's labor. The ambition which he felt, the desire to stand eminent in the world's history that was in his heart, the noble emulation that stirred him, were the intellectual thongs and traces by which Providence kept him fastened to the great public burdens which it required his strength to draw.

There is nothing in public life to attract the eyes and the heart of one that would taste the purest and constant pleasures of life. How much did the great statesman enjoy of that privacy, those relaxations, the satisfactions of those agricultural pursuits, the affections and repose of home, which most attracted his heart? How slight the opportunities

granted to him to retreat from the national arena, and taste the happiness of life!

> "He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below.
> Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
> And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
> *Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
> Contending tempests on his naked head,
> And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

The tax is so severe upon political greatness that no man would pay it, — the world would be deprived of the benefit of such greatness, if the Almighty had not provided that it cannot escape the toils by which its service may accrue to the human race. On the score of pleasure, the powerful servant of the country, whom we mourn, would not have looked a moment upon all the pecuniary recompense he gained for his devotion to public life; but fortunately there were providential motives constantly weighing down the yearnings of the heart, and keeping him pledged to the service of society.

And then think of the detractions and slanders, the open defamation and insult, which

public character must bear from partisan hostility and malice. What but the order of God, demanding great service from great talents, could keep a man in public life against this terrible warning, — the certainty of the shower of arrows, many of them poisoned arrows, against which he must stand?

> "The secret enemy, whose sleepless eye
> Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy;
> The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain;
> The envious, who but breathe in other's pain;
> Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
> Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
> Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
> Half to the ardor which its birth bestows,
> Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
> And pile the Pyramid of Calumny!"

With what fearful accuracy does this describe what the eminent man we deplore was compelled to endure! The foulest ink has been cast at him in his latter years. And so much of it by reformers too, — men that stood forth as the patrons of virtue, humanity, and the sacred law of God! We all know the chief and the sad occasion for most of these attacks. We know how many good men were forced to withdraw their sympathies from the great states-

man by his speech and course towards the close of his senatorial career. But is the warfare of a pirate upon a prominent man's motives the natural expression of virtuous dissent? Is it essential that a reformer in opposition shall be the assassin of character? Is it necessary that all dignity of temper and charity of criticism shall die out of the nature that holds an advance-idea, and that the cause of humanity must be defended in the disposition of a friend? We are gathered in a church dedicated to God; and his law is supreme over the highest genius, as over the humblest man. Let us not hesitate to say, that, if at the time I allude to, the great man, now gone, did bow his magnificent brain unworthily to the Slave-power, which he had always opposed, from the dictate of a personal ambition, forgetting the awful trusts of genius and the service it owes to humanity, he fell; and his intellectual greatness only darkens his degradation. But who has demonstrated this hypothesis? Who has looked into that large heart, and found such black treason there? What if he

did feel *all* the trusts of senatorial office and intellectual power; if he felt that the preservation of his country from the imminent danger of disruption was the comprehensive duty of a statesman, and the best permanent legacy to all races in our borders? I prefer to believe this theory. It accords with the principles that always governed him. Then his action was conscientious and heroic; and, although it may fail to commend itself to the conscience and wisdom of many, although they find it impossible as Christians to obey the statute which he defended, let them remember, in justice to him, that he was placed in the Capitol to act, not from their light, but from his own. Let the passions of politics be silent, let the heats of hatred cool, at his grave. He went with religious calmness to meet Him who judges with blended charity and justice. And as we bow before the mystery of the vast Providence, let us unite in adoration of his ordinance, that the most gifted of his creatures shall be the servants of all.

The allusion just made to the religious

majesty and calmness of Mr. Webster's death suggests the second point which the contemplation of his career should impress upon us, — the strength and support which religion derives from the convictions and loyalty of such an intellect. I put out of the question here every thing that concerns loyalty of life and religiousness of character. It is not our province to search for and put together the proofs or the disproofs of that. But it cannot be denied that we have buried a great man, whose heart was alive with religious feeling, and whose mind was reverent in its recognition of religious truth. If proof is needed to establish the chief ideas of religion, — the existence of God, the supremacy of moral principles, and a future life, — we may turn for it, with equal confidence, to the mystic intimations of nature, or to the faith and the convictions which the greatest men of the world have cherished and expressed. The pre-eminent men of the world have not been atheists or doubters, but reverent believers and worshippers. Where, O atheist! where, O scoffer! will you point us to

the large-limbed nature, the encyclopedic soul, that dignifies your miserable creed? Some slender, cold-hearted, third-rate, or perhaps second-rate man, here and there in history, has babbled some skeptical folly, or darkened his name by the shadow of atheistic thought; but, when we look up to the first rank of genius, — to Socrates and Plato and Pythagoras, to Paul and Luther, to Bacon and Leibnitz and Newton, — we find they are men who bow before the infinite sanctities which their souls discern.

You have heard of the great reflecting telescope, built by a nobleman of Great Britain, whose tube, by the aid of ponderous machinery, is pointed towards the night-sky. What if it threw doubt upon the reports which our eyesight and ordinary glasses make concerning the glories of the sky? What if it scattered the stars into mist, made Sirius nothing but a huge heap of fog, and banished all our associations of grandeur and glorious law that have been connected with the heavens? But it confirms all the visions of the ordinary in-

struments that search the upper space; and, besides that, it breaks up the misty light of the nebulæ into sand-heaps of suns, and reports firmaments, far in the depths above us, which other lenses cannot reach. Thus the greatest souls of the race confirm the views and faith of ordinary minds; reflect more of the glories of God; disclose, by their more searching vision, fresh galaxies of mystery; and make our thoughts of the Providence that embraces us, and comprehends all things, more reverent and profound.

What a shock it would give the world's order, if such minds as Mr. Webster's saw no proofs of the divine existence, felt the strain of no law of duty, thrilled with no emotions of worship, but found the thoughts of their own genius sufficient company for their loneliness; lifting their proud and flinty summits above the superstitions that shade the valleys of human nature, into a bleak, atheistic air! It is not so. Religion is commended with the more earnestness to men by their consciousness of its truth. There was a fitting

commentary on the glorious eighth Psalm of David, when our statesman stood under the elm, at night, on his estate in Marshfield, and, lifting his solemn eyes to the light that blazed on the firmament, said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" That is the soul's astronomy. Oversweeping the skeptical chatter of irreverent mathematicians, there was an echo of the truth that sprang, ages ago, out of a great Hebrew heart. Jura answered to the voice of the Alps.

We do not mean to say, or to hint, that a taste for the literature and elegance of the Scriptures is a saving grace of character; but we have a right to rejoice in all the unprofessional veneration which is offered to the sacred writings. It is well for the world to have eminent witnesses, that it is not an interested and a clerical taste alone that bows to the sublimity of the great book. Is it not proof of the majesty of Job and Isaiah and

Habbakuk, that they were the chosen teachers of such a mind; that he retreated from care and sorrow into their society, and was strengthened and softened by their lofty and mystic speech? It is sufficient testimony to the greatness of these biblical geniuses, that the largest natures seek inspiration from them: it is equal proof of the loftiness of an intellect, that it rises into near acquaintance with these eminent souls. What if a great man does not always live in harmony with the truth he venerates? What if the stern characters he invites to his library sometimes rebuke him with their prophetic austerity, and the truths spoken from the sacred mount, to which he lifts adoring eyes, flash warning upon his infidelity? Is not this a still more impressive revelation of their supremacy? and does not the great man's reverence, which their occasional denunciation does not impair, point to their royalty over conscience, which we should hasten practically to confess?

We have a right, therefore, to ask, Is the Bible, which such men as Mr. Webster and

President Adams revered and made a constant study, a shallow book? Is the Christian faith which such men as they adored as the supreme truth, and the only regenerative power of the world, a secondary matter? Are the religious relations of the soul, which such men affirmed were of first importance, and which no levity of their speech, at least, ever slighted, matters which we may safely disregard? The answer we shall be forced to give these questions makes the most solemn truth practical, and sheds a searching ray into our hearts. The supreme benefaction to humanity of such an intellect as we have lost is the testimony it bears to the reality and the necessity of religion. Now that he is gone, in the momentary gloom of his departure, I know not but these words stand out the most luminous of all the great words he uttered, — these words so simple but sublime: "Religion is necessary and indispensable in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie which connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be

all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe in such terse but terrific language as living 'without God in the world.' Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation."

It is worthy of remark in this connection, that so comprehensive and reverent a student of the Scriptures as Mr. Webster was not the partisan of any intricate and narrow theological theories. The broad, plain, primary truths of religion were sufficient for his reverence and his conscience. I have heard it said that he disliked the word "Christianity," and preferred the simple phrase, "the religion of Jesus." The spirit of penitence, faith, and love, and a reverential gratitude for the mission of Christ as the channel of redeeming

truth and life to the world, — these were the outlines of his theology; these were the definitions of Christian character which satisfied his mind. The report which a friend has made of his last hours assures the world, that there was nothing in his utterances of faith and hope "of a technical character. No expression escaped him which would mark him as of this or that theology, or of any church save the universal church of Christ." Thus his life and death give us an original illustration of the difference between theology and religion. What the smallest satellite of our system needs is the controlling force of the sun, and its bounteous heat and light; and the majestic Jupiter, as he ploughs his grand orbit, needs no more. Whatever system of astronomy be true, the regal planet requires nothing more than the check and the charity of the central orb, and the smallest asteroid receives no less. So the feeblest and the mightiest minds require alike the central and simple forces of religion, and find their strength, not in artful theologies, but in the common and generous light and

influence from God that fall equally upon all.

And without the solemn light of religion around it, and the great background of religious truth to relieve it, how utterly must the last hours of Mr. Webster have lost the majesty which was upon them! If he had died simply a worn-out and disappointed man, looking with sadness at the blighted hopes of the earth, and lifting no thought to scenes beyond, how sad the last days would have seemed, — the wreck of a noble and weather-stained bark upon the rocks of death! But now, what a grandeur in the close of his career! The deepening feeling that he was floating out beyond the reckonings of earth and the outline of human charts; the calm fulfilment of every duty, and the reining up of every faculty to obey the mastery of the will; the solemn tones of prayer, laden with the riches of his language and humble with penitence; the majestic and tender farewell to family and friends; and then, after the broken ejaculations of the psalm for the divine rod and staff, the silent

close! — not a wreck on the desolate coasts of mortality, but the fading of a noble ship into the mists that curtain the horizon, its sails all set, bearing one great and serene form beyond our gaze into the everlasting light! The spirit of such grandeur there should be in every death. Are we prepared thus to gather our robes about us; thus to look up to Heaven for help; thus to express our confidence in the truth of the Bible and the divine mission of Christ; thus to feel the support of the rod and the staff which the feeblest need, and which does not bend under the weight of the mightiest arm?

I must ask you to bear with me while I refer to one more impressive lesson of such a life and death: I mean the solemn truth of immortality. When the news of such a loss breaks upon society, the first feeling is that of the mystery of death itself. It is as though we had never before realized it. And then it opens anew the problem of eternal life. It seems as if the departure of such a spirit must break the monotonous silence, — must open

for the moment some rift in the cloud, and let in a beam from the all-surrounding day. We ought to reflect upon this death, in regard to that question of immortality. If such a faith is not a fixed habit of our mind, we ought to pause, and set the vastness of his powers in our thought, and seriously ask the question, "What has become of them? whither are they gone?" This life cannot be what it ought to be, — man cannot be what he ought to be, — duty cannot be as sacred as it should be, unless we have convictions, settled as those which Christ had and which he would inspire, of the everlasting duration of our souls. And now is the time for us to think on that point. God calls on us to meditate. When he removes from the earth such men as Washington and Webster, his providence puts the question to every unsettled mind, "Do you believe that they are annihilated, swallowed up by the dark?" There is not a particle less to-day of the substance that made up the noble frame of Washington, than there was when he dignified the capital. Ages hence, the matter

that clothed his spirit will still exist, unwasted by a grain. And does the mind, the virtue, the character, die, while not a hair of his bodily substance is suffered to slip out of the treasury of matter? Of that great brow which was laid recently in the sepulchre, not a particle will ever drop from the grasp of physical law. It may moulder, but it cannot be destroyed. And do you believe that the reason of which it was the fortress, and from which it played the lightnings of argument and eloquence, will be less permanent? Does God think more of such a brain than of the understanding that made its arch sublime? Was that soul an ephemeral thing of threescore years and ten, while the body is beyond the possibility of destruction? It must be a darkened mind that can believe that, — a mind not quickened with a proper sense of God. Death is visibly defeated, to the eye of every reflective mind, when it drags into its darkness such a nature as that. The prey is too great. His hunger is not suffered to appease itself, even on the matter which the spirit inhabited; and

we know that the soul cannot slip into his jaws. Over the mystery of that tomb near which the ocean moans, we may hear the chant of nature, according with that of revelation, — "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

This is no mere speculative question, but the most practical of all questions. For, if we answer the question of immortality aright for this man, we answer it for all men. If we feel that it is proved by his genius, then we lift the whole race, with which he was kindred, into the light and the responsibilities of an infinite existence. Then human life is not a mean thing, not a trivial thing, but a solemn grant, a moral trust. Then we are all living with the eye of God upon us, and an eternal future before us, the conditions of whose fortunes our own habits are deciding now; and it behooves each of us to ask ourselves before the tomb that has just opened, "In what spirit am I working? Is it one I am willing to carry into the light of eternity, and submit to the scrutiny of God?"

A friend said, when the news of the great death reached us, that it seemed to him as though such a brain should have had two bodies to wear out. I believe that the limits of its earthly frame were not the limits of its existence. I should believe, on evidence independent of revelation, that there are mysteries in the universe for such a mind to revere eternally; great studies to engage its interest; profounder laws than were opened here for it to grasp; divine splendors to kindle deeper faculties than were here developed. If there were heroic virtues which were not appreciated or rewarded fully in his mortal career, I believe that he is gone into a state where the recompense is not affected by human injustice. If there were great errors and violation of trusts committed here, I believe that he has gone into the dominion of a justice that executes searching and righteous judgment on every soul, in view of the spirit's final welfare. And so, let us lift our thoughts from that grave to God and eternity. Let us be grateful to the Providence that sends great genius to us, and

bids it work in our service; that reveals truths to us which the mightiest minds adore with the humility of children; and that intimates, through the death of such, the great destiny and privilege of every soul. In the light of that Providence and that eternity, let us pray that we may be faithful; let us resolve to redeem our time.

THE LOSSES AND GAINS OF A CHURCH:

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN

HOLLIS-STREET MEETING-HOUSE,

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1852,

ON OCCASION OF

THE DEATH OF MR. DANIEL WELD.

BY THOMAS STARR KING,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

BOSTON:

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SERMON.

JOB XV. 10: — "WITH US ARE BOTH THE GRAY-HEADED AND VERY AGED MEN, MUCH ELDER THAN THY FATHER."

I HAVE selected this passage, on account of its verbal fitness, as the basis of a discourse upon the *Losses and Gains of a Christian Church.* It furnishes a very suggestive expression of the possible presence of a soul in the world, after the body has paid its debts to the dust. Whatever be the exact sense that was in the mind of the writer of the passage, it is often true of persons that they continue their work in society after the message of God has bidden their frames disappear. "With us" upon the earth, in a thousand beneficent ministries, are many "gray-headed and very aged men;" older, in their indestructible usefulness, than the

last aged saint, who had fulfilled his years, and whose body had ripened for the tomb.

We often speak of the good institutions of the world. Every institution is the home and the channel for some part of the life of men that belong to the past. It preserves human activity from being dissipated as soon as each man disappears; and, connecting the times behind us with the present, consolidates the spirit of many individuals, often of generations, into one massive and enduring energy for good.

It would be sad, indeed, if there were no vital veins and ligaments by which the spirit and strength of the past were poured into us; if every generation were hacked away from the experience of anterior times, so that the fresh ranks of men that rise should be obliged to earn all their wisdom, and to re-construct their homes on the crumbled institutions of an obliterated ancestry. Happily, Providence has ordained media, independent on our personal memory and affection, for the presence in the world of the best thoughts and noblest souls that have wrought for truth, humanity, and

God. Whether or not spirits ever revisit this world in bodily likeness, or address themselves to our senses in other ways, they are present, and wield a steady power, by the imperishable incorporation of their best work with the structure of society.

It is thus that civilization is upheld and widened. There is an unbroken lineage of centuries. With all our boasted light, we should be poorly off, if our debt to the great men of the past should be cancelled from our wisdom. Just as the soul retains its identity and grows in strength, while the body is ever wasting and renewing, the larger soul of the race, including the gains and products of its childhood and youth, ripens to maturity, while its visible envelope of men and empires undergoes incessant change. It is because our century is really the oldest century, and has more counsellors at its back and greater momentum of energy in its arteries, that we are able to show such startling results. Moses and Solon, Abraham and David, Greek and Roman wisdom, Bacon, Copernicus, Newton, and Columbus, are

with us. The youngest child of time, our age inherits the largest tide of wisdom, which blends with the hot blood of its own genius, to temper its rashness and indicate the path of success.

The life of nations represents the truth we are considering, more distinctly on a smaller scale. We commit a great mistake, if we suppose that the people at present living in any one of the great states of the world are all that compose that state. Each nation keeps a personality through many generations. The leading minds of by-gone times help to make it up, by a law similar to that which stamps the thoughts, passions, sins, and goodness of our past years in lines of expression upon our faces now. That which statesmen have done for it by the purification of its code, and patriots by pledging their lives to its safety, and genius by interpreting truth and beauty to it, and saints by illustrating in its annals the worth of holiness, contribute to the character of the kingdom, as really as the deeds and the policy that are developing from living actors.

The student, that would get an idea of what the nation is, unites its memories to its present, and surveys the whole, precisely as though the past was actual on the earth. In this way the former worthies exist, — "the gray-headed and very aged men, older than the fathers" that live, or that have just passed away.

Who does not see that Washington is with us, and acts as a force upon our people? It was a wintry day, indeed, — cold and dreary to the spirits, as well as in the air, — when he breathed out his last breath, and his pulse ceased, and all that his form, which wore such majesty, could do for his land, was to consecrate the district of it where it should lie for unbroken rest. The people felt that a patriot had gone, such as they could not expect would be given to them again. But Washington could not have been less removed from his country than he was by death. His spirit rose to greater influence than it had when housed in an earthly frame. It passed into the more spiritual robe of literature and history, and has become a guest in every house. The

statesman, the patriot, go to him now for counsel; and, while he speaks to them through their reverent meditations, there is no alloy of earthly passion in the wisdom he imparts. His name softens the asperities of party conflict, when they threaten the welfare of the nation; his grave sheds an effluence of patriotic hope, and assurance of heavenly help, if the heart is true; and his character, by its simple sublimity, teaches the eyes of American childhood what grandeur there is in virtue, and what glory swathes the true patriot's memory. Nations lose men, but they gain a dignified and glorious history; and, from this conservative and serious background to their activity, their best minds address the sympathies and reverence of succeeding generations with fresh and purifying power.

But it may be I have done wrong to withhold so long the most powerful illustrations of our subject, and those, too, which are most grateful to the Christian heart. What a force St. Paul has been among men in every age since

the Roman sword fell upon his neck! How many more countries has he visited, than his weary feet ennobled; how many more churches have his letters counselled, than he dreamed of when he wrote them for those which he had founded; how many more souls has he moved to their depths, than, in his most ardent hopes of service to his Master, he could have thought it in his power to win; how much more potent his influence over the religious opinions of Christendom, than he would have believed it possible to exert by his fervid faith, when he first stood forth as the advocate of a universal gospel! And all this because he was taken from the earth as a limited personal agency, and given to mankind as a working spirit, free from the infirmities of the flesh, and therefore capable of a missionary presence and speech in every home and language, to kindle hearts by his eloquence upon the love of the Father and the glory of Christ.

And ah! what words can set forth the presence of Christ himself with the world, which the Jewish malignity that killed his body could

not hinder! The cross and the spear might forbid his active ministry under the Syrian sun; but what hate and torture shall interrupt that ministry, when the divine lips are still, after the tomb is broken, and the disciples have gazed upward at his fading form? When he is no longer the Jewish Messiah among the Hebrews, what shall prevent the Sermon on the Mount from being heard by a greater multitude, crowding the sloping centuries, and looking reverently up to his seated supremacy? What shall hinder him from opening blind eyes and quickening deaf ears along the wayssides of every city of the world? What shall prevent him from visiting thousands of rabbis by night, and teaching them of the new birth; or from conversing continually with visitors of Jacob's well, and making the living water stream from his instruction; or from keeping company with sinners of every grade and language, redeeming them by a love that warms the unshrivelled germ of good; or from entering our homes, as he did the house in Bethany, to restore our dead to us through faith, to

rebuke our worldly anxieties, and teach us in labor and sorrow "that better part" which nothing can "take away" from the soul that trusts and loves?

Had Christ, by a divine miracle, been kept on the earth, from the time of his birth to this hour, to be the personal missionary of his gospel through every century and in all lands, on the condition that nothing should be written of him, we may question whether he would have been such a powerful, intimate, redeeming presence in the world, as he has been since his crucifixion and ascension, by means of the omnipresent records, that have made him a preacher in every church, and a domestic Saviour. Let us be reverently grateful to God for this law of continued life, which keeps his perfect Son as a saving influence in a sinful world; that makes him with us more completely than he was with the dwellers in Jerusalem; more potently than he could be, if we should have him by our side only once in our life, for an hour's conversation. The world lost him in the flesh to gain him in the spirit.

He disappeared from Palestine, to be present with humanity. His personal presence ceased to hallow the first century, that his truth and love might rule in the centre of all time.

In the spirit of the truth we have considered, let me speak of the individuality of religious societies. Every parish that has lasted several generations has a character of its own, a personality as marked and peculiar as the size and style of architecture of its meeting-house. There are constant changes in the materials that constitute the parish; families are lost, and others are gained; but this does not destroy the unity of life and spirit that is interfused by each ministry through the unstable members. The character of a parish, indeed, does not result altogether from the qualities of those that attend its services in the present time; but an influence from the preachers and prominent worshippers of the past mingles with the characteristics of to-day, as it were a finer atmosphere pervading the natural air which the building encloses,

so that the living hearers come in contact with it, and breathe it.

Some churches are invested with a chilly worldliness, the lasting and retributive effluence of mechanical preaching and listless hearing through years, which cools the fervor of the truth, when it occasionally vibrates within them. The atmosphere of other churches has a cheerful, social influence, showing that the spirit of brotherhood has been active through the banded hearts of the congregation for many years. In some, the sombre impression made at once by attendance on the services of worship, bears testimony to the austere doctrines of God and destiny which the pulpit has launched for more than a generation, and to the gloomy piety that has looked up to the dark Jehovah from the pews. It is as though the thunderings of Sinai muttered over the ceiling, and the lurid nether fires sent flickers of threatening athwart the farther wall. Can we think it possible that the church in which Channing has ministered ever should lose a sacred quality which the echoing of his voice

has left? No preacher, however irreverent, could occupy that desk continuously, without feeling some electric life thrilling his sensibilities from the sacred stand whence such vitality and loftiness of conviction had spoken to human hearts; and the most earnest preacher that could stand there would feel a force imparted to his appeals for a Christian life, from the transfigured character which adds holiness to the house, and beauty to Christian truth.

Thus we see that the greatest losses of the church are not wholly losses. The place where a true minister has preached, and a saintly soul has worshipped, is scarcely less sacred than where living ones speak and pray. There is gain of character, of hallowed memories, of that sanctity which nothing but the death of the good can breathe. As, in some old house or castle, the picture-hall of the long line of ancestry gives dignity to the building; so the portraits of sainted disciples, which the memories of a parish enfold, impart a venerableness to the building, and lend a sanctity to the

worship, which no church destitute of such a retrospect can gain.

Our own church has recently been smitten by losses that in every way we must severely feel. I have developed the subject of this discourse thus far, as a fitting frame for allusions to the loss of the eldest of those whom God has taken from us; a steadfast friend and supporter of this parish; a constant and devout worshipper in his place in the sanctuary; an humble communicant for forty years at the Lord's table; no less humble as a deacon than as a private disciple; and who, long nourished in the courts of the Lord, brought forth fruit in old age. Of course you will understand that I allude to our honored father, Deacon Daniel Weld, who was called, several weeks since, to his reward and rest. He was born on the 20th November, 1772, and died, in his eightieth year, on the morning of July 5, 1852. The promise was fulfilled to him, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

The honor and fortunes of our church were so near the heart of our venerable friend during the larger portion of his life, that it is impossible to avoid reference to them in connection with his memory. His earthly years, in one sense, span the whole history of our parish; for they reach back to the time when its first settled preacher was in occupation of the desk. The Hollis-street Church was founded in 1732; and the ministry of Dr. Mather Byles, its first pastor, who was in active service forty-four years, did not close till 1776, four years after our late parishioner was born.

Although Dr. Byles's ministry was of such long duration, his connection with the society was not dissolved by death or infirmity. He was dismissed in 1776, for reasons growing out of the revolutionary troubles. He was not a friend of the American cause. During the siege of Boston, the regular worship of the society was suspended, and the meeting-house was used for a barrack by the English soldiers. On the 9th of August, 1776, the church and

proprietors convened "to determine whether the society will repair the meeting-house, which has been made use of by the British troops, and thereby greatly damaged; and to take into consideration the various reports respecting the conduct of Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, our pastor." The result was a vote of dismission, Aug. 14, 1776.* It is pleasant, however, to

* At the meeting of the 9th of August, the following articles of complaint against Dr. Byles were presented: "First, His associating and spending a considerable part of his time with the officers of the British army, having them frequently on his house, and lending them his glasses, for the purpose of viewing the works erecting out of town for our defence. Second, His neglecting to visit his people in their distress, and treating the public calamity with a great degree of lightness and indifference; likewise using his influence to prevent people from going out of town, and saying the town would be inhabited by a better sort of people than those who had left it, or words to that purpose. Third, His being, as we think, officious to lend his aid and assistance to furnish our enemies with evidence against the country, by signing a certain paper at the request of Gen. Gage, relative to what one Hogshaw said (or did not say) respecting the battle at Lexington. Fourth, His being unwilling to preach on a fast-day appointed by Congress, when with difficulty he was prevailed with to preach one-half the day; and further, his refusing to have two services on Lord's days, while he preached at the old brick meeting-house, though urged thereto by some of the ministers then in town. Fifth, His frequently meeting, on Lord's days, before and after service, with a number of our inveterate enemies, at a certain place in King-street, called Tory Hall. Sixth, His praying in public that America might submit to Great Britain, or words to the same purpose. Seventh, His taking away the fences belonging to the society, the seats of the pews, &c."

A committee waited upon Dr. Byles, and desired his presence before the church and proprietors. He complied. The charges were read to him "several times;" in answer to which "he endeavored to justify his conduct, and, having said all he chose, withdrew." His reply was voted unsatisfactory; and the meeting adjourned to Aug. 14, when it was "Voted, that

read a record of a contribution, which the proprietors ordered to be taken on Thanksgiving-day, 1779, for the help of Dr. Byles.

I do not know precisely when our departed friend's first attendance at the Hollis-street Church must be dated. It was not probably during the ministry of Rev. Ebenezer Wight, the immediate successor of Dr. Byles, and whose connection with the church was closed, on account of failing health and eye-sight, in 1788.* It must have commenced early during the pastorate of Rev. Samuel West, who was installed in 1789, and died in 1808. Mr. Weld was an active and prominent member of this parish in the days of its greatest and singular prosperity, during the nine years' ministry of Rev. Dr. Horace Holley, — a name which will recall, in the minds of many here, as it awakens in all that attended his ministry, the picture of an orator, second, in many elements of grace and power, to none that

the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, having by his conduct put an end to his usefulness as a public preacher amongst us, be and he is hereby dismissed from his pastoral charge amongst us."

* The original church, which contained sixty-eight pews, was destroyed by fire in 1787, and a larger built on the same site in 1788.

New England has produced, and which will renew impressions of many a sabbath, when doctrines that were not considered safe and evangelical by his brethren of the ministry in this city were preached here to full pews, and often crowded aisles, and were responded to by an interest and attachment which death, that cut him off in the flower of his years, and decreed the sea to be his sepulchre, has not yet subdued. It was very early in the ministry of Dr. Holley, that the present spacious edifice was built, to accommodate the crowds which his preaching attracted, and which the building of 1788 would not contain. I need not say that Deacon Weld's service as a parishioner was continued through the pastorate of the successor of Dr. Holley, and also of my immediate predecessor, the first of which lasted about twenty-six years, and the second less than two. It is rarely that a single life connects the first and last pastorates of a church that numbers one hundred and twenty years, and quite as rare that such a term of service should be divided among only seven ministers,

of which two, my immediate predecessor and myself, use but about five years and a half.

We should all feel that it was proper to take some special notice of a Providence which removes from us a life thus woven in with the history of our parish. But the character of our venerable friend gives a more pleasant invitation to such a duty. There was nothing striking in his outward fortunes, hardly a circumstance that could give point or prominent light to a biographical discourse. From youth upwards, his career was that of steady and honorable devotion to the business he chose; and his well-deserved success in it was only one among countless instances of the return of fortune and respect which in our country is made to zealous and honest industry. There are many elderly men living who had business dealings with him for years, that were won to an attachment by his kindness and integrity, which makes his death a sad bereavement.

But the best success that attended his life was shown in the home which he built up, and the domestic order and happiness that were

enfolded in it. The man who amasses a fortune may deserve distinction for energy and shrewdness; but the man who adds a faithful home to the landscape of society contributes to the beneficent forces of civilization, and honors the almighty Father in fulfilling the spiritual purpose for which "he hath set the solitary in families." If we except the power which money has to found religious institutions and contribute to the triumph of the gospel, there is no way in which wealth is so ennobled and spiritualized, as in the uprearing and arrangement of a house, where plenty is provided, and gentle law, Christian influence, and a willing harmony are seen. The home is the vestibule of the church, a diminutive church in itself; and the man and woman that erect one and preside in it, to which children, in after-years, turn back with looks of affection, feeling that there not only their childhood was sheltered and their wants supplied, but their aspirations trained towards truth, integrity, and God, have done a great work for society and for Christ.

The religious spirit mingled so naturally with the native qualities of our venerable brother's spirit, that it would be hard to distinguish what, in his character, was due to grace, from that which belonged to it by constitution. Christian influences rather illumined his whole nature than added any new features to it. Naturally honest, his Christian profession broadened and deepened his integrity into a religious principle. His temper, kindly and sweet by inheritance, received a finer quality from his devout consecration, and overflowed like the very milk of courtesy and affection in his home. A peace-loving man by impulse, the desire of living peaceably with all men became a principled habit, and was shown in the fact that, in all the years of his business, he was engaged, on his own account, in only one suit at law.

His Christian fidelity was attested, also, by his constant reverence for the institutions of religion and the forms of religious life. In health, he was punctual, as the return of the sabbath itself, in his attendance on the sanc-

tuary. Our aisle is footworn with his tread. His character ripened for heaven under the steady light which culminates over the church; and, as the returning years showed his head more bleached and his step less firm, they found, too, we may believe, that his spirit received a more sacred beauty from the benedictions that followed the prayers and the communions in the sacred house. And at the memorial table, his presence, so regular, was always welcome. Those that took the bread and cup from his trembling hand might feel that the holy symbols were not dishonored by the spirit in which he bore them. His home, too, was consecrated by prayer. He was a faithful father, because he was a trusting child. The spirit of cheerfulness and tenderness that pervaded his house was sustained and sweetened by a regular gratitude to the heavenly Father for all his blessings.

We may not speak mournfully of the loss which the family and the church have sustained in his departure; for he filled more than the allotted years; and, at the time of his

call, by reason of infirmities, it was gain for him to die. All that the earth could give him of innocent pleasure and profitable experience he enjoyed to the full. The strength of his fourscore years had just begun to be labor and sorrow, and he was taken. It was time for him to become a sacred and beautiful memory to his kindred; it was time for him to be clothed in a new body, and join the church and the worship of the redeemed. Our parish has lost a friend and a pillar, but it has gained him as a treasure of the past; and the words of the pulpit may have more fervency, and the sacredness of the church may catch a deeper tinge, from the absence of such a worshipper, when we feel that God has called him from our communion to his nearer presence. May our memories of him be blessed! *

* By very natural association, the thoughts of the older members of our parish will revert to another faithful worshipper, a brother-in-law of Deacon Weld, who died some four years since, and whose loss is still a fresh grief to many hearts. I cannot refrain from connecting the name of John D. Williams, Esq. with this slight tribute to his relative and friend, and his companion in long devotion to the interests of the Hollis-street Church. A better memorial of Mr. Williams's worth than any printed eulogy can give is enclosed in the reverential affection of his children and kindred, and the widely cherished gratitude to him as a man conscious of the trusts, and faithful to the duties, of affluence, — a patron of worthy institutions, a

And in this connection, let me speak a moment of the gain of its former and long-continued peace, which our church has recently made. I should have no desire to say a word upon the topic, were it not for the fact that many have believed that we are still involved in some legal troubles and disputes, which may again break out into noisy war, and explode our prosperity. It is true that a suit involving some property, to which our church, and not the parish, was a party, had lain for several years unadjudicated by one of our courts. But, to remove any prejudice which this may have wrought against our interests, and in justice to the truth of the case, it is due that I should say here, that, not many weeks ago, the whole question was lifted out of law, and amicably settled by honorable compromise. We stand now free, — free, as the freest church in this city, — from all dispute, from any fringe

public-spirited citizen, a zealous friend of the church, and a wise and generous friend of the poor. He is with us yet; for the cause of Christian truth which he supported in life, by his character as well as by his fortune, is still, and will long be, largely indebted to his liberality; and our parish is not wholly independent on the disinterested aid he extended to it, towards the close of his life, in a time of pressing need.

or shadow of old contention. Thank God for it! "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called" — nay, they are — "the children of God."

We have lost, or rather thrown off, what is always a dead weight upon any Christian body that attempts to carry it, — a legal controversy about property. We need have no regrets to part company with that old associate. Unity and peace are greater gains than money and party heat.

We have suffered, brethren, many losses of late. Seats are vacant by removal, and many, alas! by death, which we had hoped to see occupied for many years to come. One loss the last week has witnessed, which I may not speak to you of to-day. It demands more notice than can be given at the close of a discourse.* But, notwithstanding all these, there

* Henry H. Fuller, Esq., who died Sept. 15, 1852. A discourse was preached in Hollis-street Church on occasion of his loss, Sunday, Sept. 26th. It is not our church alone, but the Christian community, that is bereaved by this death. These few lines will do very inadequate honor to the memory of a man who was even less remarkable for learning, talents, and eminence in his profession, than for the consecration of his gifts and time to the support of Christian institutions, and the creation of new organizations for worship and instruction. We may say of him, as it is written of David, "It

is one gain we can make that will keep the balance of our prosperity even: it is the gain of reverence, of interest in the truths of the gospel and the religious relations of life; the gain of devotion to God, and aspiration for a Christian character. These are what make a parish strong. The prosperity of full seats, respectability, and wealth, is empty show, if such gain is not made. The meeting-house is then the lyceum-hall, and not a church. The only losses which are irreparable and fatal are decay of spiritual zeal, and failure of devotion to the eternal sanctities of life. Where two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, there his presence is manifest; and where Christ is, there is prosperity and life.

And do not the losses of persons of which we have spoken to-day, — the call from the

was in his heart to build an house to the name of the Lord God of Israel." If he was somewhat of a partisan, and sometimes outran the sympathies of friends by the haste of his movements and the breadth of his plans, it was because he believed that his interpretation of the gospel was identical with Christianity, and that Christianity was of such unspeakable necessity to society as to make it the first duty of every believer and philanthropist to devise means and pledge labor for its advancement. Whoever went to him with any scheme that promised to extend the influence of his religious convictions gained his ear, enlisted his heart, mortgaged his time, and engaged his hand.

earth of those whom we honored, and who were our support, plead with us for more earnest inquiry into everlasting truth, and more serious endeavor for the power and peace of consecration? What call comes to us ever from the grave but that to a life of duty and piety? Is pleasure sanctioned by the stillness and solemnity of the form, when laid out in its last repose? Is selfishness justified by the backward look of the soul upon its death-bed? Is any thing but Christian character and Christian hope commended as priceless treasure by the dying words of our fellows, or by the influences that steal from their tombs? Ah! no: they all aid the church in its most solemn instructions, when they are gone. All the lessons of memory are religious ones. The past experiences of our own lives, whether of sin or fidelity, are monitors in favor of Christian goodness; and the voices of the dead give serious counsel. They all tell us, — the old man, by the beauty of Christian grace that was upon him, and by the infirmity of nature, which that grace had not renovated; the

young, by what of Christian excellence and sweetness they had gained, and which they had found more precious than the superficial good of the world; the middle-aged, by the maturity of their wisdom and the strength of their virtue, — that faith is the only stable source of power, peace, and joy. They all tell us, when the hour of departure comes, that Christian goodness looks more substantial and worthy, and the things for which men barter it away more empty and poor. They tell us that the only gain is the love of God and love to him. They tell us that death is no loss where the soul has this treasure, but that life, and all its seeming good, are loss without it. Shall we not heed their voices?

THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH.

AN ADDRESS

TO

THE ALUMNI OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL

OF

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

GIVEN JULY 19, 1859.

BY

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

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ADDRESS.

The subject I propose to treat at this time is large, and will stretch your patience; it is disputed, and will need your charity; it is, in some measure, new, and not sure of your sympathy. I cannot, perhaps, introduce it better, than by confessing the difficulty of naming it; and the difficulty is intrinsic. To raise a question, and not answer it; to object to what exists, and present nothing better; to start a discussion, without much advancing it, is, of course, more or less, to beat the bush without being able to foretell the game. And yet, how can a Unitarian Christian, amid the honest antagonisms and divergent tendencies of his own people, treat of our religious times, our denominational experiences, wants, and prospects, with candor and largeness, and yet claim wholly settled convictions, clear views, and a fixed policy? Nay, how can our history, position, and future, be considered at all, apart from the history, position, and future of the Protestant era itself: that is to say, without a consideration of the mental and ecclesiastical attitude of the nineteenth century? To search out the characteristic ideas, positive and negative, of this epoch, with special reference to the good or evil influence they have exerted upon our own faith and its embodiment,

is what I undertake. And before I conclude the discussion of my theme, I shall hope to justify its title, which is this: —The Suspense of Faith.

Let me preface what I have to say, with a single word more. I am about to speak of *tendencies;* and the most liberal exceptions are to be allowed for, in favor of those who resist them. I am about to enter complaints against what I could spend the whole time in praising, and yet leave the ground of these complaints as solid as ever. Let no one, then, imagine me to be ungrateful to the services, insensible to the merits, or cold to the fellowship of the Unitarian Body, or the Protestant era, because my present business is to examine their defects. If I criticize Unitarianism, it is as a Unitarian; or Protestantism, it is as a Protestant. If I show the wants of our own system, it is not as advocating a return to the systems we have abandoned; if I question the finality of Protestantism, it is not in the interest of Romanism; if I speak in the language of a Churchman, it is not as an Episcopalian, much less as one aiming at the re-establishment of a hierarchy; if I use some tones of despondency, and point to some clouds big with threats, it is not in forgetfulness of the everlasting bow that spans the storm that evokes them. I place this *caveat* at the threshold to avoid the necessity of a fatiguing caution in every step beyond it.

What, then, is the present condition of our Unitarian body? Considered numerically, or with reference to social position and moral influence—considered relatively to its age and opportunities—considered with reference to any obstacles to its spread in public sentiment, or from external quarters, it is impossible not to concede to it a fair

degree of prosperity. There was never less reason for despondency, so far as a rivalry with other religious sects could breed it; never less to fear from the arguments, the exclusiveness, or the reproaches of others. Our ministers, churches, charities, public gatherings, manifestations of all sorts, were never so numerous and so popular as at present.

And yet, spite of increasing numbers and increasing moral vitality, of growing earnestness and activity, of larger acceptance and easier advance, there is an undeniable chill in the missionary zeal, an undeniable apathy in the denominational life of the body; with general prosperity, in short, there is despondency, self-questioning, and anxiety. It is a singular, and, to many, perhaps an unaccountable phenomenon.

What is the explanation of it?

It will be found in a consideration of—

I. The particular,

II. The general,

III. The universal, Reason, of what, in the course of this discussion, will show itself to be a common *suspense of faith.*

I. Is it not largely due, in the first place, and particularly, to the fact, that our missionary and denominational work, through the changed aspects of the theological world—the decay of intolerance, the softening of the current creed of Christendom, and the spread of mild and practical views of religious duty—has lost much of its urgency and point? Is not the work of emancipating the community from bigotry and superstition, so much more rapidly and successfully carried on by political and demo-

cratic life, literature, and the public press, that our vocation in this direction is mostly gone? Doubtless, in the newer parts of the country, there are thousands of small communities, where the polemic instructions of the Unitarian pioneers would be a great blessing still; but before such wants could be met by us, they are so sure to be overtaken by more general influences—the spirit of the country, the age, and the Church,—that we instinctively feel the inexpediency of wasting our energies upon them. The propagandism of Unitarian ideas, is essentially paralyzed by the feeling that they are sowing themselves broadcast, not in the formal, but the essential religious thought of the country and the time; and the indifference to increasing our ministers and our churches, is very much due to the conviction that many ministers and churches, of all names and orders, are now doing our work, if less directly, yet more thoroughly than we could do it ourselves.

I do not wish to take this first position, which lays no claim to originality, without careful discrimination. It is, otherwise, liable to misconstruction, and justly offensive, both to earnest Unitarians, as disparaging the importance of our formal controversy, and to the great orthodox public, as a boastful calumny upon its sincerity and actual self-knowledge. I do not affirm, therefore, that the spirit of the age and the providence of God, are making the world Unitarian, in the sectarian sense of that word, or that an inevitable abandonment of those formulas of the Church against which we have openly protested, is in the near, or even the distant prospect. But I do maintain, that the principles and sentiments, the rights of conscience, the rationality of method, the freedom of inquiry, the practical

views of religion, which we have been contending for under the name and colors of our Unitarian theology, are under other names and colors so rapidly conquering the mind of our American Christendom, that it is no longer felt to be necessary to maintain a stringent denominational organization for their sake; and thus that the original and animating spirit of the denomination is taken away, by the success of the principles for which it stood. On the other hand, while not prepared to claim that the Unitarian movement has caused this general advance, or that its present position indicates the final stand of the Church, I believe that it has providentially led, and historically signalized, a forward movement of the whole Protestant body; and that universal Christendom will heartily own in due time the urgent necessity of the correlative ideas for which we have so boldly stood. I thoroughly believe that the Trinitarian theology of the historic Church, outworn and embarrassing now, was helpful, because relatively true, to the times in which it arose; and that the ideas which lay in the minds of the authors of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds—to emphasize and defend which against the swelling and encroachment of other and mischievous opinions they erected the bulwarks of those mighty affirmations and solemn protests—were essential ideas; but ideas, which, if they add any thing to a devout and scriptural Unitarianism, (which is doubtful,) contradict nothing in it. It was because, in course of time, the heirs of those creeds, ignorant of their origin, or forgetful of their purpose, came to hold them in a way that did contradict the common sense and self-evident principles touching God's sovereignty and Fatherhood, Christ's humanity and subordination, and

Man's uprightness of nature, which Unitarianism has so triumphantly vindicated and re-established, that our mission became imperative.

Mazzini lately refused the programme of the Allies, because the Piedmontese government substituted the unification for the unity of Italy; thus admitting its division under different rulers. We refused and refuted the programme of modern Orthodoxy, because a degenerate Trinitarianism had substituted the unification for the Unity of God. The Church Universal will, in due time, bless us for this service to the common cause.

No view of ecclesiastical history is respectable which allows much place to self-will in the origin of considerable sects and heresies, still less in the grander movements of the Church. There is a providential necessity in the rise, progress, conflict and confluence of all religious bodies. As our Saviour's robe was parted among his enemies, so his truth is divided among his friends. Sects are complemental of each other, and none of them are any thing more than relatively right. To speak of Unitarianism independently of Trinitarianism, conveys no correct, and no valuable ideas; and the purely denominational theology of our body has no worth in the decline of the errors or extravagancies it was born to balance or compensate. It is for this particular reason that we are now experiencing our loss of interest in it, and its consequent languor as a missionary impulse.

II. But, in the second place, to come to the *general* reason. There is a broader view to be taken of the general cause of the pausing posture and self-distrust of our Body. Since we began our career, a fact of decisive influence

upon our destiny has unexpectedly disclosed itself. The underlying principles and sentiments of the Unitarian body have turned out to be the characteristic ideas and tendencies of the religious epoch we live in. Protestantism produced us, not we it. Whatever is good or bad in our spirit and direction, was latent in the Reformation, and is fast becoming patent in the whole product of that world-movement. The peculiar identification of Protestant tendencies with our special theology is partly accidental, partly historical; the tendencies themselves are the great fact. Thus no criticism of Unitarianism is radical which is not also a criticism of Protestantism; nor is it possible to understand our position and prospects, without considering from a high point of view the general drift of Protestantism itself. Our eddy or rapid is to be explained only by a survey of the main current; our drought or freshet only by an examination of the common water-shed. If I say, then, that our pause as a denomination is the pause which Protestantism makes on awakening to the full consciousness of her own tendencies, I shall best express my second and most important idea.

These tendencies have only recently cleared themselves to view, and are not by the boldest faced without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me, then, for the moment, to state in unqualified, and even in offensive terms, what the logical product of Protestantism is.

If, then, with logical desperation, we ultimate the tendencies of Protestantism, and allow even the malice of its

enemies to flash light upon their direction, we may see that the sufficiency of the Scriptures turns out to be the self-sufficiency of man, and the right of private judgment an absolute independence of Bible or Church. No creed but the Scriptures, practically abolishes all Scriptures but those on the human heart; nothing between a man's conscience and his God, vacates the Church; and with the Church, the Holy Ghost, whose function is usurped by private reason; the Church lapses into what are called Religious Institutions; these into Congregationalism, and Congregationalism into Individualism—and the logical end is the abandonment of the Church as an independent institution, the denial of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, and the extinction of worship as a separate interest. There is no pretence that Protestantism, as a body, has reached this, or intends this, or would not honestly and earnestly repudiate it; but that its most logical product is at this point it is not easy to deny. Nay, that these are the *tendencies* of Protestantism, is very apparent.

Let us not be too much alarmed at this statement, assuming it to be true. Tendencies are not always ultimated. They encounter resistance. They meet and yield to other tendencies. The tendencies of an epoch, religious or political, do not decide its whole character. There are forces in humanity stronger than any epochal powers—the permanent wants, the indestructible instincts of our nature. It is safe, and it ought not to be alarming, to see and confess that the tendencies of political and religious speculation and sentiment, in the universal Church of our day, are to the weakening of the external institutions of Christianity, the extinction of the ministry, and the abandonment of any

special interest in religion, as a *separate* interest of man or society. If our Unitarian body understands this better than the inner ranks of Protestantism, it is only because the squadrons behind have pressed it nearer the brink towards which they are unconsciously advancing. With great temporary superiority and advantages, one over another, there is really nothing to choose between the Protestant sects in general direction, and ultimate destinies; logically, and what is more, practically, they are shut up to one conclusion. All alike in this respect, they represent human liberty, self-assertion, and man's power to choose and enthrone his own God. The differences between them are chronological, circumstantial, accidental; the likeness is logical, essential, and absolute. We need not fancy that our peculiar theology is responsible for the latitudinarianism, the negation, the undevotionality, complained of in the Unitarian body. The same qualities belong to all Protestant sects, to the degree in which their culture and opportunities establish positive and logical relations between their principles and their characters. The Unitarian body, not as being more learned or more thoughtful than other Protestant bodies in its leaders and ministry, but as having a laity on the same intellectual level with its leaders, and no dead weight of mere instinct and affection to drag along with it, has carried out and experienced in its denominational life, what no other Protestant sect has yet been sufficiently conscious of itself, and enough under the dominion of its own ideas, fully to experience. We have shown the world the finest fruits and the rankest weeds of the Protestant soil; we have most freely felt and most plainly indicated the main Protestant current; and the criticisms we have suffered from our Protestant brethren

have owed much of their edge, to the anxiety of fellow-passengers, bitterly upbraiding the officers of the ship because they could not resist the force of the stream that set towards the rapids and the precipice. The same sympathy, taking often the form of antipathy, that connects the conservative and historical rank of our own body, with the front-rank of avowed rationalists, connects us all, as the front-rank of Protestantism, with the whole body behind; and we must pardon the severity of its criticism upon us, when we consider that it is an unconscious self-criticism—a parent's blame of the hereditary taint it has communicated to its child.

Let us not deceive ourselves in respect to the tendencies of Protestantism, as such, by crediting it with the resistance which is constantly made to its logical and its spiritual impulses, by the permanent instincts of humanity, or by the still unspent force of past epochs of a diametrically opposed quality. It is not the devout and virtuous class which, in any community or sect, best expresses the animating tendencies of the time and place. Catholic saints do not properly measure and represent the level of Romanism, or its characteristic influence and sentiments, but rather the common people of that Church any and everywhere. And Unitarian saints—of whom, thank God, many as pure and noble as the calendar of any church can produce have shed their fragrance upon us and gone up in clouds of glory—do not exhibit the tendencies of our liberal faith. Nor is it the religious portion of Protestantism that shows the influence of Protestantism. Exceptional and marked piety, is, in all Churches, constitutional; due to the devout nature of its subjects, independent

of the theological opinions or the special era and circumstances with which it is associated. Men and women, pious by nature, are pious as Heathen, Jews, or Christians; as Catholics or Protestants; and it matters little under what religious influences they are brought, or on what times they fall. The religious tendencies of an era are indicated satisfactorily only by the ideas and sentiments that sway the unthinking, unspeculative, unconscious masses. No opinions are efficacious over society at large, which are held as opinions, or voluntarily taken up and inculcated. We inculcate opinions for the benefit of future generations, in which we may hope they will appear as blessed prejudices of the blood. For, as a rule, it is only ideas from which men cannot get away, sentiments that are spontaneous, natural, and constant, that exert any shaping and decisive influence over them. "Opinion," says Milton, "is knowledge in the making;" and until it has passed the stage of intellectual effort and conscious will, it is inoperative to any degree worth considering in a large view of things. If we would know the religious tendencies of our Protestant age (for I deny the existence of any living Catholic Church in an estimate of the world-movements of the time,) we must go outside the Churches, to the vast population, said to be much more than half, perhaps three-quarters, of every considerable community, that goes to Church nowhere; we must notice the deepening hostility of all States to established churches; the disjunction between science and faith, literature and theology; the transference of the faith of the people from the church to the school-house; the popularity of all attacks upon the clergy; the acceptance and elevation of those ministers, understood to be suspected and dis-

countenanced by the rest; the open and extensive sale of infidel books; the growing use of the Sabbath for recreation—not, as abroad, under the smile of the Church, but in direct contempt of its frown; the easy conscience of the people in the profound secularity of their lives—indicating their contentment in a condition of alienation from religious relations and ideas; the frequency of suicide; the increasing laxity of the marriage-bond; the defence of scortatory love—all marked indications of the decay of religious ideas; the peculiar interest attached to preaching in contradistinction to worship, and the necessity of keeping together the church-going class by the extra allurements of gifted speech; the general inculcation of morality on utilitarian grounds; the excellence, as citizens and neighbors, of an avowedly irreligious class; the popular and applauded hostility of the philanthropy of the day to the Churches—the most accomplished orators of the times, being high-toned, virtuous, respected men, and virulent assailants of the religious creeds and customs and institutions of the community; the existence of a vast and governing class in this country, felt in all our elections, and more and more shaping our institutions, with whom not only is the higher law in its refined form unknown, but whom religious considerations of any kind seem to sway not at all; so that an infidel, as such, would not perhaps stand a poor chance as a candidate for the presidency. I do not forget that religious or sectarian prejudices exert a considerable influence in our politics. But when we remember how numerous and powerful the great religious sects in our country are, it becomes still more striking to think how large must be the body of citizens, without *religious prejudices*,

that is, for the masses, without *religious ideas*, when they are the regular reliance of the democratic (which is the logical) party, in all our great elections. I call it, then, an *un*-religious age—I do not say *ir*religious, for that implies active opposition to religion; not a bad, or an immoral, or a discouraging, or a wicked age—better, doubtless, on the whole, and in respect of the general interests of society, than any that has preceded it—but nevertheless characteristically an unreligious age—despite its philanthropy and its throes of sectarian piety, its rights of man, and its self-complacency toward God.

Nor is this all. It is not only an unreligious age, but it is becoming more and more unreligious. For religious institutions and ideas in our day flourish mainly in the strength of their roots in a religious past, a strength which is constantly diminishing. As respect for rank in England, the remnant of an honest aristocratic system ages in power, is the wholesome *vis inertiæ* which prevents the democratic instincts of the age in that country from hurrying precipitately to their inevitable goal, so the genuine religiousness of ages gone by, whose flavor lingers in our blood, is the most vigorous support the worship of this age enjoys. Whatever public nourishment besides, distinctive and essential religion has in our generation, is due to the exceptional devoutness of spirits born out of due time, and to the *esprit de corps* so characteristic of the day—the love of joint action, the fondness for educational, moral and ethical institutions, the emulation of communities with each other, the partisan rivalry of sects, and the fact that under the name of religious institutions, we sustain a vast and valuable system of adult education, in thought, humanity and

manners. Our churches, to a great extent, and constantly more and more so, are lecture-foundations—in which the interest is less and less religious, more and more political, social and ethical. The one thing the people are interested in is life, themselves, each other, and the relation of the inside to the outside—of man to his dwelling, of man to man, of man to himself. To make a religion out of self-respect, right-living, self-culture—to insist that aspiration is worship, that truth is God, that goodness is religion—is the highest ambition of our modern pulpit. I do not say it in blame, nor in scorn; for under the circumstances, it is an honorable ambition, laid upon men by the necessity of justifying their own faith to themselves. *God* is too sacred a word to be lost out of the language; worship too holy a thing not to be held on to on some pretence or other; piety too profound and indestructible an instinct to be abandoned; and therefore the political and social idealism of our age clothes itself in religious phraseology and forms, out of an honest respect for the past, a sincere self delusion, and, what is best of all, under an instinctive or a providential guidance. But to say that the animating and characteristic quality of the American people of the nineteenth century is religion, worship, faith, or that whatever is theological and ecclesiastical in our terms and usages represents a living spirit, and not a revered memory, is more than a just discrimination will allow. On the contrary, the science, philosophy and literature of the day are busily engaged in creating substitutes for religion—and authorizing the continuance of the names and forms and symbols of worship and faith, after asserting, in more or less obvious language, the irrelevancy of the things themselves.

When the Head of an American University, from whom I had the anecdote, inquired of a professor in Berlin, what Humboldt would probably answer, if asked what was his religious faith?—He said, his reply would probably be: "I am of the religion of all men of science."

Doubtless he meant what the lively Frenchman, the excellent Catholic! who has just treated the Roman question, means, when he says in praise of the Bolognese as compared with the Romans, "They know all that we know; they believe all that we believe, and nothing more."

We owe a recognition to the actual and serious faith of science in our day. While Oersted, Whewell and Hugh Miller, and names nearer home, are remembered, we are not likely to forget our respect for the union of science and faith.

Yet the actual weakness of positive faith is visible in nothing so much as in the eager welcome yielded by the professed friends of Christianity to any succor which the science or literature of the day may see fit to bestow, in charity, upon the Church. The times, indeed, are changed, since science and literature were humble suppliants at the Churchgate, asking her permission to set up their conclusions within her palings; and now religion is thankful if geology, scornfully passing by, does not throw her hammer at her head, and literature lampoon her in her own pulpit.

I have been speaking, you will observe, not wholly, yet mainly, of tendencies; and tendencies may be dangerous and extravagant, and yet necessary and providential—a wholesome reaction upon other tendencies still more alarming. There have been perilous tendencies to excess of ritual and positive religion in Oriental regions, in past eras, ending in paralysis of the private will, and deteriora-

tion of humanity. At times, even in the Christian world, there has been too much worship, too constant and formal a reference to God's will to admit of a proper degree of human freedom. You will not understand me, then, as generally questioning the merits of the age we live in, by calling it an unreligious age, or as disparaging Protestantism, as if it had not been, and were not still, until honestly exhausted, a valuable and indispensable movement. And for a psychological reason of the utmost importance, to explain which is the third step in our journey. I have shown, first, the particular, and next, the general historical reason of the pause of faith; I wish now to set forth the still more fundamental or psychological reason of this pause—the *universal* reason.

III. There are two motions of the spirit in relation to God, his Creator and upholder, essential to the very existence of generic or individual Man—a centrifugal and a centripetal motion—the motion that sends man away from God, to learn his freedom, to develope his personal powers and faculties, relieved of the over-awing and predominating presence of his Author; and the motion that draws him back to God, to receive the inspiration, nurture, and endowment, which he has become strong enough to hold. For man, though a creature of faculties, is still more characteristically, a creature of capacities; and his capacities must be developed before they can be filled; his vessel shaped before it can go to the fountain. He must have freedom, before he can yield obedience; he must possess a will, before he can surrender it; affections, trained to love visible objects, before they can love the unseen Source; intellectual and moral independence, to make his loyalty significant, and his

service blessed. Accordingly, the origin and history of the race exhibits the care with which God has hidden himself away from his creatures in the infancy of their existence, lest they should be scorched and shrivelled in the glory of his presence. And yet his whole purpose is to create a race that can live in his conscious society, without losing their individuality and freedom in gaining his inspiration and guidance. The whole vexed question of the tardiness of the great Dispensations, and of the necessity of Revelation itself, is to be solved only in the light of this law, the sistole or disastole, or double motion of our spirits. Man is not made acquainted with God by nature, and God does not come into his earliest stages of existence with distinctness, because spiritual creation must precede spiritual salvation. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man, is the Lord from heaven; the first Adam was created a living soul; the second Adam, a quickening spirit. Man's creation is not complete at his birth, but continues on in his development as an intellectual and moral being; and this development is primarily more important than the use to which his faculties are put; as the life, health, and growth of our children are more important than any thing they can do for us, or any affections they manifest towards us, in their infancy and youth. If we view the history of the race in a comprehensive way, we shall observe that it has been providentially occupied in all its earlier eras with itself, establishing what may be called its self-hood; and that what is termed natural religion—which is only an inverted self-worship, in which man makes his own deity to suit his tastes and feelings, and, of course, does not make him too strong for his own self-will—is then the

only witness of the living God—a witness so meek, as not to interfere with the providential process of setting man up in his own right and liberty. Revealed religion—the only religion that ever has had authority, or which, by the nature of the case, can have power to awe, restrain, and elevate man, or to overcome the congenital bias of his nature—being something outside of, and independent of his personality—has necessarily been subsequent to his creation; confined to special representative races and eras; and has applied itself through the slow form of institutional influences, in order to gain a greater power in the end, because over a more freely and fully developed being, surrendering himself voluntarily to a control which enlarges his true freedom, and accepting a liberty in divine dependence, of which his previous independence has been only a fictitious foreshadowing.

Thus, taking in all history, we may consider the educational orbit of the race, as completing itself under natural and revealed religion, as its centrifugal and centripetal forces; natural religion being, as I have said, in its last analysis, self-worship—and of course intensely favorable to self-assertion, individuality, and self-development, or alienation from God as a necessary preparation for the worship of God in the end—and revealed religion, being the essential condition of emancipation from self and connection with God, as a power outside of and independent of man—or, God coming to possess, and fill, and occupy the soul he has been making for his dwelling.

But within the domain of revealed religion, and in Christendom, the same centrifugal and centripetal forces continue to act; of course under the modifying influences

of revelation. Here, the World represents the centrifugal, the Church, the centripetal force; the world upholding, asserting, and defending Humanity, its freedom, the unimpeded play of its tastes and faculties and desires—favoring the development of the utmost energy, enterprise, and individuality;—the Church steadily denouncing humanity, as depraved, corrupt, unclean, partial, condemned—its freedom, license; its independence, rebellion; its only hope and salvation in and from God. Thus the world, and the Church, notwithstanding, or rather because of this disagreement, has each had truth on its side, and each been performing indispensable duties—one *making* man, and the other *saving* him; one giving him a Being to *be saved*, and the other putting salvation into his being—one making him "a living soul," the other, "a quickening spirit." The world, and that portion of the Church, which has been with the world in this quarrel, has been mainly right in asserting the dignity and rectitude of human nature; the Church mainly right in asserting the destituteness and depravity of human nature—for one looked at man with reference only to his faculties, the other with reference only to his destiny. One looked at him, as a vessel of honor, in the shape originally given it by his creator, finished and perfect; the other as a vessel, empty and waiting for a divine fullness, which should prove its true ennobling. There was nothing inconsistent in these ideas. Both were true—and each did injustice to the other's real meaning, but not to the other's terms—and, greatly as the earnest discussion touching the import and the fitness of the phrases used to convey the ideas of these opposite parties was needed to clear up the real truth, we can afford now to

drop it, if prepared on both sides, to acknowledge the halfness of our antagonistic statements.

And within the Church, as well as within Christendom these two forces have been at work, under the names of Romanism and Protestantism; Romanism representing the centripetal force of Christianity, Protestantism the centrifugal; Romanism standing for external or divine authority, Protestantism for internal liberty and individual freedom; Romanism representing God's condescension to man, Protestantism man's aspiration toward perfection; Romanism leading to worship, Protestantism to work. But there is no doubt that Romanism, merely as a religion, fulfilled its function more perfectly than Protestantism, whose main services have not been to religion, but directly to humanity, and to religion only indirectly. Not that her influences were not vastly, nay, indispensably necessary, even to the ultimate triumphs of faith; but they have not been in the way of bringing man's soul more under the idea or the inspiration and sway of God, but rather of conscience, and intellect, and will—a magnificent development of human faculties and powers—but not, as experience proves, adequate to the religious wants of man; to the peace and rest of the soul, the nurture of the sweet and unselfish affections of the Gospel.

Is it not plain, then, that as Protestants of the Protestants, we are at the apogee of our orbit; that in us the centrifugal epoch of humanity has for this swing of the pendulum at least reached its bound. For one cycle we have come, I think, nearly to the end of our self-directing, self-asserting, self-developing, self-culturing faculties; to the end of our honest interest in this necessary, alternate movement. We

see it to be so well established in Protestantism at large, that it does not need our leadership—that it is sure to do its work and complete its oscillation independently of us. And we are very weary of the toil it has thrown upon us; the speculation, inquiry, and self-sustaining energy we have put forth under its compulsion. Moreover, having enlarged our faculties, we want a use for them; having achieved our freedom, we know not what to do with it; having cultivated our wills, consciences, and intellects to the utmost at present possible, they cry out for objects that they do not find. And this is the painful pause—this the suspended animation, seen and felt throughout Christendom—especially throughout Protestant Christendom—and more particularly throughout our own more Protestantized province of the Church. Why is it that the moment we find ourselves in possession of men, whom genius, character, and scholarship fit to lead us on in our logical career to new victories and the extension of our faith, they almost uniformly become paralyzed by doubts and scruples, and lose their interest in the progress they might assure? It is simply because the small elevation which gives them command of us, reveals to them the absence of any more road, in the direction we have been going. Not brave enough, or quite clear enough, to announce this, they allow themselves to seem smitten with sudden indifference to their former interests, and leave the rank and file to blunder on and find out the truth for themselves. Of later years this has been our almost constant experience as a body. The moment we have given our faith to our leaders, that moment, without changing their allegiance or opinions, they have lost their own faith in themselves and our cause.

Of course this state of things has been attended with other results. Not a few, less conscious of the unrest, weariness, and dissatisfaction of ultra-protestantism, have pronounced the recoil upon it they began to notice, a servile and dangerous retrogradation, and to resist it, have rushed on, reckless of consequences, into a still bolder self-assertion. Like the new war-rocket, which, having expended its first force, lights with its last ember a fresh fuse that propels another projectile far beyond the place where it falls itself, Protestantism, which has exhausted its own orbit, flings off into space its eccentric particles, henceforth to be contented with a geocentric, not a heliocentric revolution. Thus the school of Mill and the secularists abroad, and the Emersonian and transcendental school at home, acknowledge only one true movement in humanity—the egoistic—the self-asserting and self-justifying movement—which is Protestantism broken loose from general history, taken out of its place in the providential plan, and made the whole, instead of the part. Toward this position we have of necessity continually tended, and into this many of our bravest and best spirits have gone to dwell, and all of them have been to visit. And now that the ecclesiastical leaders of ultra-protestantism begin to be anxious to turn their forces, not back, but round and up, we may expect to see literary and secular leaders arise who will have none of their scruples, because little of their experience, and who will press on and inspirit the flagging ranks—that for a time may take new courage in the hearing of fresh and cheery voices, and seem to themselves to have great victories before them in the old field. Science, art, and culture will place themselves in the van, which the Church lately held

but now deserts—and there are not a few who do not quite say, but hint clearly enough to be understood by the wise, that the Church of the future will be the diffusion of a universal intelligence, in which natural laws shall take the place of bibles and prayer-books, and Science and Art be the high and only priests.

If, however, universal history is to be heeded, if the great common instincts of humanity are prophetic, if religion be the earliest and latest, the deepest and the highest interest of man, then we may trust that the sense of want, the yearning for rest, the longing for legitimate authority, the expectation of relief, the general feeling throughout the devouter portion of Protestantism of dissatisfaction with the existing attitude of things, with a secret faith that God or Christ is about to interpose for its relief, indicates the conception—I do not say the birth—of a new religious epoch, to be distinguished as much by faith, as the last has been by doubt—an epoch in which the temple that man has been building and beautifying, shall be occupied by its Lord—in which the passive side of humanity shall enjoy its long neglected rights; and when, instead of seeking God as the solar system is seeking the star *Aries* in the constellation Hercules, He shall seek us, as the shepherd in the parable, leaving the ninety and nine of the flock, sought the lost lamb and folded it in his arms; and in place of self-assertion, self-abnegation and life in God, shall again become the type of human experience.

Even the intimations of the destructive philosophy of the positivists, which ends in a ritual of worship, and the application of the Hamiltonian metaphysics to orthodoxy, which puts the reason of religion as the mean product of

two extremes of absurdity, seem to be lending unwilling testimony to the same yearning for a settled and externalized faith.

Who can believe, or who, intimately acquainted with the inner life of this age, desires to believe, that the nineteenth century, however important in its place, is to be indefinitely continued? Or that the spirit and temper of this inventive, bustling, irreverent, and self-asserting time, is to govern the whole future; a time in which knowingness, curiosity, wit, covetousness, and publicity, external accomplishments, arts, and achievements, have so largely taken the place of the deeper passions and richer experiences of the soul; and in which conjugal love, parental care, filial reverence, domestic quietude, true friendship, spiritual art, poetic imagination, and private peace, seem so lamentably in abeyance. Man's body, tasked by this quick time, is furrowed with the lash, and begs for mercy; his nerves have come to the surface with the unnatural strain; his spirits fagged, or unduly stimulated, send him moping or maudlin to the mad-house, or dig him an early grave. Meanwhile his proud work is to moor the hemispheres side by side with his metallic cable; to decant the oceans with the syphon of his Isthmus canal; or to swallow the continent when he flings toward the Pacific his iron rod. His insolent pleasure is to dance over dread Niagara on the showman's rope, or to hang above it in the slippery clouds, till he dwindles it to a ripple. His architecture, gay with emulative cost, covers cheerless homes; his churches, splendid with sectarian rivalry, shelter unworshipping hearts. His philanthropic assemblies, crowded and frequent, breathe violence and hatred while they advocate the rights of

man, and rebuke the Church in the tones of Mephistopheles. An age, that has to be busy to save itself from knowing its own destitution! to which leisure is a burden and solitude a calamity! What is there that we can desire to see perpetuated in the peculiar spirit—I do not say in the institutions, achievements, or victories—of an age like this? And when this spirit which now animates the highest and most influential classes of society, and produces the self-criticism, the disintegrating individualism, the pride that kills hospitality, and the strain of social emulation which makes elegant fortresses of men's homes; the esoteric want behind the exoteric abundance; when the cold polish, the brilliant surface, the dead enthusiasm of the best and most characteristic products of the nineteenth century, come to strike downwards and to be seen in connexion with the inferior culture, the more vulgar tastes, the coarser grain of the masses, as they surely will, we may then perhaps discover the origin of the alarming symptoms of our national life, its vulgar credulity, and as vulgar infidelity, its denial of so many things that are true, and affirmation of so many things that are false; its unspirituality and spiritism; its no faith in the Old Testament, and interest in the Mormon Bible and the Spiritual Telegraph.*

* "I hear my cotemporaries boast of the enlightened age they live in. I do not find this light. To me it seems that we state our problems somewhat more distinctly than heretofore. I do not find that we solve them. We are very luminous in our doubts. Never, I think, since the world began, was so wide a prospect of lucid perplexity laid open to the speculative mind. We walk our labyrinth in clear day, but we don't get out of it. Society and Religion lie dissected before us. We analyze, detect, repudiate; we rush back and gather up the fragments of what a moment before we had torn in pieces. We embrace again the old form and the old creeds, and we embrace them at the last, perhaps, with as much of despair as of hope."—Thorndale, on *Conflict of Opinions*, page 18.

Nobody acquainted with that portion of the modern literature of all nations which indicates the inward yearnings of our instant humanity, can fail to acknowledge the omnipresence of a dissatisfied, expectant, and thoroughly bewildered, spirit. The cultivated mind of the rising generation, whether in England or America—that of the young men and women who will help largely to form the next age—is not so much aggressive or progressive as in a painful equipoise which forbids healthful motion—melancholic, sad, astray or afloat. What Lamartine says so well of one of his characters, "Il fut né fatigué," may be said of the most intellectual and spiritual portion of our youth of both sexes. The inherited thought of a Protestant epoch of three centuries duration, is born tired, in the meditative mind of our generation. As a necessity of this state of things, the Protestant Church has lost its hold of the two ends of society—the cultivated and the uncultivated end—of the head, because it is under the dominion of paralyzing ideas, which leave faith a fiction and worship a mockery; of the foot, because it is no longer controlled by that authority which a living and satisfied faith can alone put into the wills and into the actions of the governing classes. The infidelity of our age is not commonly an insolent, self-satisfied, flippant criticism of evidences, or a sour and bitter assault upon Christianity, although we still have that. It is, in the cultivated classes—and with frightful frequency there—a silent, thoughtful, sad consciousness that the soul has no faith, and possesses no religion except the religious sentiment, and knows no God and no Saviour—with a tender reserve toward others, a gentle unwillingness to bring into their own condition those in whom faith still has any exist-

ence. And in the uncultivated classes, it is a loss for the time being, in the absorbing interest of life itself, enriched with the emancipated rights and opportunities which this self-asserting epoch has given to the masses—of any sense of a need of religion, with a decay of the affections, instincts, and usages connected with it—a state frightful to consider—not in its immediate, but only in its coming social consequences!

Meanwhile, into the empty crypts and chapels of the human mind have rushed, as by the attraction of a vacuum, the succedaneums and lieutenancies of Worship and Faith. The instructed and thoughtful have attempted to revive the worship of Nature; while demonology and witchcraft have amused the supernatural instincts of the people at large. The microscope and the refracting mirror have become the chief windows of the soul for the educated, whose only spiritual world, it would often seem, now lies in the interstices of the physical laws of the universe; while the people have been bowing down to patent reapers and sewing-machines, the daguerrotype and the stereoscope, trance mediums and homœopathic miracles—and both classes have made hero-worship—whether of a horse-tamer or a chess-conqueror—the unconscious indulgence of their disused and suffering organs of veneration and faith.

It is not strange in a state of things so humiliating, so unsatisfactory, so wearisome for thoughtful spirits as this—so alarming, too, if alarm were not impious as a conclusion, for lovers of their race and their country—that questful inquiries should be made of the past, of philosophy, of experience, of the soul itself, as to the probable issue of this epoch. Nor is it to be at all wondered at, that so many,

by either positive or negative consent, should be now acknowledging a longing for a revival of the ages of Faith. Many, already, of the ablest heads and strongest hearts of the time, not chargeable, certainly, with ignorance of science, history, or philosophy, like Newman abroad, and Brownson at home, have gone boldly and bravely back into the Catholic Church, and with them hundreds of the worshipful, tender, and thoughtful young men and women of Protestant Christendom. Without understanding their necessity or their solace, I confess, for one, I value the costly testimony which such a course has given to the worth of the fundamental idea of Catholicism, in a time when puritanical prejudices and terrestrialism combine to confound the superstitious and accidental usages and customs of the Catholic Church, with its essential idea, and so to blind the Protestant world to its own interest in the other and larger half of its integral history.

Protestantism—for I will not say, the Protestant Church—stands, and nobly stands, for human rights—for man as against rulers, kings, institutions, ignorance, want, vice, sloth; stands for morality—which is good usage and wise custom, for citizenship, individuality, faculty, will and knowledge. The Catholic Church stood for revelation, for God condescending, for super-naturalism, for bread from heaven, for the authority, the support, and the benediction of living and divine persons, outside of humanity and above it. As such, independently of its historical identification with Christianity, Romanism had a sacred and indefeasible right in the history of humanity. It represented God coming to man—as Protestantism represents man coming to himself—and then, perchance,

and perchance not, going to the Father who comes to meet him. The Church, in every heathen age, has been some rude but potent organization of the idea of God brooding over and descending upon his children; the natural priesthood of the world, having been the spirits, in whom, however crudely, the sense of God overpowered the sense of themselves. What the natural religions of the world thus preluded and typified, the positive religions of history have distinctly articulated and fulfilled. The Christian Church, in its earlier ages, did not embody, nor did it most need to embody, the morality of Christ; for at our time of day, morality is the necessary product of knowledge, which in emancipating the individual, and all individuals, gradually makes order, decency—in short, morality, the only possible condition under which human beings can live together—which is a sufficient account of the tang of worldliness and inadequacy which disflavors the phrase Morality. Morality, though a slow growth, is a sure one, and follows in the wake of education and freedom—matching precisely the political and civil condition of every community.

But the Christian Church, embodied and represented what is no growth of civilization, and what is independent of ages and grades of culture—the doctrine and presence of the Holy Ghost—the descent of God into the world, the gift of himself to his children as the *pleroma* —the only fullness for the infinite emptiness of the human soul. It represented, in short, what alone is entitled to be called religion—the bond and contract between God and man—in which the superior party is God fulfilling his promise, not man observing his obligation. In natures,

whose constitutional individuality had been sufficiently secured by a high organization, or by propitious circumstances, the Catholic Church, by the supply of the Holy Spirit which it furnished, and the lively faith it communicated, worked those miracles of saintly character, artistic beauty, and divine poetry, which include, as their after-birth, even the great ornaments of the age immediately succeeding the Reformation. But it is equally true, that the masses, though immensely and benignantly supported, emancipated and elevated by the earlier ages of the Church, were in the deepest need of the centrifugal movement, which we call Protestantism, when it came—or, rather, when their want of it produced the reaction which was its final cause. For the Church had absorbed the world; the divine had overflowed the shallow channel of humanity, and it needed to be deepened even at the expense of becoming temporarily dry, that it might hold larger measures from the river of God.

The particular, the general, the universal reason for the suspense of faith, we have now successively set forth. It remains only, in conclusion, to look at the form in which we may hope that faith will rally and go on. And this brings us face to face, at last, with what we have been secretly envisaging all the time, the Church question, which is the real question of the earnest, religious thought of the time, and agitates itself and us, under all sorts of disguises. Many, indeed, are striving with all their might, to prove that there is no such question; that we have got by it; that it is treason to the nineteenth century, to human-

ity, and to the future, to allow any reality in it; that only priest-craft and quackery give it a seeming importance for their own ends; that the world is going on well enough upon its present tack, and wants only more of what it has already got so much. But these encouraging skeptics cry Peace, peace, when there is no peace. The Church question is a real question in all Protestant countries—most so in Germany, in England, in America;—and it must be met and discussed with a courage which it does not yet find outside of the innermost circles of confidential scholarship, and the private communion of hungering hearts.

Who does not see that the fatal misgiving at the bottom of the mind of Protestantism is this—Have the external institutions of religion any authority but expediency? do they stand for and represent any thing but one portion of the human race educating another portion of the human race, which, in the last analysis, is self-culture? And if they stand only for self-culture, on what other basis do they stand than schools and colleges? None whatever, the logical mind will answer, except that they are *religious* schools and colleges. Make your ordinary schools and colleges, your family education, *religious*, and you may dispense with the Church, which has no basis but expediency, and is founded wholly in man's wit. Accordingly, it is a very common and spreading feeling, that our religious institutions are approaching their natural term of existence. I know, by personal conference with some of the most living minds of Italy and Germany, that *patriotism* is fast getting to be the only religion of the upper classes, and while their ritual is music and revolution, their immortality is to die for fatherland. And why not, if religion means only human development

and self-perfection? What furnishes these, is the highest interest of society and man; and if the school does it better than the Church, the school ought to, and will, supersede the Church, as, indeed, it already occasionally has done in what are thought to be very advanced neighborhoods of this country. But the Protestant of a less uncompromising kind, may reply, You overlook the fact that Christianity is a positive revelation of truth and duty, and that the Church, having to embody this revelation, has an excuse and a reason, nay, a necessity for existing. But suppose he is asked, Has not this revelation emptied its contents into human reason, into history and civilization, until the Gospel of Christ is so mixed with the moral and spiritual life of society, that philosophy and practical wisdom, nay, that Society itself, is wiser than the Church? What special or exclusive custody of the Gospel given to the world has the Church? and if we have the Gospel, what want we of the Church? I know no answer to this question, if the Gospel mean only or chiefly what it now passes for with most noble spirits, a mere revelation of truth. It is more. It is a gift of life, or communication of power, which is continuous, its force and virtue always residing in its living fountain, making the Church, through which it is given, not a mere reservoir that may be emptied, but a permanent conduit, or channel, through which flows down the eternal river of God. But is the Church, in fact, such a channel, supposing even that the fountain be alive and flowing, that God be really immanent, communicating a force not merely *in* but *to* our souls through His Gospel and by His Son? Is not society itself now, in its total organization, the vehicle through which the consciousness of God, opened by Christ,

reveals itself to, and nourishes and makes divine, the life and heart of man? In short, is not that invisible Church, which, without noise of hammer or saw, secretly builds itself up in the spiritual life of humanity, far more real, life-giving, and sustaining, than the visible Church, which the extant religious institutions of Christendom claim to be? The query is plausible, and is proposed by noble men among us. But has it only an affirmative answer? Far be it from me to deny that the Holy Spirit, to an extent seldom appreciated, that God himself, to a degree infinitely beyond any ordinary or possible recognition, that Christ, in these latter ages, in an immeasurable sum, is the secret life of humanity. Were there not a vast deal more of God, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost in the world than the world knows of, or thinks for, we should go to ruin swiftly indeed. But I am persuaded that we have, as social and terrestrial beings living in definite historical relations, a great deal more of obligation to the visible than to the invisible Church. The invisible Church takes due care of itself and of us; the visible Church is committed to our hands. I do not say that the visible is as important as the invisible, or as great in its influence, but only that it is our charge, because, of the two, it alone is within our voluntary reach. Moreover, I am convinced, that, in accordance with the whole analogies of Providence, every radically important relationship of humanity is, and must be, embodied in an external institution; the relation of the exclusive affections in the family, the social relations in society, the political in the state, the religious in the Church.

I am well enough aware that the εκκλεσια of the Scriptures is the collection or congregation of the κλητοι, the

called. But it is only an illustration of the common rule governing our humanity in all things, that the collection or calling together of human beings in any one of their radical relationships, or about any one of their essential needs or aspirations, develops at once something which none of the individual parties could have predicted or anticipated, or in himself possessed—a pre-ordained consequent of relationship—a "*tertium quid*," which is very different from any of the elements of which it is composed. Thus Man is a domestic, a social, a political, an ecclesiastical being; but it is absurd to say that any individual man is this, each one of these things, the family, society, the State, the Church, being impossible to an isolated being, and even inconceivable until it has been experienced as the fruit of a community of life. There is a Church in humanity, as there is a family state, a social state, and a political state—a Church which has always been developed, and has been the principal source of the religious life of humanity. Christianity takes advantage of a previously existent institution, which was not simply Jewish, but human, when she pours her life through the Church. This is the reason why Christ established *his* Church, but not *the* Church; and why so little of the thought and inspiration of our Lord is used to re-construct an institution already organized, through which his spirit was to flow; but that spirit was no less shut up in an institution and an organization than is the family, differing by various shades and usages as that does, but always tending to its pure and holy type of strict monogamy; or than the State is, or than society is.

Would that I could develop here, at a time so forgetful

and reckless of the dependence of society on organization, the *doctrine of institutions*, the only instruments, except literature and the blood, by which the riches of ages, the experience and wisdom of humanity, are handed down; institutions the only constant and adequate teachers of the masses, and which are to the average mind all that honor, conscience and intellect are to exceptional men and women. But I forbear.

Christianity, nothing until an institution, seized the Church as the pre-established channel and organ of her influence and transmission, the conduit of her living water, the vehicle of her Holy Spirit; she put her own external marks upon it, as well as her own interior life into it, and has at length made *the* Church to mean HER Church, as THE Bible has come to mean her sacred books. All sacred books predicted the Bible, which has summed them up, and dismissed them from duty; and the Church in the wilderness predicted the Church in Christian civilization which should publish the eternal Word. Thus the Church is neither new nor old, neither fixed nor transitional; it is simply living, and, therefore, like the family and the State, is costumed and uncostumed, is cold, is warm, is recognized, is unrecognized, is Roman, Greek, English, American, but always the Church, the organic, external vehicle of God's Word and the Holy Spirit to aggregate or congregate humanity. The individual can join the Church only in his capacity of a member of the human race. It is his humanity, or oneness with and dependence upon his race, that makes him eligible to Church membership, as it is his relationship to his kind that alone makes the bond of the

family, of society, or of the State, and existence in them, possible to him.

The common consciousness of God, which is the Gospel, none partake who wilfully cut themselves off from the body of Christ. It is therefore a fact (and anybody may see it who reads the recent letter to his congregation of the gifted heresiarch of this neighborhood, the ultimator of Protestant negations) that hostility to the Church is fatal to the memory of the spirit of Christ once possessed, much more to the attainment of it; that the unction of the Holy one is lost even by those unconscious of their misfortune, in this only possible form of *concision*.

In his individual capacity as an inorganic, unrelated, independent being, a man has not, and cannot have, the affections, internal experiences and dispositions, or the powers and blessings, which he can and may, and will receive in his corporate capacity—in either or any of the great departments of his Humanity, the family, the state, the Church. Nor is there any complete and satisfactory, perhaps no real way, to come into this corporate capacity, except through a publicly recognized and legitimate organization, whether domestic, political or religious. "The powers that be are ordained of God";—the laws governing the family order, are, in each country for the time, divinely empowered, to shield what society did not make and cannot unmake; and the Historical Church for the time being, and the place in which it organizes the Word of God, and institutes the channel of divine grace, is a divine institution, connection with which, is the normal, not the only, condition of salvation. I am not to be driven from this ground by arguments drawn from the number and variety of churches,

or the profitless character of many of them, or their often imperfect and miserable administration; any more than the unhappy marriages, or the wretched laws applicable to them, should drive me from my reverence for the family, as a divine institution and order. I recognize the fact that in all Christian countries the main channel of the religious life of the people is an external organization. I know that the whole Gospel cannot be taught to individuals as individuals. I believe that the Holy Spirit communicates with Humanity, and not with private persons. God speaks to men, individual men, through their consciences; but the Holy Spirit is God coming into the world through his Word, a living word, but still a word, a spoken, taught, published word, which is neither communicated to individuals, nor from individuals, but from the Church to Humanity. This doctrine does not deny open relations between individual men and their Maker; does not deny spiritual influences to private souls; but it denies that the Holy Ghost is to be confounded with these private whispers, or that the religious life of the world is mainly due to these independent and inorganic suggestions.

"No prophecy is of any private interpretation." That view of Christianity which makes it the magnificent outbirth of a great private individual, the Galilean peasant, saint, philosopher, and seer; or of the Gospel which makes it a business between one private man, namely, one's-self, and another private man, Jesus Christ; or of religion which, leaving out the bond which is the Church, makes it a matter between a man and his God; or of the Church which establishes it fundamentally in the personal experience and worth of every good man, is a view false to the constitution

of humanity, the conditions of man's historic existence and development, a profound psychological, or a wide practical analysis—false to the wants, experiences, instincts, and imaginations of men. It is the cause and consequence, the consequence and cause, of the disintegrating ideas and usages which are now creating the injurious and unsatisfactory aspects of our Christian civilization—and as such, I have now, in conscious infirmity, and with an appalling sense of crudity and blindness, excusable only because the age is crude and groping, attempted to set forth the principal grounds of it.

What, then, have we to do, waiting on God's help, to reanimate the Church, but heartily to recognize the existing religious institutions of Christendom as the chosen channel through which the divine Word is seeking to descend into Humanity and the world? Do you ask whether, upon the theory that the Church contains the power of God, and is a channel of influences independent of human will, we have any ability to increase or diminish its contribution? or whether our recognition of its presence and working can touch its efficacy? I reply, that whatever else we know not, we may safely assume to know this, that no view of God's agency, or Christ's, or the Holy Ghost's, which sets aside human responsibility, or ignores human will, or makes the action of any of them independent of the mental, moral, and spiritual organization of humanity, which they are aiming to bless and save, can be a sound or true view. You might as well attempt to disconnect the freedom of the arm that moves the organ barrel from the previously arranged teeth, and springs, and pipes of the organ itself, or the freedom of the stream from the configuration of the banks that make the

river, as disconnect man's freedom and responsibility from God's freedom and help. A revelation comes only to a being made to receive and capable of receiving revelations; the Holy Ghost comes only to a being made to receive and capable of receiving the Holy Ghost; the Church exists, and is designed for a being fitted to receive spiritual life and salvation through a Church, and his fitness lies in his having faculties and powers corresponding to, not in any degree identical with, the faculties and powers of the Being who makes revelations, sends the Holy Spirit, and animates the Church. The seed has relations to the sun, and it must germinate in the dark, and press up to the surface, before it can receive the direct beams of its God. There are faculties in man that must lay hold on God, as there are powers in God that will lay hold on man; the initiation is to be taken now by one, now by the other—but any theory of the Church, or of the Holy Spirit, which violates, paralyzes, or in any way disparages the activity and responsibility of man's own will in seeking God, is false to human nature and to God.

Meanwhile, the Church, as a divine and specific institution, having the stewardship of the Holy Ghost and the dispensation of the Word of God, is to be maintained and upheld in its external form as a separate and distinct, a precious and indispensable interest of humanity. All the tendencies to merge it in other interests and organizations, to break down the barriers that define its sphere, to extinguish the lineaments of its supernatural origin and superhuman functions, to secularize (I do not say to liberalize) its sacred day, to empty its rites and forms of mystic significance, to rationalize its teachings, are to be resisted. The

Church is to be content with its *religious* function and office. It is not the source and vehicle of the general culture of society; it is not the guide and critic of science, and art, and social progress. These precious interests have other protectors and inspirers. Let science and philosophy, the schools and the journals, the critics and the social reformers, fulfil their own high and important tasks. The Church would be blind to her own interests, not to rejoice in, and to bless their exertions, and to pray for their success. But she has her own peculiar and precious work to do, her own sacred department to fill, which cannot be administered with the highest success in commixture or in partnership with other important offices. States of society may arise in which all institutions, organizations, and offices are temporarily confounded, compelled to interchange functions and functionaries;—as, in a fire, or a shipwreck, or a wilderness, age, sex, grade, decorum, order, and usage, are necessarily and usefully forgotten and superseded. But as nobody can desire to return to that semi-barbaric condition in which our American pioneers lived, when one and the same room served as hall, kitchen, parlor, and bed-chamber for the household and its guests—although, no doubt, that compact and versatile style of housekeeping had its charm and its disciplinary influences—so we are not wise nor considerate of the laws and wants of our nature, when we seek to level its great partitions, and to confound the professions and institutions auxiliary to them. It was a great convenience in our early New England life to have what was called a meeting-house, to serve as church, town-hall, concert-room, and exchange, in which, perhaps, a fire-engine shed stood at one corner, a gun-room at another, and a hearse-house at

a third; and it may have been economical, at a later era, to occupy the cellars of our city churches for storage of spirits and molasses; but nobody who has considered the law of association can regard such a state of things as one to be cherished, however it might be tolerated.

That alleged superiority to prejudices which would dance in a church, or worship in a theatre, play cards on a Sunday, or end the ball with a benediction, preach and pray in the striped costume of a harlequin, or invite a promiscuous company in the midst of jollity to unite in prayer—is a coarse trampling upon the delicate perceptions of fitness, a rude obliteration of the nicer distinctions of human feeling—which, if carried out, would end in barbarizing humanity. The author of "The Roman Question" wittily complains of the Pontifical rule, that under it "one sole, identical caste possesses the right of administering both sacraments and provinces, of confirming little boys and the judgments of the lower courts, of despatching parting souls and captain's commissions." The transcendental philosophy which generalizes away all diverse concretes into monotonous abstractions, and delights in making the secular and the sacred, the right and the wrong, the grave and the gay, the male and the female, the world and the church, the human and the divine, the natural and the supernatural, one and the same, pursues the exact reverse of the order of creation, which is a steady multiplication of distinctions, a growth of diversity, an ascent from roots into branches, twigs, flowers, and fruits. The alleged simplification of our modern medico-philosophic theology, is a simplicity like that which might unite and condense family life, by dismissing the servants and burying the children.

Let the Church feel that it has a sphere quite as important as it can fill, in maintaining the worshipful and God-fearing affections—in supplying the purely religious wants of the people. I would have it undertake less, in order to do more; it would exert a larger influence in the end by confining its work to the illumination of the spiritual interior, the communication of the Holy Ghost.

If we imagine this to be a short, a vague, a monotonous work, it is only because we have not considered that the communication of the contents of revelation, the supply of the Holy Spirit, and the publishing of the Word, the conversion, regeneration, and sanctifying of the souls of men, involves the perpetual reproduction of Christ's life, precepts, history, and spirit. I know how degenerate a sense of Christianity, the so-called advanced feeling about the Gospel is. The words of the Bible pass for the Word of God, which that Bible is; the words of Jesus, for Jesus himself, the Word that came down from heaven. But God's Word is God's power, God's wisdom, God's love made known in the great language of natural and supernatural events. God talks in creation, in history, in revalation. Nations are his alphabet, epochs his syllables, humanity his discourse. The Bible is God's Word, because it is the record of his dealings with nations and ages —the religious and priestly nations and ages. More especially, and in the most pregnant and peculiar sense, Christ is the Word of God; not what he said, but what he was and did and suffered, and thus showed and taught; and his words and promises and precepts are only part and parcel of his life and death, his resurrection, and perpetual epiphany in the Church. Christ must be formed in

us, the hope of glory. God speaks peculiarly and savingly to every soul in whom he makes Christ live. And the work of the Church is so to speak to the world in the orotund of great historic incidents; so to preach by emphasizing the commemorative days, and illuminating the holy symbols—and pausing on the successive events which made the doctrines of Christianity—as gradually to thunder into the deaf ear of humanity the saving lesson of the Gospel.

No lecture-room can do this; no preaching-man can do this; no thin, ghostly individualism or meagre congregationalism can do this. It calls for the organic, instituted, ritualized, impersonal, steady, patient work of the Church—which, taking infancy into its arms, shall baptize it, not as a family custom, but a Church sacrament; which shall speak to the growing children by imaginative symbols and holy festivals—and not merely by Sunday-school lessons and strawberry-feasts; which shall confirm them and take them into the more immediate bosom of the Church as they attain adult years, and are about to step beyond the threshold of domestic life; which shall make both marriage and burial, rites of the immediate altar—and give back to the communion-service the mystic sanctity which two centuries has been successfully striving to dispel, without gaining by this rationality any thing except the prospect of its extinction. A new Catholic Church—a Church in which the needed but painful experience of Protestantism shall have taught us how to maintain a dignified, symbolic, and mystic church-organization without the aid of the State, or the authority of the Pope—their support being now supplied by the clamorous wants of our starved

imaginations and suppressed devotional instincts—this is the demand of the weary, unchurched humanity of our era. How to remove the various obstacles, how to inaugurate the various steps to it—is probably more than any man's wisdom is adequate to direct just now. But to articulate, or even to try to articulate the dumb wants of the religious times, is at least one step to it. It is a cry for help, which God will hear, and will answer by some new word from the Holy Ghost, when humanity is able and willing to bear it.

A SEQUEL

TO

"THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH."

BY

HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.,

MINISTER TO THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

ADDRESSED TO HIS OWN CONGREGATION, SUNDAY, SEPT. 25TH, 1859, ON THE REOPENING OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, AFTER THE SUMMER VACATION.

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DISCOURSE.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—II. Timothy, ii., 15.

Let us congratulate each other, Christian brethren, upon our reunion after many weeks of separation, and on the reopening of our Christian sanctuary! It is good to be here, to be together, and to look into each other's faces, and upon the comeliness of our religious home. I see what is new, and beautiful to behold in our temple—the extended accommodation of its too narrow dimensions to our increasing wants, and to our desire to exercise a hospitality hitherto denied to us. And I congratulate you on the complete and unlooked-for success which has followed the devoted zeal and admirable skill of our committee in effecting this addition, which, as a lover of architectural beauty, I had dreaded, but now must unite with all in praising. I see other and better additions than this among you, through the safe return of long ab-

sent parishioners and friends. But I see also the vacant place of departed age and worth—long vacant by infirmity, now vacant by what terminates infirmity, and brings youth and heaven! Peace to the honored ashes of the venerable saint! and peace to the hearts that have bled either from parental bereavement, or for the sharper, shorter sorrow of sweet infancy, torn from their still bleeding bosoms!

It would best match my own feelings to-day, to spend this hour in treating some strictly devotional theme; but I feel it to be a more imperative duty, on meeting you for the first time after so much public questioning, at once to lay bare my heart in regard to a matter in which I could not compromise myself without compromising you. I propose, then, on the present occasion, to meet directly and frankly what I presume to be your expectation and desire, and to attempt an explanation of whatever may have seemed to you extraordinary, either in the essence or form of my recent Address at Cambridge.

I must beg your indulgence for the unavoidable egotism, in which what could only be made intelligible when offered in some degree as a personal explanation must involve me; and also for the very unusual length of this discourse, which I warn you will try your patience and tax your attention—although I hope not without partially rewarding both.

I begin with saying that I have no apologies to offer

for my late discourse. It was not the fruit of haste or moodiness, and is not a subject of repentance. It was a deliberate performance, and expressed the results of some years of patient observation and study. Whatever crudity or incompleteness marked it, was due to the limitations of the writer's experience and powers. Nor indeed was there any chance of becoming clearer and wiser, except through the very discussion the address might succeed in arousing. Happy he who is able to call all men to his help in a moment of spiritual perplexity! to whom so many theologians, reviews, newspapers, and, best of all, private correspondents, are willing to lend aid, comfort, and direction, or even warning, reproof, and condemnation! Those who seek to interpret the wants of their own age by a more thorough sympathy, or the thoughts of their time by a clearer vision, are specially dependent for inspiration and guidance on the responses they command from all grades of thought and all orders of experience, in the generation for which they labor. To speak distinctly in the end, what other men's souls are painfully seeking to utter, is the reward of those only who are willing at first to stammer in the presence of their great audience, taking its jibes and sneers into their hearts, as Demosthenes took the pebbles into his mouth, to clear an imperfect articulation. And, after all, what could so bind a man to humanity, expand his sympathies, illuminate his understanding, and soften his affections, as the discovery that words of his could excite

a painful and reproving—how much more a grateful and sympathetic interest in the country at large—in ranks and classes, sects and schools, from which he had never flattered himself with the power of striking out a spark of either positive or negative electricity!

The audience I address represents—

I. The Independent Congregation and Church over which I am set as minister.

II. The Unitarian Denomination.

III. The Protestant world.

IV. The Nineteenth Century and this New Country.

I shall speak to you, in turn, in these four representative characters. I hold myself responsible to each of these bodies for my public opinions or conduct. I acknowledge their right to call me to account for any thing said or done in my relations with them. This I know is a time when notions of freedom prevail fatal to all accountability except to God and one's own conscience. Noble or pious as it may sound, such freedom is to my mind unreal and uncivilizing, and is due to the very individualism, or tendency to break society up into its elementary particles, against which my late demonstration was made. I claim no such unchartered liberty. I willingly and gratefully hold myself responsible not only to God and conscience, but also to God's delegates and representatives in this world—the powers that be—the government, the church, the social order, and to the

open contracts or tacit agreements into which I have entered, as a citizen, a protestant, a Unitarian, and a congregationalist. The right of protest and the right of revolution are indeed always reserved by freemen; but secret conspiracy, private treachery, insidious undermining, or reckless revolt, whether in respect of the written or unwritten contracts binding on the citizen, the Christian, and the protestant, I hold among the least pardonable offences against humanity and civilization. Precipitate and careless speech, sudden and ill-calculated conduct, disrespect of a settled public sentiment, and assaults on things which, however capable of amendment, are not ripe for change, are among the most mischievous offences open to public men; and they are things which are unhappily sheltered by the superficial maxims which in our day confound license with liberty of speech, and recklessness of opinion with independence of thought. It is a great misfortune to truth, when people speak without responsibility, and are heard without question. It puts thinkers and babblers upon the same level; multiplies books and speech, without purifying literature or increasing wisdom; and exposes those not afraid of censure, but only of failure to communicate their ideas, to the fate of those who, having no burden of thought to convey, think themselves happy if they can only escape criticism.

Law-abiding citizens find no terror in the strictest police, and honest and earnest thinkers ask no immunity

from any of their obligations. They desire to be held to the severest account by every tribunal to which they are amenable. I claim a trial on every charge that is either secretly or openly made against my allegiance to any of my tacit or written contracts with this Church, with the Unitarian body, with Protestantism, or with the spirit and prospects of the nineteenth century.

I. I address you in the first place as the Independent Congregation and Church over which I am set as minister. It has been asserted, and perhaps feared, on the strength of my recent address, that I had private purposes or a secret design of changing the forms of worship not to say the radical usages and customs of this congregation; that having furtively changed my own religious views and sympathies, I was going to smuggle upon it a creed and a ritual—a creed of the popular sort, a ritual of the Romish kind. I do not imagine that any one within our own ranks has adopted the wild and absurd notion, that any change unwelcome or unsought by you would be carried by a *coup d'état* in the very face of your wishes; but I can believe that some, remembering the unexampled indulgence and affectionate docility of the congregation, may have feared that entertaining new or positive opinions in favor of more order and form both in the faith and worship of the Church, the influence of your minister openly exerted, might prevail to accomplish such changes as would realize the fears of these objectors. Permit me then to

say, that I hold myself just as amenable to you for the exertion of an unfair and oppressive influence, as for any more direct and tangible seizure of power; that I should despise myself as much for coaxing or cozening you into a policy contrary to your real desires, as for plotting against your legal rights. Indeed, it is humiliating to impute such weakness to an intelligent congregation, as a revolution carried by the Pulpit against the pews in a matter so radical as a form of faith and worship. You perfectly well know that not a particle of authority lies in your minister to change your form of worship; and I think you know that any assumption of authority on his part would be properly resisted. If it were not so, it would be because you were false to your duty. I regret that so much laxity and informality exists in respect of Church affairs in the internal order of our liberal Churches, as to make the fear of too decisive an influence on the part of the minister not wholly unreasonable. This is, perhaps, a proper time to warn you of the dangers of such a state of things, and even to put you on your guard against any possible assault upon your liberties from one who has so long enjoyed unlimited freedom of thought and action among you.

But, Brethren, I solemnly declare to you, that if to-day despotic powers were in my hands, or a full and affectionate request from you to prepare a creed and a liturgy for this congregation, I would not do it, for I could not do it. Already, for more than three years, a

committee on a liturgy and proposed changes of worship in this Church has been in existence, by your appointment ; already, as long as five years ago, I published a series of articles in the Christian Inquirer, on the need of a liturgy ; already, a number of meetings have been held by the pastors of our Unitarian churches to discuss and prepare a liturgy to be offered to the choice of our respective congregations. Why have all these movements paused, and produced nothing? Simply, because, seriously feeling a want ourselves, we have not distinctly known how to supply it ; and further, because carefully feeling the pulses of our people—the only source of congregational authority—we have discovered but a partial recognition of this want among them. My own opinion is, that an important change in statement of creed and in form of worship is in store for the next generation. But just what it will be in respect of the external ritual I cannot tell, and I am not disposed to guess, much less to forestall it. Every thing in Protestantism indicates the necessity of accommodating its worship to the mingled and complex civilization to which it is to minister, if the Church is to retain its power as an institution and a great influence. But I doubt not that the worship of the next age will grow out of wants, which must be far more publicly and popularly felt than they are now, before they will reciprocate the creative force of God's Spirit and Providence, in the conception of a new, yet not a violent or revolutionary movement,

in the ritual of Christendom. That Christendom will revive the mummeries and mockeries which, through lapse of time and change of circumstances, the once expressive and serviceable rites and usages of the Romish Church have now become to us—though I suppose not to her own children—is an hypothesis too absurd for contradiction. That the admirable Church Service which for so many generations, with its happy amendments and adaptations to a Protestant country, has served the English Church, and still serves a large communion in this country, will be universalized in a land so unepiscopal as America, is not, I think, at all probable. That the Episcopal Church in this country, by virtue of its more perfect organization, its excellent Liturgy, and its catholic spirit, spreads and flourishes, I rejoice to recognize. I think it (as I have before said to you) the most respectable church organization in Protestant Christendom, and the best entitled to imitation and adoption, if any model is to prevail. But I do not believe the religious faith and spirit of this country will be contented with mere imitation or copying, or that the Catholic and Episcopal communions are any thing more than eminently respectable and useful forerunners—each a fair and lawful *locum-tenens*—of the external Church waited for by the heart and mind and imagination of this new and fresh age. The new worship will organize itself from the new developments of Christianity; will be the external form of a higher internal appreciation and feeling

of the Christian religion. It will match the heart and conscience and intellect and taste, of a new people in a new time; but it will also modulate a theme as old as the Gospel; and retain in its new arrangement and fresh organization every symbol, strain and idea, precious at any time to the consciousness of Christendom or the Church. The Church is now unhappily divided between those who would revive the old, and those who would originate the new—those who would bring back the past, and those who would borrow the future. But there is not yet a living man among the few precious souls that love progress and new truth, but nevertheless cherish the sacred and blessed purpose of preserving the continuity of Christian history, who can give us an intelligible hint how the permanent and immortal dogmas, symbols and sentiments of the Church Universal, are to be re-embodied in a creed and ritual which shall have all the freshness of an original creation, all the freedom of an inspiration, and still bear every holy mark and feature of antiquity, carrying the authority of age and custom and universality behind the charms of youth, liberty and newness. This is the glorious vision that haunts my soul, one only among a thousand, entranced with its divine beauty. Beside this solid and solemn shape, seen yet only in Hope—how the painted gewgaws and theatrical properties ascribed to me by triflers, fly to the rag-bags from which they have been borrowed! God knows I have no more faith in manu-

factured forms and wilful revivals of deceased usages in the Church, than the sternest Puritan in this presence. But I believe heartily, thoroughly, and forever, in the subserviency of all man's tastes, powers, and faculties, to the worship of God. I believe wholly and devoutly in the permanency of Christianity, and in the coexistence of the Church with the civilization which is its child, and is now half ready to be its parricide; and I expect confidently, absolutely, that memory and hope, history and progress, gratitude and longing, institutions and a free spirit—imagination, conscience, reason, affection —will all unite again, as they have formerly united, in building up the waste places of Zion, in clothing in beautiful garments the faith and worship of Christendom, now shivering with nakedness, and in bringing back the intellect, aspiration, and artistic genius of the world, now divorced and languishing with home sickness, to the fountain and shelter whence they drew their ancient inspiration, and even the strength that has supported them in exile.

This is that new catholic, or universal Church, which I predict, without the mad folly of offering to inaugurate it. This is the extent of my Romanism, and of my infidelity to you; the extent of my plan and conspiracy to change your worship. Do I infringe your rights, or tread within your domain, or out of my own, in entertaining these hopes, or in expressing them? or is there any thing in these views, or in the utterance I have given

them, from which more than this can be wrested? It is, perhaps, unfortunate, that the concluding portion of my Address, in which reference is made to a ritual, should have been so coincident with the actual usages of the Episcopal Church, as to be mistaken either for ignorance of the existence of that Church, or else of a desire to create another like it; but that was due simply to the fact, that in the absence of any knowledge of what the new ritual was to be, I too easily allowed myself an unintentional description of the best that now exists—without thinking to adopt, or even to recommend it for our own use, however admirable for those having other antecedents. Had I anticipated the interest I was going to awaken, I should have matured what, however, was only incidental, or by way of appendix, in that the most intelligible, and therefore the most observed upon, although the least vital or thoughtful portion of my late discourse.

II. I address you next, as representing "The Unitarian Denomination." I am amenable not only to you, but to the Unitarian body, for any opinions or expressions, which may have seemed to compromise its dignity and importance in the eyes of Protestant or universal Christendom. It has been alleged by ill-wishers, that I have wounded Unitarianism, announced its decease, and spoken at its funeral. That, indeed, would have been a strange work for one who, for twenty years, in the midst of reproaches, suspicions, and misapprehensions, had

borne aloft its banner in the thick of its most various and powerful assailants! Who less likely than one whom Unitarianism has reared and strengthened and honored, and who blesses God every day for its light and inspiration, one whose life has been consecrated to the diffusion of its principles and sentiments, and who is identified with its good name, to prove a traitor to its cause, and a surrenderer of its fortresses? No; my error, if any, has been the contrary one, of too great a fondness for our cause; too large an estimate of its progress; too bold a reliance on its victories. I have spoken of our views as triumphant; of our mission as successful beyond the largest hopes of its first laborers. I have dared to challenge in its behalf the attention, and to appeal in its favor to the consciousness, of all intelligent Christians, of every name and sect. I have demanded for it the recognition of Christendom, as a real and universal force in the life of the age. I have joined those who seek to lift it out of a mere denominational and local importance, into a national and even a world wide consequence; to disentangle it from merely textual, or personal, or temporary disputations, and connect it with the great movements of humanity, and the divine order in the government and progress of the race. I have not thought so poorly or so meanly of it that I dared not carry its torch into the great currents of thought, lest some chance wind should blow the fitful flambeau out. I knew that it was fed with the oil of everlasting truth, and destined to shine

amid the lamps around God's throne, where many of its torch-bearers now stand unreproved, and mingle its light with that which pours from the face of God and the Lamb! And this confidence has emboldened me to speak in the audience of all the people, as freely and frankly of its limitations and defects, as we speak of the spots on the sun, or the bitterness of the Croton, without meaning to question the glory of the one, or the necessity and comfort of the other. The time is at hand, and the labors and sufferings of our Unitarian fathers have united with the providence of God to bring it near, when the results of the Unitarian controversy are to be reaped for the benefit of universal Christendom; when the services and the conquests of our critics, scholars, thinkers, and philanthropists are to inure to the service of the whole Church. Up to this time our sectarian separation has been maintained by God's providence for purposes now obvious, though long hid. All important reforms are left for a time to mistake themselves for substitutes, instead of restitutes. We have been allowed, until recently, to think our movement not a necessary deploying of a part of the Christian army for purposes of observation to be made for the benefit of the whole, but a leading off by a single corps to be followed by the main body in a new campaign. And there are those, and not a few, who still cherish this kind of self-complacency. For years I have not labored in this spirit, nor under this delusion; nor is it an inspiring and noble view of our

cause. I have long been convinced that the past history of opinions, and the past experience of Christian forces, had been strictly providential, and that the great doctrines of the Church since its origination (for it was without doctrine till Christ had completed his work, and left the world), the doctrines of Paul, the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, the doctrines of the Reformation, would, sooner or later, casting the rinds of temporary interpretations, and clearing themselves of enslaving associations, prove freighted with permanent truth and life for this and for all generations. I have believed that the mission of Unitarianism was not the preaching of another Gospel, nor the destruction of any of the vitalizing ideas in the past history of the Church, nor the offering of itself as the exclusive and complete truth, nor the extirpation of any dogma deemed cardinal and essential by the current and constant mind of Christendom; but rather the setting up of the lights of a neglected reason, of abused human nature, and of suspected science and experience, along the track of Church history and by the side of the popular theology, that, in their new and beautiful illumination, the shadows might depart from the faces and forms of those ancient doctrines, the rust and the dust of the long journey cease to be mistaken for original parts of the divine clothing, and specially the coats of mail they had taken on in self-defence, in times of exposure and attack, and now wore, from habit and association, might appear separable and

distinct from the truths themselves, and be laid down as burdensome and deforming. I freely acknowledge that this was not the view of all, perhaps of none of our Unitarian fathers, and is not the view of many of their purest sons. But that it is a view not specially my own, or a view in which some of the leading scholars and thinkers of our body do not sympathize, is, I am happy to say, very certain. It is, I believe, and venture to prophesy, the view which is destined to prevail; the view that most honors our cause, and most glorifies God and our Master. I do not know that any considerable portion of the Unitarian body is yet prepared to acknowledge this statement, much less all its consequences. But the time will come, and that not remotely, when the glory of Unitarianism will be to find itself true, and in possession of all its graces and powers, and in the triumphant discharge of its destiny, *within* the lines of the Church Universal, outside of which it unconsciously went, and has nobly and providentially stood, bearing witness to wants which, meanwhile, hindered the influence of the Church and the Gospel; a time when, in hearty recognition of many ideas and principles on which it has turned its back, it will carry into the Church Universal the glorious and all-important conquests and experiences it has made and suffered for its divine Lord, and along with them lead the disfranchised millions, whom the Church has driven out into the wilderness of doubt and indifference, with its denial of reason and its injustice to humanity.

If the great captain sent us out on some such noble service to the general cause, so far away from home, that, in the hardships of the campaign, we have lost some memory of the old dialect of the city of God, and have betaken ourselves to a way-worn costume—let us not desert our commissioned chief—set up that we are the grand army—forget our brother-soldiers of the cross, or deny our relations with the whole corps;—and, on the other hand, let us no longer be shot down by our fellows, because our speech is strange to the common ear, and our costume that of exiles and travellers. I thankfully believe, that even now the services which liberal Christianity has rendered to Christendom are widely acknowledged and still more widely felt. But it is high time for Unitarianism, for Liberal Christianity in general, to rise to the noble candor and high intelligence which will be exhibited in acknowledging that the root bears it, not it the root; that we are tributary, not independent; reformers, not originals; shapers of substance, not communicators of it; that we must bring what precious truth we have to the mint of the Church Universal, and have it accepted and stamped with the common marks, before it can freely enter into the circulation, and aid the exchequer of Christendom. I am fully convinced that the characteristic ideas of Unitarianism are the most important, and the only original ideas which this age has contributed to the development of Christ's Gospel. They are worth living for and dying for—absolutely indispensable to the

progress and the salvation of half the humanity of this century, and to the renovation of the whole Church. But they are not in themselves, and separated from the body of doctrine always current in the Church, Christianity; they are only what Christianity, in men's clumsy hands, had dropped, mislaid, or never taken up. To give them any thing more than a critical usefulness, to make them any thing more than an important protest, they must be added to, and blended with, the body of doctrine common to the Church Universal—which they will purify and complete. The time has arrived when Unitarianism has this option—either to turn into Rationalism, and essential, though devout and pure, *Infidelity* (which in one of its wings it threatens to become), or to turn more decidedly into the Church, carrying its wealth with it, to find there its own home, and the ideas and influences it has missed in its earnest and honest exile, and to communicate the joy of a son supposedly lost, but returned strong and happy to his father's house.

I wish to be explicit and unmistakable in what I now affirm; for I know the use likely to be made of what I say. Let it be understood, then, that in respect of what is either positive or negative in true Unitarianism, I have no disclaimers to make, nothing to surrender, no views to change, no past opinions of importance to disown; and that, so far as I know, the Unitarian body has none. We claim an entire honesty of origin, a providential mission, a legitimate office in Christendom. But I acknowl-

edge the expectation and conviction that the body of Christian doctrine which the Church Universal has in all ages received, is destined still to be received, and probably under formulas not essentially different from those in which it is now received; but I anticipate that it will, in future, be received in such a way as to leave Unitarianism true and deeply significant, while it fills it out, and accepts its aid and help, as the general faith of society. This is a statement so important, yet so liable to be misunderstood, that I must offer one or two further illustrations of its meaning. The obscurity is not mine; it is in the nature of the subject.

It is undeniable that the want of mental adjustment between the theology of Christendom, and the spirit, culture, and politics of the last century, had destroyed the hold of the Gospel and the Church upon at least half of the freest and most characteristic mind in the civilized world. I assume this, and can have no argument with those so blind, or so uncandid, as not to acknowledge it. Now Unitarianism originated in and represented the wants of an earlier stage of this condition, and was, in form and spirit, an honest attempt to stay the deluge of doubt and despair it saw and felt to be rushing in. It accordingly began carefully to compare the theories and doctrines of Christendom (which, say what doubters will, has, amid all superficial diversities, always had an essential unity of creed) with the letter of the written Scriptures; and by degrees—acquiring courage and

finding this process too slow for the haste of the age and the demands of the people—with the less legible, but elder Scriptures of human nature, reason, or natural conscience. In this process, in which by degrees tradition and the integral quality of history, and the common consciousness of the Church, became disowned—and in which pure intellect separated itself from imagination and affection, and overlooked the more delicate instincts and imponderable elements of the Christian nature, the Gospel of Christ (in the more logical and courageous representatives of the new times, and more particularly in those who looked to the outside and outcast world driven forth from the Church by its inhospitable interpretations of its own creed, or never taken in by its obstructed portals) gradually resolved itself into a philosophy—a moral and spiritual philosophy—high, noble, pure, but intellectual, cold, and dreary; a philosophy, —an abstract, or essence (so supposed!) of theologies and churches and of Christianity itself—in which at first only the old forms, dogmas, symbols, and rites of the Church, as a creed and an institution, were discarded as refuse or slag—as not essential and absolute; and in which at last the history and records and personality of Christianity itself were thrown off, as accidental or even excremental, or at any rate as non-essentials of a system, which had yielded its secret and soul to the crucible of metaphysical and scientific analysis—and now stood simplified and condensed in the phials of social philosophy

—here in George Combe's Constitution of Man, there in Newman's book on The Soul, now in Morell's Philosophy of Religion, then in Parker's Discourse of Religion. This was a necessary, an honest, an earnest trial of a method of solving the difficulty which required and deserved development. Nobody could tell in advance that it might not succeed. It was not deliberate and cold-blooded. It was forced upon its agents by necessity, by the logic of events, by internal and irresistible laws of the mind and the age. One step involved another; and as a rule, perhaps, none have been more self-sacrificing and more truly deserving of honor than the courageous victims of this necessary experiment. As brave men descend into a well to save lives that are perishing in its exhausted atmosphere and are themselves drawn out half dead, they ascended into the thin and chilling air of mere religious philosophy, in hopes of proving that men incapable of living where they were, could breathe and live there; they hoped to find in the roomy chambers of "the vague immense," attractive, safe and wholesome quarters for an unbelieving and undevout humanity, on which the Church had lost its hold, and to which it gave no shelter. But they had forgotten how weak, how mortal, how domestic, Humanity is! how narrow the boundaries of its proper self-reliance, how hemmed in by history, how dependent on tradition, how circumscribed by experience, how tended and folded by God's providence, and lodged and fed within his own House!

They had not known how congenitally adapted to mortal wants is a positive revelation, an historical religion, an incarnated Divinity, an external apparatus of doctrines and symbols, possessing authoritative quality, tangible shape, and positive testimony. These the imagined obstacles were actually the essentials of a Religion; the absolute conditions of any common faith or worship among men; the sole basis of religious institutions, and the only means of any organic and continuous religious influence. To assert and maintain a body of doctrine while sloughing off the dead skin of glosses and usages, from time to time put on by the ages as their wants or weaknesses prompted, was the real thing required by the outside world of Church reformers and creed revisers. It did not want Church and creed destroyers; nor did the reformers intend to be such. But they *have* been such, in spite of better intentions, to as great an extent as the indestructible elements they belabored would allow. It was a predestined mistake, an uncertain experiment made by a brave and honest part of restless Christendom for the sake of the whole. The experiment has been tried, with rich and precious results, but with no success, considered as an attempt to substitute scientific naturalism and moral philosophy for historical Christianity—with no success, considered as an attempt to substitute instinctive feelings and spontaneous living for a life fed on positive doctrines and an organized worship.

Meanwhile, another part of the Christian world, stronger in veneration than in curiosity, in affections than in intellect—representatives of order and hereditary faith and Christian instincts, have allowed the outer storm of doubt and fear to rage without being moved from their inner anchorage. They must have painfully felt how the literature and poetry, and art and civilization of the new ages have been making discords with their theology ; yet amid their clang they have sung their primitive hymns and chaunted their ancient creeds with loyal and unfaltering tongues, even when half forgetful of their original meaning and use. They have seen their ideas disproved by science, scorned by genius, forgotten by poetry, mocked by philosophy—but when they could answer nothing, they have still believed. There is something sublime and beautiful in the constancy which the Church, faint yet pursuing, hoping against hope, and believing against evidence, has maintained to itself as a creed and an institution in these latter ages of doubt and schism. When the vine had ceased to bear fruit, or even to grow new wood, it only struck its root deeper down into the dark and wintry soil of humanity, and bided the return of the distant spring-time, that should start its sap again. The theology of Christendom—that theology which is essentially one and the same in all ecclesiastical history—in the Roman, the Greek, the Anglican, the American Church—one and the same, because probably the only possible form in which the essential paradoxes

of Christian truth can be conveyed; one and the same, because created by the contact of the Gospel facts and records with the human soul, when it was plastic and child-like enough to respond to them without an intrusive attempt at coherency and comprehension; that theology is destined, I suspect, to an eternal existence, and to be the permanent apparatus or body of divinity, through which the powers of the world to come are to make themselves felt in the world that now is. That theology, best expressed by the earlier Church councils, is partly biblical, partly ecclesiastical, in origin. The attempt to return to a merely and exclusively scriptural faith, is unconsciously to ignore and discard the existence and importance of Christendom and our common humanity, for nineteen centuries. The Bible, and the Bible only, sacred and significant as the cry once was, is now unwitting treason to humanity, unintentional blasphemy to God's Providence in history. The experience and consciousness of Christendom, during all the ages which the Church treasures and embodies in her creed, is entitled to a co-ordinate authority with the Bible itself. It takes both to make the *word* of God. And this is illustrated by the fact, that those who discard the authority of the Church in reading the Bible, are obliged to set up the infallibility of their own understanding in its stead. The Church represents the reason of humanity, what alone is entitled to be called *reason*; and we would substitute for this each man's private

judgment, which is often as far from reason as possible. I am not questioning the right of private judgment, so far as any external control can repress or prevent it; what I question is not the right, but the advantage of the right when its use is not supported and strengthened by a veneration for the voice of humanity in the Church universal. I concede to private judgment, in respect of religion, just what I or you concede to it in respect of science, politics, society, manners, literature, or taste. We use it in all necessarily and rightly, but at our peril. Experience proves that peril to be not small. Despising or forgetting this peril, the right of private judgment in its abuse has made Robespierres in politics, Rousseaus in social philosophy, Mary Woolstoncrafts in theories of manners; and now, while the use of private judgment is the light-house of modern social seamanship, its abuse is the rock at its base on which modern society is threatened with wreck and ruin. That abuse creates contempt for public opinion, questions common sense, disputes axioms, defies experience, and for the wheel of the planets and the sowing of the stars, would plough the heavens with comets only. It is the origin of the law-defying, custom-breaking, dignity-despising, liberty-infringing spirit which now rules in our philanthropic projects and schemes, in which the hard logic of private right and private conscience routs the soft resistance made by the unstateable, because infinite instincts and affections of a nature richest in its social and common truths. Under this pirate flag of

strict individualism the English Roundhead and the French sans-culottes, and the modern Calvinist and the American abolitionist, and the Southern filibuster and the anti-this-and-thats of all the schools are logically ranged together. They think the bundle of sticks no stronger than all the sticks taken separately; the race no wiser than all its members; the Church no more sacred than the Churches; the truth noways different from the reasons they can give for it; that what they cannot prove, cannot be true; and what they say which is not answered must therefore be accepted and believed. Accordingly, they can put down public amusements with a text of Scripture, or upset law and order with a scruple of conscience, or dissolve the Union with a phrase from Isaiah, or order the Chief Justice of Massachusetts and the President of Harvard into the pillory, with a shred or two of chopped logic. It is upon this conceit of private infallibility, worse than Papal or Biblical, ending in the deification of intellect, that the Bloomerism, and anti-classicism, and ultraisms respecting meats and drinks, and all the sour and violent reforms of the day now rest—if rest can be associated for a moment with their names. And no peace, nor comfort, nor sanity will return, until the wisdom and truth and geniality of humanity, as the child and pupil of God, are welcomed back in a deeper social philosophy, a profounder politics, an humbler religion.

The Bible ever the same, the Church with an iden-

tical claim, Humanity always one but ever increasing its self-consciousness and insight—these three have all agreed and united in every universal movement in the direct line of progress since Christ's coming. No private judgment is worth any thing which does not more distinctly articulate a common or universal judgment; and no words or opinions which make the past common judgments of the Church and Humanity wrong or useless, will ever pass into the acceptance of the race. When Christendom has declared the Scriptures inspired, the Church infallible, she has said what she will never take back. When she has announced the great catholic doctrines of the apostolic creed, she will never unsay her oracle. And therefore the Bible stands calm and strong, and the Church cool and confident, and the Gospel erect and hopeful, in the midst of the science, criticism, doubt, question, and denial of the ages, and especially our own. These great authorities do not deny whatever science, or criticism, or reason, or experience, or human nature, in these latter and equally legitimate ages, have to say in honest opposition to the interpretations which have been put upon their oracles. But they say to them, however true what you object may be, what we affirm is as true as ever. You may show historical contradictions and scientific impossibilities in the Scriptures, but the Scriptures are still inspired. You may and must qualify your theories and notions of inspiration; but when you arrive at true notions, you will find they will not let down, but

lift up, the actual inspiration of the Bible; and the essential use to which its authority has been put, will forever continue. And in like manner you may and must prove that Christ is *not* God in the modern orthodox or literal sense, not God in any other than the New Testament and Church sense, but you will never be able to separate Him from His oneness with the Father, nor to abate His divine dignity and position in the Church. You may disprove the doctrine of a commercial atonement or vicarious punishment, but you cannot eliminate a suffering and dying Saviour from Christianity, nor destroy the mysterious connection between His death and our lives, His cross and our crowns of salvation. You may likewise show the abuses of the Church, but you cannot essentially change its relation to Christendom and to civilization. You may criticize regeneration, and conversion, and sanctification, as they are used in this, or that, or the other communion, but the terms themselves are permanent, and stand for great and essential experiences in man's spiritual history; and though for a time their strained and unnatural use by the majority may drive portions of Christendom into a disuse of them, with the first gleam of candor and good-fellowship such are sure to return to their use, as to terms they cannot dispense with.

The truth is, Humanity *will* have, for she *must* have, a religion; not merely religion, but A religion. As we do not want social theories, but a society; governmental

notions, but a government; so we are not satisfied with religious ideas, or theological notions, or spiritual aspirations. We want a religion. Not malic acid, but apples —not starch and gluten, but bread—not opinions, but truth; not things about God, but God himself—not things about Christ, but Christ himself—not spirituality, but the Holy Spirit. This is the want of men. You may supply the world with moral and religious philosophy till doomsday, and it will be little the wiser, better, happier, till you supply it also with a faith and a worship —a theology and a church—a theology, a working system of truths, emotions, experiences, which are the internal or vital organs of piety; a church, which is the teacher and applier of Gospel life and home of Gospel disciples. The Church is a conduit and a reservoir of Gospel life; it possesses the theology of Christianity, and applies it in and by the spirit of Christ to the souls of men. The Catholic Church had its way of teaching the same essential theology that the Protestant Church teaches; one used the language of events, of incidents in our Saviour's life, of symbols and forms to which those incidents had given birth; the other coined the incidents into doctrines. One *showed* the cross of Christ; the other taught the efficacy of Christ's death, and laid away the crucifix. But both rested their confidence upon bringing men into personal relations with Christ as the way to the Father, and on melting, changing, purging, and inspiring their hearts with His love, His sufferings, His history, and His

character. Both addressed the heart and imagination, the emotional and passional nature of man. Both together supplied him with a positive faith and ritual. What we now want is not the union of the precise faith of the Reformed with the precise ritual of the Roman Church; but the union of the *principles* of both, of faith and worship, body of doctrine, and clothing and shelter of this body in a worship and Church. True, we must reassert a positive faith first. A theology is our first need and our first step. Our next will follow of itself, and will be a worship. But the theology we are to reassert is to be the theology of the Church universal—the creed of the apostles and of the Church in its general agreement—*spoken in a new spirit;* first seen in its essential and poetic significance, alive again; and then spoken with such simplicity and reality and power as to recommend itself not as a return or a compromise, but as a better and richer expression of what the foremost reformers are now, with unsatisfactoriness to themselves and others, and in a poor, private language, trying to say under the names of the various reformatory *isms* of Religion and Philanthropy.

The great Christian formulas, the theological vocabulary of the Christian ages, the creed of evangelized Humanity, was, I suppose, providentially originated, and needs must have been written then, if at all, in an era when the robust imagination, the passionate heart, the uncalculating conscience of the world had not fallen

thralls to the critical, dissecting, and often murderous intellect. As the Bible itself derives its human charm, and might, and immortality from its indifference to criticism, its sublime superiority to the mere understanding —flowing from an inspiration that originally created the large and various, the mystic and infinite nature of Man —so the creed of the Church derives its power and permanency from the imaginative and passionate phrases and formulas in which it is expressed—so confounding to the lower, so intelligible to the higher reason, so paradoxical to the finite understanding, yet so true to the dual and unbounded nature of man.

Thus the triune doxologies of the Scriptures, afterwards formulized in the Trinity of the Church, were designed to give permanent protection to the profound Unitarianism of the Old and New Testaments against liabilities to pure Deism on the one hand, and to Anthropomorphism on the other. This protection has in latter ages been effectually resisted by literalizing the truly Unitarian Trinity of the Bible and the early Church, into a Tripersonal and Tritheistic Deity, which has reacted in producing an unscriptural, because a merely literal Unitarianism, ending in Deism; and a spurious Unitarianism, even in the Trinitarian body itself, ending in Anthropomorphism.

Strange as it may sound, and certainly it is not said for its strangeness, Unitarianism, a false, spurious, and unscriptural *Unitarianism*, is the popular tendency and

peril in the orthodox communions of our day; a Unitarianism which drops the Father and the Holy Spirit, to declare Jesus the only God. "Jesus only"—not Jesus the Christ, the Sent, the Divine Incarnation, the Son of God, but Jesus the Almighty, is the rallying cry of the sentimental and impatient leaders of Christendom, who unscrupulously sacrifice their written creeds to the exigencies of the hour. In like manner, the New Church, as it technically styles itself, with so much of value, and truth, and power, and so important in its suggestiveness at this crisis, following its wonderful genius Swedenborg, avows and petrifies into a creed this unimaginative and unscriptural doctrine of modern sentimental orthodoxy, the essential paternity of Jesus Christ, and thus unhappily harmonizes with and strengthens the dangerous, because fascinating, anthropomorphism of modern heresy. It is in ultimate effect, though certainly not in actual intention on either side, a worse Deism; for in place of "God is a spirit," we have a Man for our only suggestion of God. On the other hand, our own historic and avowed Unitarianism, neglecting the Triune formula of the New Testament, and disowning the Church formula, has logically degenerated in one wing and in the hands of those unchecked by the instincts of an evangelical heart, which has saved the main body, into a Unitarianism of Deism—in which the revealed God in the person of Christ, and the immanent God in the Church, the bride of Christ, are both lost, with all the possibilities of *a* Religion and

a worship, though not with the necessary loss of religion and worship themselves. It is, then, the interest, the duty of a true Unitarianism, to hold orthodoxy strictly to her own creed, and to hold herself as strictly to the Bible formula and the early triune, in opposition to the tripersonal creed of the Church. An evangelical Unitarianism is the most Scriptural Trinitarianism extant. It understands and can revive the original meaning of the creed of Christendom, and it alone, perhaps, can do it. It is in deeper sympathy with Athanasius, and Augustine, and Ambrose—aye, with Luther himself—than their own modern disciples. The traditional Church at present holds the dies of the Gospel coin in her hands: the silver and the gold, from which alone a new circulation can be created, are in the unconscious hearts and minds of the dissenting and protesting world.

III. In the next place, I address you as representatives of the Protestant body. I hold myself amenable to Protestantism, for the opinions I have expressed in regard to the Church of the past and the Church of the future. I am a Protestant of the Protestants, and at the extrement verge of dissent from Roman or other hierarchical pretensions. I believe in no apostolical succession which depends on men's palms and polls, which can be broken by a fraud, interrupted by an accident, or handed down like vaccine or political legitimacy. When civilization shall be deemed dependent on the caprices of

what the fashionable call society, and not on what God calls, and has himself established as, society, I shall believe that Christianity depends on what Roman and Anglican bishops and clergy—call the Church, and not on what Christ calls, and has established as, the Church. The Church is to Christendom precisely what society is to civilization; namely, the flexible yet constant, undefined yet unmistakable reality, which shapes the institutions and opinions, and vitalizes and inspires the sentiments of Christian believers; just as the potent authority and voice of society shapes the domestic and personal habits, usages, and obligations of the citizen. The Church is a tradition, an hereditary thing, having the life of its head and all who have been joined to its head through the Christian ages, united in it. It comes down in the corporal and spiritual blood of the successive generations of believers, and in the creeds and customs of the saints and sages, who have been ordained by God, and accepted by their fellows, as its tongue and hand—some articulating its faith, others interpreting its polity. Its *offices* are real and authoritative, its *officers* merely temporary and representative; it is set up wherever a sincere believer meets two or three of his brethren in the name of Christ, and in it dwell all the sects and orders of Christians of every name, who accept Christ as their living head, and acknowledge the generations standing between them and their fountain, as having been in a connection like their own with the well of salvation

that overflowed in Palestine. I know and believe that no additions like those of the Romanist, and no subtractions like those of the Quaker—no superfluous ordinances and rites, and no defective ritual—can cut off or exclude any of Christ's disciples from his Church. That the Church of the Apostles had special usages and customs, and that those usages and customs are important and valuable, nay, that the common wisdom of Christendom has established certain usages and customs which are precious and ought to be universally adopted, I certainly think; but I make a radical distinction between what is essential and what is expedient, what is indispensable and what is only important. Thus baptism and the Lord's Supper, I hold to be sacraments; not merely expressive and interesting rites, ornamental and pleasant, but the vehicles of special and mystic influence. I do not pretend to fathom their virtue and significance. I practice and uphold them with an humble feeling, that being of Christ's appointment, what cannot be told about them is more expresssive than what can. But on the other hand, I cannot, for the very reason that they are external and ancillary, put them on a level with the faith and spirit of the Gospel; and to those who have the faith and spirit, I cannot deny fellowship and Churchmanship, because of their question, or even their neglect of these to me precious ordinances. And so with the external evidences of the Gospel. They are to me most true and important. I entertain no fear that

science, philosophy, or historic criticism will overthrow the reality of the miracles, or the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels. And I hold the scholarship or criticism which thinks it has done this, very cheap and very transitory in its influence, although now much exalted and widely accepted. But I cannot deny the Christian name to those who sincerely claim it on any ground, or the Christian character to those who actually have it, no matter with what illogical opinions they may unite it. I suppose we shall be compelled to acknowledge that Atheists sometimes believe in God with their hearts, even when they deny him with their heads; and that logical Infidels are still good Christians in their affections and conversation. Yet such is the noble tendency of man to consistency in the working of the several parts of his nature, that it does not seem to me safe to say that errors of opinion do not imply errors of feeling, and that logical Atheism or Infidelity do not tend to create practical Atheism and Infidelity. At any rate, if we spare the character and name of unbelievers, there is no reason why we should spare their erroneous opinions—although an attack on the last is almost as certain to be deemed a personal offence as an attack on the first.

I am well aware of the alleged arrogance of assuming the existence of a fixed standard of opinion in regard to God's being and Christ's mission. But I flatly disown all allegiance to those theories of so-called freedom of thought and inquiry, which allow every man's right to assume

the ignorance and folly of all his predecessors—to approach all social, political, and religious questions, as if he were the first man—or after the order of Melchisedec, without father or mother—approach them, as though he had the authority, and wisdom, and independence of humanity itself; instead of being a mere tendril of that noble and sturdy vine. There are truths in regard to politics, society religion, history, Christianity, manners, science, art, which are no longer properly in debate. True, they are debated; as Hazlitt debated the Newtonian astronomy; as Godwin debated the existence of society; as Buckle debates the influence of religion on civilization;—but they are debated only by eccentric, abnormal, or presumptuous minds—minds out of pitch in the great concert of the race. Universal scepticism is their only justification. Such pests to humanity as these disputers of the moral multiplication-table, must expect to arouse the indignation of sober and amenable minds. There is no profit in the speculations which question the axioms of civilization and Christendom. It is not one man's opinion against another man's opinion, but one man against humanity, that then appears at the bar of judgment—and it is as the voice of truth and humanity, not as the voice of an individual, that the denunciation of Atheism, infidelity, socialism, spiritism, polygamy is then pronounced and heard. These are high-treason, *scandalum magnatum*, against the life of the race, and of civilization and Christianity. As such, no terms are to be kept with them. If a man claims the liberty of scuttling the ship

I and my family sail in, I shall not reason with him; if he assail the fundamental order of society, or the foundations of the general faith, or the moral law, I shall not argue the point with him as one of honest doubt and mere matter of opinion. I shall assume the ground of one standing on the truth, and if it is necessary to say any thing at all, I shall say, this is the wildness of error, or the recklessness of falsehood. Any other principle leads directly to barbarism. The perilous folly of allowing polity, morals, religion, to be wholly open questions —of owning that nothing is settled, that there are no first principles, no established facts, no rules, no laws, is fast revealing itself. It is as fatal to freedom as to order. The problem of human existence is not freedom for freedom's sake, but freedom for truth's sake, for order's sake, for humanity's sake, for Christ's sake, and for God's sake. Freedom for freedom's sake, like thinking for thinking's sake, ends in anarchy and general scepticism. Man's need is truth, peace, order, virtue, piety. The cry which makes liberty of thought and liberty of action the sole cry of the times, is a cry from the senses and the surface, not from the depths of the soul. The soul groaning, *de profundis*, asks for law, guidance, help, sympathy, accordance, union. It is loyal, not rebellious; amenable to authority and open to evidence, not defiant and resistful. It wishes to follow, not to lead; to lean, not to overthrow; to add itself to the common wisdom and faith, not to become an irresolvable faction outside the integer of humanity. And,

therefore, there is no insolence so insupportable as that of the sincere egotists, who expect to have humanity stop its business and stand on its defence, to answer their moral and religious crotchets—as if every knight-errant of the day might open his lists in the public squares of Christendom, and were entitled to break his lance with the Church and society and humanity, before their claims could be considered settled and absolute! If Protestantism mean entire irresponsibility to the common reason, and common conscience, and common wisdom of Christendom; if it mean that one opinion, however new, is as good as another, however old—that guesses and speculations are as respectable as wisdom and experience; if it mean that a man has a right to protest against any thing however generally received, and still be considered sober, sane, and civilized—to hold and express any views, however subversive of society and morals and religion;—and still be welcomed as a friend and counsellor and sage—then I am no Protestant. But I *am* a Protestant, and I *protest* against this folly as a return to barbarism; a conspiracy against common-sense; a scornful abuse of the ages and the generations who, in their combined experience and wisdom, had a thousand times the opportunities of any one age ignoring their testimony, to settle the truth, and who gave it to us as their tearful and precious inheritance. We may and must add to it, but we may not divide from it. True Protestantism is allegiance to truth; defiance only of external, and capricious, and self-made authorities; liberty only to pursue the truth under

the limitations of duty, humility, honor, and law. What goes beyond, or aside of this, is not Protestantism, but Pyrrhonism; not philanthropy, but ego-ism; not reverence for humanity, but self-conceit; not liberty for reason, but license for passion, pride, and pomposity. Such Protestantism is not of the school of Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, of John Robinson and Channing, reverential of the past, in hope of the future, tender to the memory of truth's olden friends and supporters, while brave in fresh conquests for her throne! No!

> "nor any school
> But that where blind and brawling Ignorance
> Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
> On all things all day long"———*

IV. Lastly, I address you as Representatives of the Nineteenth Century and of this New Country. I hold myself amenable to the spirit of the country and the Nineteenth Century for any views or sentiments of mine that seem reactionary and distrustful of the progressive forces of the times. I know and confess myself to be a child of the age. Its peculiar ideas and characteristic emotions throb in my brain and tingle in my blood. I have fed upon its promises and prospects with an eager appetite. The age has given me whatever inspiration, courage, or activity I may possess. I am its grateful son. It might do for other and stronger men, rich in learning, consciously indebted to other eras more than to their

* Tennyson's Idyls of the King, page 113.

own—genuine but adopted citizens of the Nineteenth Century—to criticize their own times in a desponding or hostile temper, and thus to bring themselves into noble suspicion with their cotemporaries. There were honest and magnanimous tories in 1776, whose sense of what they owed to the mother country made them honorably incapable of sympathy with a movement which was high treason to those who did not feel it to be justifiable and glorious Revolution. But Adams, and Otis, and Quincy, and Henry, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Greene, and Washington, could not flee to Nova Scotia, nor allow themselves to seem lukewarm or doubtful of the virtue of the quarrel they had taken up. Nor can I, owing most that I am and enjoy to the age and the country, willingly pass for a despiser of and railer at the mother that bore me. Nor have I railed, nor do I despise. I have criticized the age, but it has been as a son, within the house, criticizes the traits of the family he loves most and himself belongs to. In the confidence of one sworn in his deepest heart to fidelity to his country and his era, I have frankly told my brothers the secrets whispered by the spirit of the age itself to one of her own most docile children. And those secrets have been not of the necessity or the wisdom of abandoning any thing gained for Humanity or Freedom, or of retreating from any ground won, or returning to any untenable positions deserted; but only, while continuing the advance, of the duty of maintaining an unbroken connection with the *base* of all human operations; of bringing forward what-

ever of truth and value had in haste and rashness been left behind, and of recognizing our proper allies, be they of foreign soils or remote ages, in the great battle of freedom and truth.

The real spirit of this age, when it runs clear and sees its own nature, will acknowledge itself to be that of essential progress in true Humanity—a new faith in Man, a bolder trust in truth as his glorious heritage, a legitimation of human instincts and powers. "Man," says the age, "is not the child of the devil, but the son of God; Nature is not the image of man's ruin, but the shadow of God's perfection; the world and society are not a prison and a torture-chamber, a vale of tears and an ante-room of hell, but a school, a playground, a Father's house, a divine residence for the infancy of human existence." But the other ages also have had their spirit, their truths, and their experience, and they have left their wealth and wisdom as our inheritance. To add the conquests of our own age to the victories of theirs; to mix in the crucible of our times the silver and the gold of the past with the newly-discovered metals, the platinum and aluminum of the present, and to make an amalgam of all the precious things in the commonwealth of Humanity—this is the deeper suggestion of the essential spirit of the times. A disrespect and forgetfulness of the past, a contempt for the institutions that transmit its life, an isolation in self-complacency, a rash abandonment of the conquests, the experience, and the truths of Humanity historically studied

and integrated—is the peril of our cis-Atlantic position, and of our continental breadth and newness. There is no nation in the world so broken from the past in self-consciousness, so ignorant of the past by habit, position, and pre-occupation, by beckoning prospects and an alluring future, as ours; yet no nation over which the past is sooner or later destined to exert so great and precious an influence. Our soil was left virgin for thousands of years, to be at last sowed with the seed of another hemisphere; our American mind and character, yet without a characteristic literature or art, or nationality, as our country is still without a name—for the United States of America is a description rather than a title—waits in maiden simplicity the awakening of ideas and passions that Humanity is not yet moved to communicate to her. Well has our distinguished fellow-citizen, Prof. Guyot, called America the female hemisphere. Young and a virgin, God prepares her as a bride for her husband. Europe the heir of the whole past—the memory of history, the essence of ages—is the old and ever young bridegroom of America. The bride has the wide territorial domain, the innocence, the beauty, the spontaneous affections, the fresh feelings that belong to her years; the bridegroom has the heirlooms of his fathers, the ancestral traditions, the cultivated veneration, the tried experience, the sifted wisdom, and concentrated strength of our completer Humanity. The nuptial hour is at hand. Already America has received her bridal presents, as of old, in a beautiful procession of

youths and maidens that have come to make her country theirs. Europe is even now here by his representatives in millions. Already America is prepared for his more immediate coming. And that coming is to be in the fearless welcome of Europe's great soul—the vital past, the glorious consciousness of humanity, alive to all its experiences, jealous of all its achievements, mindful of all its benefactors, true to every regenerating, glorious and divine impulse that has ever thrilled and ennobled its heart. An American literature, an American art, an American Church, can only be the products of the past impregnating the present, the fruits of Europe's loins and America's womb. For God is the God of the whole earth, and to him the future and the past are both present. This world has a plan. Civilization is its process and history its story.

The nineteenth century will be always memorable for two events,—the discovery of vaccination and the union of the hemispheres by the Atlantic cable. Both are symbols of the saving powers of transmissive influences. Vaccination saved America from decimation by loathsome and deforming disease; the Atlantic telegraph saves it from the moral and spiritual barrenness of disconnection with that Europe that owns, and is, the past. The thrill of sacred joy which the first syllables from that sea-piercing tongue sent to the heart of America, bespoke its symbolic and immortal significance. It declared the union of the hemispheres, of the past and the present, and then was

silent, as if no meaner word should ever cross its ocean-parted lips. I bless God to have lived in that great day, the first historic day since Paradise was lost, that saw the world a moral globe and the race a unit!—The first that ever in cosmic experience added to the beauty of youth the dignity of age; and to the ardor of hope the serenity of memory. Yes, the intoxication of the new wine was threatening us with national madness. We were drunk with hope and animal spirits. We were ready to disown our father and our mother in our confident boyhood. Art, religion, law, custom, experience, all were in peril, not from too little, but from too much life. Humanity had broken loose in its crude rampant blood, and was ready to call its senses and its passions, its whole self. It despised authority, flung back the past into the face of history, and asked only to be let alone. But the tide is turning. Blessed the swift ships that bear our people to and fro over what is no longer the division wall, but the uniting passage-way of the world's great mansion! Blessed the art that seeks our shores, the literature, the emigrants, the news, the commerce that teaches us respect and a sense of inter-dependence. No fear that any experience of Europe shall alienate a single true American heart! Europe for America; the wisdom, the experience, the art, the law, the veneration of Europe for America's soil and America's freedom, and America's broad and equal and glorious institutions; this is the spirit of every noble American traveller's self-criticism the burden of his rich lesson learned abroad!

If it be reactionary and treasonable to liberty and the age while believing heartily in both to believe also that Christianity is an historical religion, and the Christian Church the channel of her influence, deepened and enriched with every age, whose continuity is to be insisted on and maintained; that Christian civilization is ever one and the same flower, sprung from one root, filled with one sap, running along one unbroken vine; that humanity is one integral being, with a common destiny and consciousness, and that the interest of each and every generation and nation, is in maintaining the largest sympathy and the most universal acquaintance with the whole; that America is the child and the bride of the ages, and the nineteenth century the heir, but also the ward and the pupil, of all the centuries gone; that her blood, full of the past, needs to be interpreted to her heart and her brain, till she knows and acknowledges her origin, her generation, and her destiny; owns that her spirit is not her own, but the voice of Humanity; her religion not her own, but the religion of Christ, the common Saviour; her God not her own, but the Father of the nations—if to believe and to teach this while proclaiming freedom and advancement, be reactionary, and treasonable to progress and liberty, then, and then only, am I a traitor to the country and the age, the Protestantism and the denomination, the congregation and the life, to which I profess an humble but changeless and undying allegiance

CHURCH AND STATE IN AMERICA.

A DISCOURSE

GIVEN AT WASHINGTON, D. C., AT THE INSTALLATION OF

REV. FREDERIC HINCKLEY,

AS PASTOR OF THE

UNITARIAN CHURCH,

JANUARY 25, 1871,

BY

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D.

REPEATED

IN ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK,

JANUARY 29, 1871.

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DISCOURSE.

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."—*Matt.* 22 : 21.

"My kingdom is not of this world ; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."—*John* 18 : 36.

"Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God."—*Rom.* 15 : 22.

We are assembled to install a Christian minister over a church representing a small and unpopular sect of Christian believers in the capital of the nation. Towards this city, because of its political headship and representative character, all the various religious denominations of the land are now turning their thoughts and directing their plans, seeking to establish here missionary churches, and to obtain whatever moral influence they can in favor of their own faith and polity, by publishing through able ministers, in attractive and commodious temples, the religious convictions and opinions they entertain. It is an honorable and useful rivalry in service to the truth in which these various religious bodies are engaged, and the Unitarian denomination is, I trust, preparing to enter the lists in vindication and propagation of the primitive faith of the Apostles, which it claims to possess. Yet it is not the peculiar views of the Unitarians that I propose to define or defend on this occasion. There is another topic, to which recent events of world-wide interest have drawn general attention, which, it seems to me, no place and no occasion could offer a fairer or fitter opportunity to discuss than the present—I mean the relations of Church and State in this country.

We are standing here, in the District of Columbia, upon purely national ground—under the sole dominion and protection of the General Government, with the Constitution of the United States—without the intervention of State laws—as the direct guide and guarantee of all political rights and duties. To this ground, in view of the national Capitol, and under the

protection of Congress, may come Jews and Christians, believers and infidels, orthodox and heterodox, great sects and small sects, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Methodists and Universalists, Episcopalians and Quakers, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Theists, Polytheists, Atheists, Pagans, Mahommedans, Chinese worshippers of their ancestors, Indian worshippers of the Great Spirit—claiming the equal right to worship, or not to worship, according to the dictates of their own consciences, the customs of their parents, or the caprices of their own ignorance—to propagate and defend their opinions, to enjoy unmolested their own views, and to share equally the protection of the national law. It is an anomalous and extraordinary state of things. But, if you turn from the door of the Catholic cathedral, the Protestant Episcopal church, the Methodist chapel, the Friends' meeting-house, the Jewish synagogue, towards the Capitol, you see at once the necessity and the blessedness of the liberty of conscience and the freedom of worship guaranteed by the Constitution. For there, beneath that dome, over which the Goddess of Liberty presides, sit the representatives of more than forty States and Territories, stretching over twenty-five degrees of latitude and fifty-eight degrees of longitude—States originally settled, some by Puritans and some by Cavaliers; now by Roman Catholics and now by Quakers; here by Jews and there, in part, by Pagans; and since peopled and occupied by representatives of the most divers shades of Christian and non-Christian opinion.

Upon what principle, except that of an essential and permanent divorce of Church and State, could a political union be established and maintained in a country like ours? What form of Christianity could have been established by law as the national faith or church, under the special protection and management of the civil power, either at the origin or at any later period of the Federal Union? What terrible complications and antagonisms would have vexed our politics, if questions of religious faith and ecclesiastical polity had been allowed to enter into the Constitution, and become subjects of political regulation? There is not a country on the globe that could so illy

bear union between Church and State as this. In the oldest States of Europe, dating back to periods when the people had no share either in the government of State or Church, the union between them, most natural and most necessary in imperial or aristocratic eras of history, has yet caused at all times trouble, and at some times ruin, and is now one of the chief sources of anxiety in every highly-civilized monarchical country. England is cautiously unbuckling one by one the straps that harness the Church and the State together. France is dissolving under the despotism which this union had alone rendered possible, and Church and State are engulfed in the whirlpool which is finally produced everywhere when national ideas and national institutions are found in conscious or unconscious conflict. Italy has just entered Rome—Rome, so many times and in so many different spheres mistress of the world—in imperial power, in military sway, in jurisprudence, in arts, in religion—entered it to discrown the Pope as a temporal ruler, and dismiss him as a political sovereign from her capital, by the will of Roman Catholics themselves, while he stays the unmolested and beloved spiritual head of the vast church of which he has so long been the pure and revered pontiff.

Government, it must be remembered, is such a profound necessity of society, and especially of national society, that practically it has and can have no fixed conditions and no unchanging forms. Every form of government has at some time been justified by necessity. The tyrants of Athens and Rome ruled by divine right, when Athens and Rome, in a state of military anarchy, deserved and admitted no better governors.

There is a science of politics, and happy is the nation where the purest theory of the State can be incarnated in public law and custom. But nations are not the birth of theories, but of circumstances and providential necessities. Statesmanship, or the art of politics, must not be confounded with the science of politics. Statesmen who make or change constitutions are bound to make or change them to suit the wants and possibilities of the people for whom they exist. They cannot wisely or profitably force upon a nation a government which on scientific prin-

ciples may be better or best; they must take that form of government which the nation can bear or support. Doubtless political *science* would always divorce the Church and the State; but living history has not in the past forbidden the banns, nor will statesmanship yet justify the separation in all cases. It is impossible to doubt that for long ages the union of Church and State was absolutely necessary and beneficial, and the averter of more evils than it caused. Very likely holy Russia finds ample justification in the union she so jealously maintains between the Church and the State; but the fact is a curious commentary on the peculiar sympathy which politicians assume to exist between two nations, America and Russia, which, in respect of autocratic and democratic rule, popular superstition and popular enlightenment, are at opposite poles.

Happily our founders were compelled, and by a blessed necessity, to introduce at the very beginning a truly scientific principle into the foundations of the national law and life. They declared a complete and perpetual divorce between the Church and the State. They were learned statesmen, and wise and careful students of history. They recalled freshly all the fearful religious wars of Germany, France, and England, and knew how the succession wars in England, and the struggles of Huguenot and Catholic princes in France and the Netherlands had deluged both lands in blood, and kept the crown swimming in gore. They most wisely, most blessedly, and with a wisdom even greater than they knew, determined that religion and politics in this country should have no other connection than in the private hearts of the people. The State should know no Church. It should respect and honor religion, and protect the rights and worship of all religionists; but it should support, it should favor, no branch of Christian faith, as against others; nor Christianity as against other religious.

In some other countries, this might be, nay would be a perilous experiment. Religion is a great public interest. The well-being, the order, and security of the nation depends upon its support and nourishment. It must not be, it cannot be suffered to fall into neglect. If our founders had said or thought that

the State derived no necessary support from the religion of the people, and that it was a matter of no consequence to statesmen, whether public worship and religious teaching were maintained or not, they would have shown themselves blind leaders of the blind. No! They saw and felt that in our country, the people were intelligent and thoughtful enough to maintain religion in ways suited to their own convictions and wants, by voluntary or local support; that the Church did not need, nay would not endure, connection with, or support from the State; nor the State interference or direction from the Church. They felt in advance, just what experience has fully shown, that religion would flourish best in America in perfect freedom, and that its influence upon the public weal—economically, morally, politically—would be vastly greater in its indirect or informal character, than through any direct or established union, which in any one, or any ten forms, it might have with the State. And so, providentially and benignantly the State and the Church were separated in America. It is still a subject of curious interest and inquiry among the noblest thinkers and observers in England by what impulses and methods the voluntary system in religion works in America. No amount of written or second-hand testimony to its success, ever seems quite to satisfy them. The experience is so novel and contrary to all their past usage and present custom that it baffles their imagination. We, on the contrary, have become so used to it, that we do not even appreciate its difficulties elsewhere, its blessing at home, or the necessity of watching against any encroachments upon it in our own land.

The very words "Church and State" have an un-American meaning, and correspond only in a figurative way to what we really mean when we speak, as Americans, of the civil and religious interests of the nation.

When Louis XIV said, "The State—it is I," he simply epitomized the long-prevailing, and, perhaps, long-needed opinion existing among European and Asiatic peoples, that nations live in their rulers—an idea which is only a little enlarged when nations are supposed to live in their governments. Still, to a greater or less degree in older nations, the

national life, honor, and liberty, are loooked for as existing in and as secured and protected mainly by the national government. We do not receive this idea in America. The Government, in certain respects only, represents the nation; does certain things for the nation; speaks for it with foreign powers; makes war and peace; forms treaties; imposes taxes; and regulates coins and currency.

We are, indeed, greatly concerned for its purity, honor, energy, and wisdom. But we deliberately confine its sphere to the fewest possible things, and we admit its interference with nothing that can exist without its aid. It is a machine, necessarily running on human hearts and wills, but a machine after all. It represents, but is not the nation. It often does things for which we are *legally* responsible—for which we are not *morally* responsible. If our business agent steals we must pay, but we need not own ourselves thieves. Because the Government has no religion as a government, it does not follow that the Nation has no religion, much less that the governors, in their private character, have none. The nation has so much religion that it will not allow its political agent or servant, the Government, to charge itself with its religious affairs. It attends to its religion in other ways, and simply instructs its Government to leave faith and worship to the people to manage it after their own several fashions.

Historically considered, and as a matter of fact, there can be no question of two things; that the United States of America is, 1. A Christian Nation; and, 2. A Protestant Nation; that is to say, the overwhelming faith of the people is both Christian and Protestant. But the Government, as a Government, is neither Christian nor Protestant, except by an unconscious and inevitable influence of custom, and usage, and feeling, indirectly brought to bear upon it; and this simply because the Government is not a religious agent or representative.

Nor is the Constitution intended to be, nor is it, a full expression of the national life. It is properly confined to what concerns the political principles and interests of the nation. We found, in our recent war, how much greater and stronger the

national life was than the Constitution. Excepting that all constitutions profess justice, truth, and honor, there is neither an avowedly moral nor a purposely religious character to the Constitution. The moral sense of the nation, ever improving and increasing, cannot be shut up in a fixed document; the religious faith of the nation, continually changing and heightening, cannot be stereotyped in a national creed. The Constitution confines itself to guaranteeing religion, liberty, and the equality of all religious confessions before the law. It makes no declaration of faith, theistic or otherwise; it denies no creed, Christian or non-christian; and this not from indifference to religion, or indifference to morality, or indifference to Christianity in the nation, but from respect to the moral and religious feelings and rights of the nation. Religion is, and always has been, too deep and general an interest in America, too earnestly disputed, too zealously investigated, too variously because too thoughtfully considered, to allow of any interference with it from the State. Were the chief interest in religion resident in the governing class, in politicians or public officers, or were religion valued in this country as it has been in many others, chiefly as an instrument of political power and management of the masses, its appearance in the Constitution might be justified. Its non-appearance there is the greatest testimony any nation ever offered to its existence where it belongs, in the minds and hearts and lives of the people; in the national heart, and not in the government head or the political mouth.

It is curious enough that, just at the moment when vigorous operations are springing up for the purpose of engrafting theological dogmas upon the Constitution, as though the nation were Godless or Christless, because God and Christ do not appear in the Constitution, the older nations should be sending deputations of anxious and earnest Christians to America to learn what the cause and methods of our warmer and more popular religious and Christian life are. In other nations, where God and Christ appear in State constitutions in elaborate articles of faith upheld by public law; where bishops, as bishops, sit in the House of Lords, or are prime ministers; where reli-

gion is established and supported by the State, the Christian faith languishes, is violently attacked and denied by the thinking class, loses the sympathy and support of the working people, and presents an anxious problem to its true friends. In the freedom here allowed to religion, in the blessed emulation of the various churches and denominations, in the unchecked right of free inquiry, in the absolute dissociation of Church and State, Christianity finds her free development, adapts her forms to the needs and possibilities of all schools of experience and all classes of society, becomes an object of general or universal interest and puts forth new powers, and every day gets a stronger hold of the national heart. Other forms of faith, derived from less advanced stages of human society, but to which blood and race and memory give a sacred character, here have equal rights with Christianity before the law and the Constitution. But is it because the nation, in its heart, recognizes the moral equality, or proper rivalry of Judaism, Mormonism, Paganism, Mohammedanism with Christianity, as religions equally divine, authoritative, and worthy of the people's attention and support? Or is it simply because the nation, overwhelmingly Christian in its heart, has the wise magnanimity, as well as the high statesmanship, to declare and to feel that political rights shall not depend on religious preferences or theological majorities; shall not be denied to Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Infidel; that Christianity shall not owe its life to the patronage of the Constitution, nor religious truth be at the mercy of acts of Congress? Is it not because we *are* a Christian nation that we are a tolerant Government? Is it not the Christianity in the heart of the people that makes them not only fearless of what Polytheism, Paganism, Judaism, or any other imperfect or partial religion, can do in a free nation, with a free press and a free life, but even disposed to rejoice that those who are not able to share the high and blessed privileges of their Christian faith, are permitted to enjoy the full privileges of their political freedom, among the chiefest of which is the right of not being constrained in their religious opinions, or disfavored in conscience by the law?

When, then, vigorous and earnest men of high and pure character constitute themselves, as they are now doing, into public societies, to agitate for the introduction into the Constitution of the United States of declarations of faith in "Almighty God, as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the Nations, and His revealed will of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government"—while respecting both the motives and the perfect right of such excellent persons to agitate the question, it is highly important to protest at the very outset of these movements against the retrograde policy, the perilous consequences, the anti-American character of such a measure. The poly-theism, the tri-theism, the atheism in America are fair and proper subjects of criticism, of reprobation, of discussion and dissuasion in the press, the pulpit, or the platform, and in literature. Christians may properly unite to defend their own faith, and to discourage and disprove every faith that opposes or denies it; but one field they cannot enter without undoing the greatest work our fathers accomplished. They cannot erect their dogmatic fortresses or plant their theological batteries within the Constitution! What is proposed in the amendment, already endorsed by several large conventions—already, if I am not mistaken, brought in an independent form by a Senator from Illinois before the Senate, is to commit the Constitution of the United States to these three points: 1. That all civil government owes all its authority and power to Almighty God. 2. That the Lord Jesus Christ is the Ruler among the Nations. 3. That His revealed will, the Bible, is of supreme authority in a Christian government.

There is a sense in which these propositions are true; and they are becoming propositions for Christian churches and conventions to entertain. But if they were absolutely true to all Christians, as they are only so to a great majority, they are wholly out of place in the Constitution. They overlook the fact that the Constitution is not a religious or theological or even Christian charter, but belongs to Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan alike.

Each of these articles directly contradicts the whole spirit and intention of the national will, as expressed in its existing Constitution. The Government of this country derives its power and authority from the people of the nation, and in no proper political sense from any other source. Our governors are not sacred persons, governors by divine right, like Old World kings. The Government is not an altar, but a machine—not a master, but a servant. We are not under a theocracy, like the ancient Jews. Christians, individually, or even collectively, recognize the fact that civil government is an ordinance of God for them, and, like everything else valuable and true, has a religious obligation; but the power and authority of civil government does not in the least degree depend upon the recognition or acknowledgment of this fact, any more than the sun's heat depends on our theory of it. Nobody can be required by the civil power to obey the laws of the land as laws of Almighty God; nor can anybody excuse himself from obeying them on the ground that he does not recognize any such authority or power as Almighty God. In seeming to strengthen we really weaken the civil power by calling in the power and authority of Almighty God as its political foundation, for we acquit those who deny this authority from an obligation to obey it. Leave the civil power where it rests, on its necessity, its utility, and the will of the people, and let the Christian sentiment which recognizes God in the "powers that be" come in to the voluntary support of civil authority, without implying that those who are not Christians and not theists are in any way released, and you get all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of the union of civil and religious authority.

But the first is not half as dangerous and inadmissible as the second clause of the proposed amendment, "That the Lord Jesus Christ is the ruler among the nations." Here is a positive sectarian dogma of a certain immense majority, yet still only a part, of the Christian Church, which it is proposed to lodge permanently in the Constitution. However respectable, however excellent, however numerous the believers in this dogma may be—however large their present majority—it is a well-known

fact that in no sense in which they mean to use it is this proposition received by some of the most scholarly, thoughtful, intelligent and blameless Christian sects. What must the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Christians, the Hicksite Friends, the Free Religionists, the Jews say to the proposition that the Lord Jesus Christ is the ruler among the nations? They none of them believe that Jesus Christ and Almighty God are the same person. They all believe that *Almighty God* is the ruler among the nations, and *not Jesus Christ.* Nay, it is because they do not believe that Jesus Christ is God, or the ruler among the nations, that Trinitarian Christians wish to get this declaration of their own opposite faith put by a majority vote into the Constitution. It is a supposably conscientious attempt on their part to enlist the Constitution in the service of theological faith. Seeing the hopelessness of putting down these sects by argument, they must be discountenanced and disfranchised by the civil power! Will the weaker and feebler sects of Christians in this country look on indifferently or inactively, and see this "Holy alliance" of the stronger sects conspiring to get the theological opinions of a majority engrafted upon the Constitution of the United States; and will the untheological, unsectarian people of this country, who care little for the distinctions in ecclesiastical or dogmatic Christianity, allow this keg of theological gunpowder, which the lovers of creeds are so innocently wheeling about the country, to be set down upon the very corner-stone of their civic temple? I warn them, I warn the country, that such an amendment would plant the seeds of disunion and religious war in this nation, and that they wholly misunderstand the temper and character of the American people in expecting to get their consent to so perilous an abuse of theological influence, so open an attack upon the sacred divorce between Church and State.

But the third proposition is, because more definite, still more objectionable. It settles peremptorily two questions for the nation, that the nation means to keep open and out of politics: 1st. That our Government (not the nation) is a Christian Gov-

ernment; and 2d. That the Bible is Christ's and therefore God's revealed will, and is of supreme authority.

First. That this is a Christian nation, but one refusing to consider or acknowledge or disclaim any theological or religious character in its government, has already been sufficiently set forth. For Christian reasons and in the interest of Christianity, the Christian wisdom and faith in the hearts of American citizens has warned them to keep religious, theological, and ecclesiastical questions wholly out of their civil constitution and their politics. They expect to be, they claim to be, a more and not less Christian nation on this account, and they will not consent to needlessly wound or discourage the civil loyalty of Jews, pagans, infidels, or non-christian men, by setting up a target for theological hostility in a Constitution which belongs to the whole American people, and ultimately to all mankind. Second. That the Bible, meaning King James' version, is God's or Christ's revealed will and of Supreme authority is disputed by Roman Catholics, by Jews so far as its most precious part, the New Testament, is concerned; by learned men in Christendom who are settling and unsettling its canon every day; by all consistent believers in the right of private judgment—who must come back to reason and conscience as the final authority at last; while the nature of inspiration itself is thoroughly undetermined among competent authorities. Yet the plain object of this amendment is to put the Bible in its old character, as a literally and plenarily inspired book into the Constitution, and through it, to keep it in the public schools against the wishes and protest of the Roman Catholics or of unbelievers. In short, a more or less numerous class of American Christians, are, if they have their way, about settling for the whole country its questions and doubts upon some of the most difficult, disputed, and anxious subjects of theological opinion. They propose to settle just what Christianity is, just who Christ was, just what the Bible is, just what the relations are of the civil and the religious powers in this, and all countries. The nation will object to this claim to omniscience and omnipotence. It will not deputize to

any self-called convention, a duty so serious, an office so needless, a purpose so perilous as this.

I have said that historically considered, or as a matter of present fact, this *is* a Christian nation, Christian in its origin, temper, prevailing faith and reputation; and that the absence of any declaration of its theistic and Christian faith in its political constitution does not touch the fact of its Christianity, nor bring it into doubt in other nations, nor render it questionable at home. We refuse to bring theological and religious questions, because of their importance and the immense jealousies they arouse, and because of their nature as questions between the individual soul and its maker, into the political charter, which is designed to express the common and equal rights of all citizens. The Government, meanwhile, is neither Christian nor non-christian, simply because the nation in its Christian strength and sense of justice and charity, declines to make the political platform, the place where it announces its creed; the government, its religious agent or representative. It has learned from experience in other countries, the dangers of the union between Church and State, religion and politics. For its Christian faith and character, the nation refers the world to its religious statistics, its newspapers, its charities, its general life, its literature, its homes, and its temples of worship. It would be amusing, if it were not mournful, to observe that among the inducements to introduce the theistic and theological amendment to which I have referred into our constitution, the excellent president of the recent convention, March, 1870, at Pittsburg, called the attention of the body to the fact that the Southern States, when in active rebellion, and in arms against the States, did introduce into their new constitution this very recognition of God, which he desires us to follow them in introducing to our own Constitution. At the very moment they were treasonably violating the law of the God they professed to recognize as the head of the State of which they were citizens, they were ostentatiously putting his name and political sovereignty into their fundamental law, and making Him the sponsor of their rebellion! Can we not very clearly distinguish between that religion which cries

Lord, Lord, in political and civil documents, and that religion, which without State profession, does the thing which he says in its national or common life?

But this is not only historically, and as a matter of fact, a *Christian* nation—it is also, in the same sense, a *Protestant* nation. The overwhelming majority of the people are Protestant in name, and temper, and purpose. But surely the Government is not a Protestant Government. A Roman Catholic, a Jew, is eligible to the office of President, or Chief Justice, Senator, or Representative. Did Mr. Taney's position, as Chief Justice, Catholic as he was, compromise the Protestant character of this nation? Certainly not; it showed plainly its Protestant spirit and character. Had this been a Roman Catholic nation or Government no Protestant could have been made Chief Justice, much less President. We have had several Unitarian Presidents, the Adamses, Mr. Fillmore, by profession, perhaps Jefferson and Lincoln, in fact; but does that prove that this nation, as a matter of fact, is not still not only Protestant, but also Trinitarian and "orthodox" in its dogmatic faith? Certainly not. The nation does not look for theological qualifications, or even forms of religious conviction, in its political agents. It ought to look, and would that it looked more, to moral character and political ability. But God avert the day when it shall inquire into the theological opinions of its candidates for political office!

It is the vast importance of keeping the political and the religious movements and action of the people apart, and in their own independent spheres, that makes wise citizens, alike on religious and on civil grounds, look with alarm and jealousy on any endeavors, on the part either of Protestants or Catholics, to secure any special attention or support, any partial or separate legislation or subsidies from either the National or the State Governments. I have already told you that Protestants, representing the great sects in this country, are now laboring, by moveable conventions, to mould public opinion in a way to give finally a theological character to the Constitution. In a much more pardonable spirit, because in accordance with their histo-

rical antecedents, their hereditary temper, and their ecclesiastical logic, the Roman Catholics in this country are, in many States, and every great city of the Union, using the tremendous power they possess as the make-weight of parties, to turn the public treasure in a strong current into their own channels, and thus secure an illegitimate support as a religious body. It is not too much to guess, that more than half of the ecclesiastical wealth of the Roman Catholic Church in America, against the wishes and convictions of a Protestant country, has been voted to it in lands and grants by municipalities and legislatures, trading for Irish votes. The Catholic Church thus has a factitious prosperity and progress. It is largely sustained by Protestants—not on grounds of charity and toleration, or from a sense of its usefulness, (that were well privately done,) but from low and unworthy political motives in both the great parties of the country. Now, that Roman Catholics themselves should take advantage of their solidarity as a people and a Church, and of the power of their priesthood, with all uninformed and some enlightened communicants, to turn the political will into a machine for grinding their ecclesiastical grist, is not unnatural, nor wholly unpardonable. But it is fearfully dangerous to them and to us. Their success—due to the sense of the Protestant strength which thinks it can afford to blink their machinations, or to the preoccupation of the public mind with the emulative business pursuits of the time, or to the confidence which the American people seem to feel in the final and secure divorce of Church and State—their unchecked success encourages them to bolder and more bold demands, and accustoms the people to more careless and more perilous acquiescence in their claims. The principle of authority in religion, which has so many temperamental adherents in all countries; the inherent love of pomp and show in worship, strongest in the least educated; a natural weariness of sectarian divisions, commonest among lazy thinkers and stupid consciences—all these play into the hands of the Romanists, and they are making hay while the sun shines.

There are no reviews, no newspapers in this country, so bold and unqualified; none so unscrupulous and so intensely zealous

and partizan; none so fearless and outspoken as the Catholic journals. They profess to despise Protestant opposition; they deride the feeble tactics of other Christian sects; they are more ultramontane, more Roman, more Papal, than French, German, Austrian, Bavarian, Italian believers; they avow their purpose to make this a Roman Catholic country, and they hope to live on the Protestant enemy while they are converting him. They often put their religious faith above their political obligation, and, as bishops and priests, make it a duty to the church for their members to vote as Catholics rather than as American citizens. Not what favors the peace, prosperity, and Union of the nation, but what favors their church, is the supreme question for them at every election; and American politicians, for their predatory purposes, have taught them this, and are their leaders in it.

Now, as an American citizen, I say nothing against the equality of the rights of the Roman Catholics and the Protestants—both may lawfully strive, in their unpolitical spheres, for the mastery, and the law may not favor or disfavor either; nor can anything be done to prevent Roman Catholics from using their votes as Roman Catholics, if they please. It is against the spirit, but not against the letter of the Constitution. At any rate it cannot be helped; only, it may compel Protestants to form parties and vote as Protestants against Roman Catholic interests, which would be a deplorable necessity, and lead, sooner or later, through religious parties in politics, to religious wars. The way to avoid such a horrible possibility—alas, such a threatening probability for the next generation—is at once to look with the utmost carefulness and the utmost disfavor upon every effort on the part of either Protestants or Catholics to mix up sectarian or theological or religious questions, with national and State and city politics.

Every appeal of a sect, a denominational church, or sectarian charity of any description, to the General Government, or State or city governments, for subsidies or favors, should be at once discountenanced and forbidden by public opinion, and made impossible by positive statute. The Protestant sects in this

country should hasten to remove from their record any advantages whatsoever guaranteed to them by civil law to any partiality or sectarian distinction. The most important privilege they enjoy by law in most of the States, is the right of keeping the Bible in the public schools. It is a privilege associated with the tenderest and most sacred symbol of the Protestant faith—the Bible. To exclude it from the public schools is to the religious affections of Protestants like Abraham's sacrifice of his only son. When it was first proposed, I felt horror-stricken, and instinctively opposed it; but I have thought long and anxiously upon the subject, and have, from pure logical necessity and consistency, been obliged to change—nay, reverse my opinion. Duty to the unsectarian character of our civil institutions demands that this exclusion should be made. It will not be any disclaimer of the importance of the Bible in the education of American youth, but only a concession that we cannot carry on the religious with the secular education of American children, at the public expense and in the public schools. So long as Protestant Christians insist, merely in the strength of their great majority, upon maintaining the Bible in the public schools, they justify Roman Catholics in demanding that the public money for education shall be distributed to sects in proportion to the number of children they educate. This goes far to break up the common school system of this country, and, if carried out, must ultimately tend to dissolve the Union, which morally depends upon the community of feeling and the homogeneity of culture produced by an unsectarian system of common schools.

Let the Protestant portion of this country, the vast majority, by its utter fidelity to the divorce of Church and State, of religion and politics, throw all theological, religious, and ecclesiastic questions back where they belong—into the arena of logic, historical evidence, literary or religious discussion; into pulpits, synods, religious conferences—and it will quickly appear whether this is a Protestant country or not. It is only because we foolishly allow our jesuitical friends to drag the Roman Catholic Church into the political circus, and hitch the horses of party and legislation to its wheels, that we see its alarming progress.

They, we may be sure, intoxicated with present success, will do their utmost to keep religious affairs mixed in with all political questions. They thrive by it. But will they not pause to consider whether their present swift advance on this route, and by this method, is not the road to ruin? Has not the history and and fate of American slavery been a solemn lesson for them? Did not that "*domestic* institution" attempt to make itself a national one—establish its propaganda, send its missionaries to Congress, and compel its whole political life to turn upon the question of extending its dark area? Did it not long prosper and thrive upon the political pabulum of threatening and fear, and spread until it invaded territories consecrated to liberty—nay, until it seemed almost ready to seize the national capital, flag, archives and all, and rule over a nation held together by the black marble key-stone of negro slavery, pronounced a divine institution? Only slowly the nation comprehended its purpose; for it was an inevitable purpose—a part of the logic of slavery—not so much the fault as the fatal proclivity of its heirs; but when the nation did fully comprehend, it rose and cut down the accursed upas at a stroke, and tore its roots out of the national soil! Will the American people—a Christian, Protestant nation—see any form of sacramental, hierarchical, theological priestcraft, getting possession of their politics and government, cheating them before their very eyes out of their rights and liberties, and not, sooner or later, treat it just as they treated slavery?—nay, override the Constitution to save the nation threatened with a government of priests?

It is the certainty of this result, so much more fearful for them than for us, that makes it the duty of Protestants to warn the Catholic hierarchy and the politicians that support them, whither they are tending; while they carefully cleanse their own skirts from every stain of political commerce, or want of fidelity to the fundamental law that keeps Church and State apart in our country.

Of course, I shall be asked what, if religion and politics are wholly divorced, we are to do with Bible oaths, with prayer in Congress, with presidential piety in proclamations and mes-

sages. I think very little harm would come to the morality and piety of the country if they were all omitted. Of course, the laws concerning oaths would require important amendments. A lie in matters of contract would have to be punished like a broken oath. Everything else involves no principle, because it is voluntary, and matter not of law, but custom. If the President is a Christian, surely his office does not forbid his speaking as a Christian, and it is no offence to Jew or Gentile that he has and professes his Christian faith, even in a public document; but good taste and public policy might be better served by his writing wholly in his official and political capacity.

So long as custom and usage warrants Christian prayers in Congress and Legislatures, there can be no objection of principle, if objection is not taken by those who elect to hear them; they do not commit those who do not choose to be committed, and are not of legislative or political value or weight. Still, we should not be *less Christian* in character or reputation, if, on grounds of political duty and separation of Church and State, even in their shadows, we omitted them all.

Let us understand, in conclusion, that Religion and Politics have their proper meeting-place, and a far closer union than any between Church and State, in the private conscience, will, heart of every citizen! Politics to a religious man will have a tremendous religious obligation, a full religious light, a profound religious influence. Politics to a Christian will be discharged in the light and under the impulses and motives that warm a Christian's heart. But his Christian heart will teach him justice, charity, firmness, candor, and the importance of keeping theological and ecclesiastical ends (however important in themselves) within their own lawful sphere.

As Unitarians, a long persecuted and disfranchised sect in Great Britain, and still suffering injustice from public sentiment and religious bodies in this country, we are naturally specially sensitive to all questions touching religious liberty. It has seemed fitting then to use this valuable occasion, spite of its personal and denominational interest, for a larger purpose. Indeed, we need here in the capital, a better place than this

obscure chapel affords, to plead for Christian liberty, with the people of this country. Our position as a sect gives us a special freedom to deal in a broad and candid and fearless way with questions of this character, which are seldom approached by denominations bound in creed, without foregoing conclusions and sectarian biasses. I am conscious in this appeal of none, and have honestly endeavored to avoid all—not by a mush of concession and compromise—but by fidelity to certain great principles, let them cut where they would. May we not hope that the Unitarian denomination here, and through the country, will feel the urgent importance of maintaining in this capital a church worthy of our grand principles, and a fitting place from which to address the representative men who have charge of this Government from time to time, touching the civil and religious rights of the nation, and specially at those crises when great questions arise touching the freedom and peace and stability of our country.

SHALL THE NATION, BY A CHANGE IN ITS CONSTITUTION, PROCLAIM ITSELF CHRISTIAN?

A SERMON

PREACHED TO THE

FIRST PARISH IN BROOKLINE,

On February 25, 1872.

BY

FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D.,

THE PASTOR.

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SERMON.

"But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." — 1 PETER, ii. 9.

A CONVENTION was held at Cincinnati on the first of this month, whose object was somewhat obscurely indicated in its title: "The National Convention to secure the Religious Amendment of the United States Constitution." The Convention was called by a "National Association," bearing the same name, — an Association which has many auxiliaries, which, during the past year has held, it is said, in various places, two hundred public meetings, which has a permanent secretary, and has raised some thousands of dollars in aid of its designs.

The chief aim of this Association is expressed in one of the resolutions adopted by their Convention: "Resolved, that it is the right and duty of the United States, as a nation settled by Christians, a nation with

Christian laws and usages, and with Christianity as its greatest social force, to acknowledge itself in its written Constitution to be a Christian nation." In what way those interested in the project wish this acknowledgment to be made, in what precise terms they would have it expressed; whether they would choose to content themselves with the simple insertion of a clause in the Constitution, declaring the nation to be a Christian nation, or whether they would claim an additional article securing, if not enforcing, certain usages, such as the observance of the "sabbath" in the Puritan sense of that term, and the reading of the Bible in the public schools, — I am unable to say, having seen no definite proposition relative to that point by any authorized organ of the Association. There is no doubt, however, from the tenor of the following third resolution of the Cincinnati Convention, that the preservation of those uses is the object especially contemplated in this proposed amendment of the Constitution. "Resolved, that as the disregard of sound theory always leads to mischievous practical results, so, in this case, the failure of our nation to acknowledge in its organic law its relation to God and his moral laws, as a Christian nation, has fostered the theory that government has nothing to do with religion but to let it alone, and that, consequently, State laws in favor of the Sabbath, of Christian marriage, and the use of the Bible in the schools, are unconstitutional."

These people are earnest, conscientious, and apparently single-minded in their aim, actuated by no motive either of personal gain or sectarian propagandism, but looking simply and purely to what they suppose the moral and religious requirements and the safety of the State. They have taken alarm at certain symptoms which seem to them to threaten the abolition of Christian principles, and therewith the dissolution of ancient bonds, and the consequent surrender of the country to irreligion and moral ruin. The symptoms which chiefly alarm them are the relaxation of sabbatarian discipline, and the discontinuance, or proposed discontinuance, of the use of the Bible in the schools. These innovations they have set themselves to resist. Their motives are pure, their aim sincere, but their premises, I think, are false; and their enterprise, I am sure, is a vain undertaking, not likely to succeed, or, if successful, to result in good to Church or State.

They plead that, since the nation was settled by Christians, it is bound to acknowledge itself in its written Constitution a Christian nation. It is true the nation was settled by Christians, and equally true it is that the nation, with one trifling exception, was settled by Protestants. With equal reason it might therefore be claimed that the nation, at the start, behooved to declare itself Protestant; and, unless it had done so, the questions at issue concerning the observance of

the Sunday and the use of the Bible in schools would have stood precisely where they do now, — Protestants and Romanists dividing on these points. The framers of the Constitution say nothing in that instrument about Christianity. They had no occasion to do so, unless they intended to prescribe acceptance of the Christian religion, or some form of that religion, as a qualification for office and the rights of citizenship. They concluded, on due consideration, — whether wisely or not may be a question, — to exact no condition of this kind. The third section of the sixth article of the Constitution expressly provides that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The late Justice Story, in his "Commentaries on the Constitution," remarks that "this clause is not introduced merely for the purpose of satisfying the scruples of many respectable persons who feel an invincible repugnance to any religious test or affirmation. It had a higher object, to cut off for ever every pretence of any alliance between Church and State in the national government. They were fully sensible of the dangers from this source, marked out in the history of other ages and countries, and not wholly unknown to our own. They knew that bigotry was unceasingly vigilant in its stratagems to secure to itself an exclusive ascendency over the human mind, and that intolerance was ever ready to

arm itself with all the terrors of the civil power to exterminate those who doubt its dogmas or resist its infallibility. . . . It was easy to foresee that, without some prohibition of religious tests, a successful sect in our country might, by once possessing power, pass test laws which would secure to themselves a monopoly of all the offices of trust and profit under the national government."

Whether — granting the importance of the object they had in view — the fathers adopted the best measures to secure that end may be a question. Had they foreseen the subsequent immense immigration of other races with other ideas than their own, they might perhaps have thought it expedient to provide more effectually against the usurpations of the Church of Rome by denying the franchise to all who owned allegiance to any visible ecclesiastical head. But, rejecting as they did religious tests, they had no occasion to make mention of the Christian faith. These reformers of the Constitution profess to wish only to supply the omission of its founders; but what they propose would in reality traverse their intent, or else it would fail of any effect. One does not see how the mere declaration of Christian faith can affect the religious condition of the land. Either, as a nation, we are Christians or we are not Christians. If we are Christians, the Christian faith will make itself felt

and show itself in our national policy. If we are not Christians, no declaration to the contrary can be of any avail. It would serve, they say, to rebut the plea of unconstitutionality urged against State laws which aim to protect the sacredness of Sunday and the use of the Bible. I am not aware that such laws have been proved unconstitutional; but, if they are so, the mere declaration by government of faith in Christianity would not change their character in that respect. Something more than the Christian name would be required to give them constitutional authority, if that authority is wanting as the Constitution now stands. It would need that the nation through its government should declare itself not only Christian, but Christian in the Protestant sense. However desirable it may seem, in the judgment of these reformers, that the framers of the Constitution had planted themselves at the start on Protestant Christian principle, it is very evident that the full-grown nation cannot now retrace its steps and assume that ground. And, short of that, the ends contemplated in this movement cannot be accomplished.

You demand that the nation call itself Christian. The question immediately arises, What is Christian? The name will not help you in the thing you have at heart unless you can put your own interpretation upon it. Here are two religions, both claiming to be Chris-

tian, but as far apart in their fundamental principles, to say the least, as Judaism and any form of Christian faith. Both name the name of Christ as their Founder and invisible Head; and that is about all they have in common. The one takes its stand upon a Book, and says: "Here is Christianity; it is all in this volume; this is the true and all-sufficient rule of faith." This Book it would have universally diffused, and the reading of it made a religious exercise in the public schools. The other denies that the Book is sole and supreme authority and rule of faith, forbids its use in the Protestant version, and contends against the reading of it in schools in which the young of its communion receive instruction. The one refers the believer to his own soul for communion with God, without priestly mediation, and, theoretically at least, insists on the right of private judgment, however it may practically interfere with that right. The other says, You can come to God only through the Church and the priest, and have no more right to exercise your private judgment against Church and priest in questions of religion, than the infant has to regulate its conduct independent of parental control. The one acknowledges in spiritual things no supreme power, in theory calls no man master: the other defers to a visible head who is infallible, whose will is therefore identical with the absolute right, and has ever the prior claim when it comes in conflict with

the secular law. Which of these religions, both claiming to be Christian, do you wish to recognize, and — so far as constitutional recognition may avail for that purpose — establish its influence and its uses in the land? The leaders in this movement are Protestants. In vain will they attempt to carry their measure against the will or without the co-operation of the Papists. And the Papists, be sure, will give their aid to no such project, except with the prospect of thereby establishing the ascendency of their religion; an aim in which they are more likely to succeed than any Protestant body, by reason of the unity and ecclesiastical discipline which enables them to move in mass, and to act as one man, whilst the Protestants divide into sects and counteract each other's aims. Let those who urge this amendment, beware lest, instead of accomplishing the object they have in view, their enterprise end in something very different and very undesirable, — the political overweight of the Church of Rome. For my own part, I confess I would rather see the Jewish religion in the ascendant in this country than Romanism. I believe it to be a purer faith and more in accordance with the gospel of Christ. I have not the least fear that these agitators will succeed in their project; but this I should fear, if the project were carried, would be the result of their success. Whatever advantage could be reaped from it by any body of Christians, the strongest eccle-

siastical body would be sure to reap. And the Church of Rome is beyond all comparison the strongest ecclesiastical body; not the most numerous, but the strongest by reason of its compactness and invincible solidarity. It would always manage to secure the aid of that large class of indifferentists who care little for religion, and a great deal for politics, and have no convictions or ecclesiastical preferences they would not sacrifice to political success.

You want Christianity affirmed by constitutional authority to be the religion of the land. But who, I repeat, shall define Christianity? One class of Christians excludes another who claim an equal right to the name, and profess greater purity in their apprehension of the common faith. Shall the Constitution be brought to bear unfavorably on that denomination of believers? Christianity means nothing for the purpose intended until defined; and the next step to definition is exclusion, — ruling out of office and out of civil rights all whose faith does not answer to your definition. I rejoice to believe that neither is possible; but one of these measures is as possible as the other. If you can get a vote for an amendment of the Constitution affirming the nation to be Christian, you can also get a vote for an act declaring who are Christian and who are not, establishing a religious test. Then logical consistency would require exclusion from office and the ballot of all who should fail to satisfy

that test. For where would be the use of a verbal declaration without some action conforming thereto? In fact, the Cincinnati Convention does not limit the proposed amendment of the Constitution to a bare declaration, but urges, in its fourth resolution, the insertion of an explicit acknowledgment of the Bible, meaning, of course, the version in use by the Protestant Church. "Resolved, that we recognize the necessity of complete harmony between our written Constitution and the actual facts of our national life; and we maintain that the true way to effect this undoubted harmony is not to expel the Bible and all idea of God and religion from our schools, . . . but to insert an explicit acknowledgment of God and the Bible in our fundamental law." As to the alleged necessity of harmony between the written Constitution and the actual facts of the national life, let us first ascertain what are those facts. Statistics, I think, will show that a number greater than the whole population of the country, at the time when the Constitution was formed, are opposed to the use of the Bible as we have it and use it in the schools. First, there is — especially at the West — a large body of unbelievers, who think the Bible out of place, because out of date in modern life. Then there are the Jews, a growing class, who might not object to the Old Testament, even in our version, but would certainly object to the New. And, lastly, there is the vast multitude of

Romanists who are strongly, and from their point of view not unreasonably, set against the incorporation in our system of public instruction of a book which, in some of its passages, as rendered by Protestants, contradicts their principles, and seems to condemn their practice. It is in vain to plead that their principles and practice, whereinsoever they differ from the Bible, are false and wrong, and ought to be rebuked. The Romanist may turn upon you, and demand in reply to such assertion: Who gave you the Bible? Who clothed it with the authority with which it has come down from the far-removed past? You speak of the New Testament: who made the New Testament? A century and more of Christian history elapsed before there was any such volume.* Then the Church, finding certain writings — chronicles, narratives, and letters — in circulation among the Christians, — some claiming to be apostolic, others of unknown authorship, some helpful and edifying, others less so, — after much debating made a selection, took about half these current documents, put them together, and called them the New Testament; said, Here is the true spirit: these shall be authority, the others not. But the views of the framers of the canon were not unanimous. More than one council discussed the merits of certain writings: some were received, then rejected; others rejected, then received. The earliest extant collection of the

* I speak not of single writings, but of an authorized canon.

writings of the New Testament contains two,* which have since dropped out. With justice, therefore, the Romanist may plead that the Church made the Bible, not the Bible the Church; and that, consequently, the authority of the Church is before that of the Bible. My Church, he may plead, is the oldest representative of those that settled this question: we have the best right to judge about the Bible, to say how, where, and what parts of it shall be used; and you have no right, because you happen to be in the majority, to set up your judgment in this matter against ours, and to impose your ways on us. I must say, notwithstanding my strong abhorrence of their system, that the Romanists are right in this matter. Having once been admitted to equality of civil privilege, they have a right to demand exemption from sectarian assumption in the application of those privileges; and certainly, in relation to them and their conscientious objections, the use of the Bible in the schools intended for the children of both communions *is* sectarian. Suppose in any town the Romanists had the majority, and, in schools which Protestant children were obliged to attend, should introduce a Roman Church catechism as a text-book: would not that be regarded as sectarian usurpation, as a breach of religious neutrality, as a violation of Protestant rights? The cases are parallel in principle, if not in extent. Whatever may be

* The Epistle of Barnabas and a part of "The Shepherd" of Hermas.

the abstract rights of the case, it is certainly unwise to enforce the reading of the Bible in schools in which the children of Papists are mixed with the children of Protestants and subject to one discipline. Defend it as you will, disguise as you may its theological bearing, the practice, though not sectarian in purpose, is sectarian in effect. It gives the Papists a right to complain; it strengthens their plea for an equitable division of the school fund, and a special appropriation to the use of their communion.

When the common school was established, this difficulty did not exist, could not be anticipated. The children were all Protestant, and the reading of the Bible, under Puritan rule, was a matter of course, a solemn auspication of each day's work. But new conditions necessitate new uses and disable the old. The influx of foreigners with another religion, adverse to such use of the Bible, gives to that exercise a meaning not contemplated when first established. It is better, if possible, that the children of the two communions should be educated in common, and that can be done only by concession on the Protestant side. We have admitted foreigners to full participation of our own civil rights; freedom of religion is one of the rights which not only the letter of the Constitution, but the whole spirit and drift of American institutions, secure

to them. The letter of the Constitution you may alter; but legislation, to be of any avail, must conform to the genius of the people. Religious freedom is theirs by right; and that freedom is invaded when their conscientious scruples are set at naught. The scruple may seem unreasonable in this case; but we are bound, I think, to respect it.

I say, it is better, if possible, that the children of the two communions should be educated in common. I am not sure that it will be found possible in the end. Other difficulties may arise, — difficulties, *e.g.*, attending the study of history, — which we must meet as we can. There are limits beyond which concession would be wrong; and points of dispute outside of those limits must be settled by the voice of the majority. Altogether, the conflict of religions in this country, and their conflict with civil rights, is a matter fraught with perplexity and danger. It is an ominous cloud in our horizon which may one day burst into storm. Let us, by prudence, avert the tempest if we can; but if it must come, let us trust that the wisdom which has brought us safely out of so many trials in time past will rule the issues of this entanglement to final good.

Meanwhile, I can see only mischief in the scheme of the Association to secure the religious amendment

of the Constitution of the United States. I believe the success of the project to be impossible; but the very attempt, the mere agitation of the question, so far as it has any effect, will tend to work irritation and to bring religion into disrepute. If the end were accomplished, it would virtually denationalize, perhaps disfranchise, a large class of our fellow-citizens: if attempted and not accomplished, the failure would be the triumph of the enemies of Christianity; it would seem to authorize their boast that this is *not* a Christian land.

If calling the nation Christian would make it so, one would gladly lend a helping hand to such an enterprise. But the Christian name will not help us to larger measures of the Christian spirit, or better forms of Christian life. Nominal Christianity has been found to be compatible with all unchristian abominations. The greatest atrocities the world has ever witnessed have been the operation and the boast of nominal Christianity: more innocent blood has been shed by it, more tortures inflicted, more vengeance wreaked, than by any other weapon in the armory of hell. To go no farther than the annals of our own land, it was nominal Christianity that, in the darkness of the seventeenth century, put to death harmless women on the plea of witchcraft, and that, in the light

of the nineteenth, advocated slavery, saying through the lips of one of its consecrated preachers: "In defending it, to the South is assigned the high position of defending before all nations the cause of all religion, of all truth." "Ye are a chosen generation, . . . a peculiar people." I believe that the fathers were wise in not burdening the Constitution with the care of religion. I believe that they were wise in propounding no confession and exacting no religious tests. But whether wise or not, so they builded, and so we have inherited. We are once for all committed to this way, and nothing short of a bloody revolution can establish another in its place. What these reformers are attempting to do is precisely what other nations, after a thousand years' trial of that way, are striving to undo. We, as a people, are trying the new experiment of placing religion, of placing Christianity, on the basis of its own sufficient worth, of leaving it to its own unaided strength, of withdrawing the State from all supervision and dictation of the Church, of freeing the Church and the Churches from civil control. The experiment was worth trying. Its success, if successful, will be very significant: its failure, if it fails, will be equally so.

If Christianity has not, in its own inherent vitality, strength enough to maintain its ground, to perpetuate

its truth, to establish its rule, and to make the nation substantially its own, its doom is written and its days are numbered.

An arm of flesh will not save a religion whose spiritual force is insufficient to itself.

A SERMON

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE GRADUATING CLASS

AT THE

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL VISITATION OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

BY

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

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THE

MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.

"And all things are of God, who hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation."—2 Corinthians v. 18.

The prophet is a mediator, as well as the priest. It is the office of both to effect a union of things discordant. But, while the priest discharges this duty officially, the prophet discharges it personally. The priest mediates by means of sacraments. The prophet mediates through ideas and through character. The priest stands, a fixed, silent figure, midway between the opposing points,— whose separation is the misery, whose accord is the blessedness, of the world,— to pass from side to side, through his anointed hands, the gifts of sacrifice and the gifts of grace. Who or what he individually is, matters little, if he be duly appointed and set up for his function. He may be neither wise nor pure, neither true nor earnest, neither sweet in humanity nor tender in devoutness. His intellect may be unillumined; his soul may be clouded. Still his duty may go on: for he is there as an automaton, not as a person; an agent, not an organ. The oblations that are in substance or symbol laid upon the altar, the emblematic confession, gratitude, homage, contrition of mortals, he, by expressive action, lifts up to the Being who sits remote on the mercy-seat. The grace that is expressed in the rite — the absolution, consolation, peace, that heaven

imparts to human beseeching — he receives in the form of a sign, and hands down to the waiting multitudes below. Neither the gifts that go up in aspiration, nor the graces that descend in blessing, traverse his spiritual being. They can therefore take no stain from it, if it is unclean. Though he be impious, piety may trust him to bear her message of love through the doorway she may not pass, to the Presence she may not behold. Though inhuman, he may be depended on to carry for a space the cup and the salver which contain in mystery the saving body and blood of the reconciled God.

The mediation of the prophet is of a different kind. He is not an instrument, but an organ. Ministering through the agency of ideas, and of principles conveyed in ideas, — a teacher therefore, a speaker, a thinker, — it is of first moment that he be a living mind and soul. What *he* passes from one side to the other is literally *transmitted, sent through* him. He must be himself reconciled; he must himself be in accord with the Being above, and the beings below. Not artificial is his ministry, but real; not mechanical, but vital. The humanity that streams upward must be able to count on his devoutness; the divinity that streams downward must find a willing co-operator in his kindness. It will not be enough that the divine and the human *crystallize at his touch:* they must *blend in his nature.*

The priest is to all eyes an individual set apart. His dress, his mien, his house, his table, — usually, his solitary, wifeless, childless condition, — are peculiar. Sacerdotal robes make him conspicuous in public; sacerdotal manners make him an object of notice in private. The prophet is not thus visibly distinguished. He marries, and rears children; he dwells much like other citizens; he is in society; he engages in civil affairs; he votes; he takes the platform; he does not scruple an occasion to visit the opera, the concert-room, or the theatre. He is human. But these external differences must not conceal the fact, that he, too, is a mediator, no less effectually than the priest. He does not abolish the gulf of separation, or treat it as if it were not: he is a bridge over

it; his pulpit spans a breach. The traveller in Belgium stands with delight, mingled with curiosity, before the quaintly carved pulpits that are set up against a pillar in the cathedral churches. Wonders of art they are! One tells in symbol the story of the creation; another, the story of the garden and the fall; a third, the story of the redemption; a fourth, the whole grand history of the first and second Adam. The fine artist in wood has put his soul into his work. There the animals confront the angels, the seraphs struggle with the sinners; the lower deeps yawn, the upper deeps open; the prophets and kings take their places; Mary bends over the cradle, and stands beside the cross.

In the midst of all this symbolism, the preacher stood to deliver his word; the idea of reconciliation encircling his form, the very box he was placed in suggesting the burden of his prophecy.

This whole ministry, whether evangelical or otherwise, is a ministry of reconciliation, — reconciliation between whom or what? What are the two things that stand over against one another, and between which he would make peace? The older, and still the prevalent, mode of thinking puts the antagonism thus: Separation between man and God; opposition of nature to the supernatural; conflict of the material with the spiritual; a gulf dividing this world from the next; the two dooms, — salvation and damnation, hell and heaven. The chasm was one that divided the finite from the Infinite, and it cut its way sheer from the primal origin and essence of being, down through every department of thought and life; parting off into two definite portions the spiritual, moral, social, personal interests of mankind; cleaving in twain cares and pleasures, mercantile pursuits and trivial amusements; setting man at variance with himself along the whole line of his existence; making his experience a warfare; opening a cross-road at every step of his temporal career, and at the end of it showing a parting of the ways in the direction of everlasting life or everlasting death. Thus, from man's origin to his endlessness, the imagination disclosed a succession of gulfs which only wings of the spirit

could traverse. It has been the business of late years to fill up these gulfs. The gulf between God and man is filled by conceiving man as, on one side of his nature, *divine;* and God as, on one side of his nature, *human.* There is a province, it is said, where God and man meet, without the aid of intercession. He is not far from every one of us, and may be found by all that seek him. We in our better hours recline upon his bosom and inhale his peace. If we do not meet him in the workshop or the street, the fault is ours. If we do not live in companionship with him, it is not because we cannot, but because we will not. There is no chasm: there need, therefore, be no bridge.

The gulf between nature and the supernatural is filled by extending the realm of the natural till it includes all the phenomena that come under our intellectual cognizance. The natural, we say, is the orderly, the regular, the beautiful, the perfect. The natural man is the good man. The natural and the spiritual man are one. Is it said the "natural" is that which is under law? Every thing is under law. There are laws of thought and feeling: the Supreme Holiness is bound; the First Cause is necessary. To be released from law is to be outcast, not free. The gulf between matter and spirit is filled by making matter the organ of spirit; spirit the impelling force, matter the means of manifestation; spirit the intelligent cause, matter the pliant instrument; spirit the active principle, matter the passive substance, — the two necessary to balance, complete, and use each other. Spirit without matter, an unorganized, diffusive power; matter without spirit a nonentity. Instead of a gulf betwixt the two needing to be escaped, a connection between the two so close as to be indissoluble.

The gulf between this world and the next is filled by throwing both into one; by making life one continuous whole; by abolishing the grave as a receptacle of consciousness, or a goal of probation, or a check to advance, and running all the lines of moral experience straight through it; grading the pit into which the body plunges; and setting on either side of the dark valley the watch lights of hope, that sparkle

on, far as the eye can see, lighting the one unmistakable road that leads to universal blessedness all the souls of men.

In similar wise disappears the gulf between finite and infinite. The finite, we say, has its infinite possibilities. The human is not shut in by a wall. Its horizon line recedes as its being expands. This *mortal* puts on immortality, this *corruptible* puts on incorruption. The infinite is the moral, the spiritual, the perfect. But the finite tends to these, and, following its tendency, reaches them.

In these few words, so few as to be unintelligible, I fear, I have tried to indicate the work attempted by the intellectual energies of our generation, — the work undertaken by science and philosophy, by ethics, politics, art; in a word, by intelligence using all the means that thought and experience place at its command to abolish the separation between things human and things divine.

The apparent result is the cessation of a ministry of reconciliation. There is nothing, apparently, to reconcile. The atonement is not to be made: it was made from the beginning. The atonement is laid in the nature of things. The cry, therefore, is, that the prophet shall give up his ghost of a mission; that the preacher shall abandon his mere tradition of a calling, shall put an end to his pantomime of gesticulation, and earn his living as other men earn theirs. For the pulpit, we are told, there is no place: take it away. A gentleman had running through his grounds the Middlesex Canal. It divided his garden from a very beautiful grove of trees, which was a favorite retreat in the summer time. Being a man of wealth, he spanned the canal with a stone bridge elegant to behold. After a time the railroad superseded the canal. The waters were drawn off. The bed was filled in, planked over, covered with corn-fields. But the bridge still stands where it did. It serves no purpose as a bridge; it is easier to walk over the even ground than it is to climb its steep arch; it occupies good soil for planting; it withdraws from use a quantity of granite; it is by no means ornamental; and its incongruity raises a smile, not

always inaudible, in the passers-by. So, to the apprehension of many, stands the pulpit, now that the dividing gulf is dry, — a needless relic of a past dispensation, doing nothing that literature, the book, the magazine, the newspaper, do not accomplish a great deal better; and, by its standing where it does, casting a tacit reproach, and being an actual hindrance to these.

I am here to consider if this is a fair statement of the whole case. Is the ministry of reconciliation ended? Are the gulfs all filled up? Let us admit that certain maps of them have been rendered useless; that the charts of the old engineers have become obsolete; that ancient estimates of their character, dimensions, and depth have been discredited; that their names have become unintelligible. But has the ancient ravine itself been abolished? If it has been, the ministry of reconciliation has been abolished; if it has not been, that ministry remains. And it becomes us to consider the way in which it shall be discharged.

To my apprehension, the gulf, the essential gulf, the only gulf that is worth practically considering, is the gulf *betwixt the animal and the human elements in man.* You may describe it under the old nomenclature, if you will. Call it a gulf between the creature and the Creator, between the temporal and the eternal, between the finite and the infinite, between the worldly and the heavenly life, between the flesh and the spirit, you will not convey a stronger impression of its reality or its character, than you do when you call it a gulf between the animal and the human in his constitution.

The real facts of life are unaltered by time. There has been no change in the substance of things. The structure of the mind and the material of experience remain as they were. The *interpretations* of life vary. The *realities* of life are immutable. The data to which the older divines appealed, in justification of their ministry, are still before us. Human existence is full of them; human nature teems with them; and an earnest glance discloses them to us in a form as solemn and startling as that which moved them to cries and tears.

It is enough to hint at these things: I cannot describe them. Ignorance, weakness, imbecility, lethargy, stupor, vice, stubbornness, turpitude, lie in monstrous heaps upon our civilization; and the wind of passion, which is always blowing in gusts, now and then catches them, whirls them in the air, stifles us with their dust, and covers us with their rubbish. Terrible surprises lurk in the moral atmosphere. A little congealed vapor in winter is driven before the soft air; while we sleep, the light particles of snow fall by myriads. A muffled army of invasion, they take possession of the earth; we wake in the morning to find ourselves blockaded, — the streets impassable, lines of railroad buried beneath avalanches. Mechanical power, steam power, is set at defiance. The irresistible legions of the travelling public are held under arrest. The lord of the planet battles for existence with snow-flakes.

So in the moral world about us are stored the elements of terror. Of a sudden they gather, they drive upon us; the virtue of man buffets them in vain. The *obstinacy* of the dark power is what appalls us. This animal element, this crude element of passionateness, — by whatever name you will call it, — this dumb, chaotic, portentous force, sweeps over us, and bears down feeling, purpose, determination. Better than volumes of divinity, the daily papers present the argument for a kind of inertness in the moral world.

The story of the warfare between the powers of light and the powers of darkness is as new as it is old. Every earnest man and woman is conscious of it. Paul's terrible language — "That which I do, I disavow; what I would, I do not; what I hate, I do" — is hardly too strong to describe the pressure of inability that is upon individuals and society. A vast burden of powerlessness weighs will and purpose down; a rigid limitation sets bounds to our effort. We see so much farther than we reach, we perceive so much more than we can do, we confess so many obligations we cannot meet, we are aware of so many duties we cannot discharge! Our purpose faints behind our desire; our thought gropes after our dream our determinations are determined. We

know that things are wrong; but we cannot get a conviction that they are wrong, and so we go on doing them with a fatal facility that makes us feel ourselves creatures of destiny. Blundering and impotent, we push on, hoping that somehow things will come out right, but haunted by a desperate feeling, that, if they do, it will be in spite of ourselves.

Now these, I apprehend, are the old facts out of which the old theory of a dislocated world was constructed. This passion, this prejudice, this inertness, this perversity, this incapacity, this old man of the sea, sitting astride of our shoulders, suggested the thing that was called the "old Adam" in us. What is it if it is not the *old Adam*, — precisely that and nothing else? It is the immaturity of mankind; it is the crudeness of human nature; it is the heavy bulk of the raw material which we have not organized; it is the mud of the pre-Adamite world clinging to our feet; the preceding centuries huddle their infirmities on our backs; their ideas infest our minds; their practices entangle our footsteps; their judgments nestle in the meshes of our law; their lusts, violences, dishonesties, mingle with our feelings. Their influence is akin to that of demoniacal possession. To it we may trace all, or nearly all, the social enormities that curse us. A great many things we do that are lawless, or worse; yet it is not *we* that do them, but this force of unsubdued animalism that is in us. Is it to be wondered at, that, in ages of ignorance, when human reason was unable to take scientific views of things, men cried out for an Expiator to lift off an incubus that was too dreadful to be carried?

But to call for an Expiator we feel would be vain. No expiation will serve. It is inheritance we suffer from, not guilt; undevelopment, not depravity; infirmity, not sin. The struggle is between history and possibility; the *want* of humanity and the *promise* of humanity; the *beastliness* we have not outgrown, and the *saintliness* we have not appropriated. And we are to end the conflict, not by throwing ourselves in agony upon the merits of a Redeemer, but by throwing ourselves enthusiastically upon the virtue of our rational powers.

It is here that the ministry of reconciliation comes in. Its office is to pass men over the gulf that *yawns between the lower and the higher self;* to rescue humanity from passion to principle; to redeem it from selfishness into self-love; to counteract the brutal traditions of sensuality and hate by the beautiful prophecies of sacrifice and brotherhood. The preacher represents the *human nature* in men as the supreme element in them, and for the interests of that human nature he stands, as a distinct interest, never to be compromised. The difference between the developed and the undeveloped man, the cultured and the uncultured, the human and the bestial, while in one sense it is a difference of more or less, is in another sense a contrast of opposites. There are no gulfs betwixt men, we say, but only differences of level. It is but a difference of level makes Niagara. At the top of the precipice, laughing lovers sit on the grass, admiring the rainbow; at the bottom boils the caldron of death; and between top and bottom there is no inch of space where existence is possible for a moment.

A difference of more or less! You take ship in New York, and sail out on the Atlantic. You pursue a level course. There is no dip or plunge, save as the waves lift or depress the vessel's prow. On and on you go; overhead the constellations, around the monotonous plain of waters: night and day, for weeks and weeks, you go on. At length you come to port on the *other side of the globe.* It seems to you that, were your vision long enough, you might look back and see the city you started from. Not unless you can look *round* the planet or *through* it. Between you and home is the solid globe. It was only a question of miles, more or fewer; but here you are setting the soles of your feet against those of your friends in Broadway, and pointing your heads in opposite directions. More or less makes the antipodes.

Look at the ideas that lie in groups on the surface of the religious world. Mark their distribution among the different sects. There seems to be no line of radical separation between them. They are shared by the various churches. Some have more of this, others more of that, — more or less of

depravity; more or less of the Christ; more or less of inspiration; more or less of grace through usage or rite; more or less of authority conceded to book or confession; more or less of duration to punishment, or of destination to bliss. The question is one of shading. So it appears; *but it is not as it appears.* When Luther put off from Rome, he had no thought of going far. His successors looked but a little way beyond Luther. Their successors pushed on the line of advance, nothing being further from their purpose than a final departure from the ancient landmarks. So sect followed sect, each modifying slightly one or more of the original beliefs, but each persuaded it was keeping every essential article; each, in fact, convinced that it brought the essential article out into the light. So church follows church, and party, party; all holding fast by the same tradition, all taking their bearings from the same star, all consulting the same charts; all studying the same authorities in navigation, all sailing under the same flag, heading for the same port, carrying the same freight of souls. Universalism came, Unitarianism, Liberalism, — all using the same forms, all observing the same sacraments, all reading the same Bible, all making the same ascriptions in prayer and hymn. There were successive *departures*, but no visible *gulf*. There were innumerable shades of opinion; but no sharp line of division was evident, cutting Christendom in two. But look beneath the surface, and there it is! As they sailed round the globe, these timid navigators found the *antipodes*, and now stand greeting each other with the soles of their feet, their eyes straining at opposite quarters of the heavens. For while the old church stood on the dogma of human *depravity*, the new church stands on faith in human *ability*. The old church planted itself on the idea that men must be miraculously saved from hell; the new church plants itself on the idea that men must distance hell by reason. The old church bowed the soul to an institution; the new church makes institutions the creatures of the soul. And between these two groups of principles a gulf is fixed, so deep and wide, that they who stand on one side cannot see those who stand on the other.

In society people look much alike: save in some little peculiarities of feature, walk, mien, manner, mood, there is not much apparent difference. They profess about the same average opinions, applaud about the same class of sentiments, approve about the same courses of conduct. Human nature, we hear people say, is about the same all over the world. The differences between them are simply differences of more or less. And yet it needs no keen observer to note certain very plain distinctions as between people who live as if the *world were made for them*, and people who live *as if they were made for the world.* One principle bids a man to live *for himself;* another principle bids a man live *for others.* The principles stand to each other as light and darkness, — in ceaseless opposition. They writhe together, day and night, in every soul.

The ministry of reconciliation has regard to this conflict. The preacher takes his position as representative of the good principle, — reason, culture, the moral sentiment, the social law, aspiration after the pure and perfect; in a word, the *human nature*, of which in man there is so very little, spares no effort to bring this into prominence, and so to consolidate and organize it, that the battle shall go steadily in its favor, and the victory be at last on its side.

Do I mean to say, then, that the preacher has this ministry of reconciliation all to himself? that other agencies do not share it with him? I mean to say, that, as far as I can see, he is the only person who, first and last, absorbingly and exclusively, makes the ministry of reconciliation his business. Other powers engage in it, but neither directly nor with purpose as he does. Certainly the lover of his fellow-men will do no injustice to science or literature or art or politics or reform; he will not undervalue the importance of the magazine, the newspaper, the lyceum lecture. But these things aim at representing society *as it is*, rather than at making society what *it should be.* They *accommodate* themselves to the time; they do not *redeem* the time. They may be *friendly* to the human, but they are not *organs* of it. Literature makes it its office to entertain. The press acts as the medium

of intellectual exchange, and admits nothing that seriously interferes with its popularity as an advertising medium. The lyceum lecture is the amusement of half-educated people who cannot have the theatre, or whose religious scruples forbid their frequenting it. Politics rarely intend any thing better than fitting men for pigeon-holes. Even reform loses the articulation of the small voice in the rattle of machinery. A small infusion of the genuine human element may be instilled into all these agencies. Not too much; for that would spoil them for their purpose. For, one and all, they live on the old Adam. Compromise is their word. The lyceum lecturer who preaches must preach so melodiously that his preaching is drowned in his rhetoric, or he gets no second invitation to preach. The young preacher who leaves his pulpit for the editor's chair finds that his subscribers do not want his philosophy or his piety. As a preacher it was not his privilege only, it was his duty, to deal with the highest moral principles. Earnestness was expected of him. He was there to speak of the true, the beautiful, the good. He had nothing to do but exalt virtue. The place, the hour, the associations, the memories, the traditions, the exercises of worship, music, symbolism, the Ineffable Name, venerable words of Scripture, hymns saturated with the feeling of ages, overhanging beliefs, convictions consecrated in the highest moods of the race, lay him under a vow to defend the interests of the social, rational human nature in man against all comers, and to distrust the fascinations of eloquence, that tempt the truths of the spirit to linger a moment at the porches of the ear. He is not expected to amuse people, but to animate, encourage, inspire them. They do not want his wit; they want his wisdom. They do not desire his humor; they demand his humanity. Elsewhere men assert themselves; there they *surrender* themselves. Society, with strange persistency, still regards the ordained minister with respect; still concedes his position to be one of authority; still waits for his word as being the word of power. Is it for him to be the sceptic? is it for him to qualify? is it for him to turn literateur or politician, lecturer or teacher, under

the impression that thus he can obtain readier access to the popular mind, when, by so doing, he loses sight probably of the object for which he wishes the access? The human uses in all these things he can extract remaining where he is. What principle in society can he not discuss? What idea in literature can he not deal with justly? He can fight every battle, and yet never camp on a field; he can fill every post, yet never leave his own.

Charge me, if you will, with magnifying my office. To that charge I would plead guilty, were it in my power to magnify it. But you must not understand me as magnifying the men who fill the office. The greatness of the office makes them look absurdly small. Let not their littleness dwarf their place. The work of impowering the human attributes of mankind is not to be exaggerated. It is not unreasonable to think that it will provide occupation for a special order of men, who shall see to it that there be no confusion in church or state or community of the animal with the angelic, the brute with the rational being. It is not necessary that all the members of the order should wear the same badge, or bear the same weapons, or put on the same armor. There may be among them men panoplied in mail, with the red cross on their breasts; and there may be *baresarks*. Theology, Christology, eschatology, symbol, rite, sacrament, are but the names the warriors give to their arms, — as soldiers call their blades Spanish or Damascene. In our war for union, the multitudinous rifle-barrels, however fashioned and labelled by the inventor, fell into one level, and sent their deadly missiles to one aim at the word of command. Why quarrel about tools, if we all mean to make the same use of the tools we have? Why raise a dispute over coats, if the hearts inside of the coats beat true to the call of the better self, struggling with the worse? Would the war go on better, if absolute uniformity of costume and accoutrement were insisted on in every corps? Would the victory be more certain, if the discordant war cries that draw the very hearts out of the clans that shout them were suppressed, and in place thereof a monotonous slogan were put

upon uninterested lips? No, no. Let each use the weapon that fits his hand; let each cry the cry that comes from his heart: only let us be sure that every weapon deals a straight blow at the beast, that every cry is a cry for humanity from a human bosom.

The beauty of this ministry is its human character. The minister is the man, pure and simple. None are above him, none are beneath him. He touches all at a common point, as the brother of all. Every door is open to him, for in every house dwells that which he represents. Men come to him in care, grief, want, temptation; for he is without prejudice, his sympathy is unalloyed by hate or partiality, his judgments are impersonal. He makes himself translucent, that the light of the pure reason may fall through him upon the vexed or the guilty conscience. He knows no distinction of persons. The PERSON is all he cares for. He goes directly to the manhood and the womanhood, whoever the man or the woman may be. Gifted he may be, brilliant, cultivated, elegant, learned; but only as he is *human* is he *minister*. Unlearned he may be, simple, unattractive in speech or manner; but being human he is minister. To me the significance of this ministry is of very profound and enduring import.

Matthew Arnold, a noble spirit, who has taken up this ministry of reconciliation under the name of culture and in the ranks of literature, preaching, with an eloquence we should all envy if we dared, the necessity of making reason and the will of God prevail, criticises our form of ministration as being inferior to his, because it exaggerates the moral and spiritual side of culture. But the sadness and soreness of his own spirit, torn with the difficulty of making itself understood, proves how perilous it might be for lesser souls to attempt so grand a battle on ground so pre-occupied. For many a day yet, the ministry of reconciliation must be a ministry organized and distinct, — not of necessity sacerdotal, not of necessity dogmatical, not of necessity technical, or limited to a department of nature or life. It may be, nay, it must be, broad, comprehensive, human, flexible, hospitable,

to a man like Arnold himself, but none the less distinct, and organized for distinct work.

Young men, I have given you my idea of this ministry as I entertain it. It is for you to fill it out as well as you may. You will never fill it out to your satisfaction. Alas for you if you think you do! You will often be tired and discouraged; you will feel as if you had chosen rashly, and committed a fatal mistake; you will look out from your lonely post, and dream that you might have been happier and more useful somewhere else. When tempted to do so, search yourselves, and you will discover that you are under the power of the lower mood. You are giving up the battle, not praying that you may wage it on harder fields; you are coveting applause, or you are greedy for money.

Remember now, I pray you, and never forget, that ours is an austere calling. It means work, study, thought, care. It is pretty sure to mean things worse than these. You must not complain because others fare more sumptuously, and wear costlier garments than you. You must not whine because you cannot live as well as your parishioners. Be satisfied to live in simple nobleness with your humanity. You do not enter the ministry to be rich or famous or luxurious. The less of all that you may be the more you are faithful. Estimate your loyalty by the earnestness of your battle. The prophets have often been called to make bread out of stones. The ministry is not a *paying* profession: they who wish it might be, do not understand it; they who hope to make it so, had better leave it. We can well spare those young men who avoid it for more lucrative pursuits. Prize the human absolutely, supremely, solely; but never confound the human with the secular. Do not imagine, that, by imitating the secular dress and manners, you are broadening your humanity: you are not. You are merely incurring the danger of confounding the lower humanity with the higher. Humanity is not a slouched hat or a gray coat, a swagger or a cigar. Respect your order, regard its decencies, observe its proprieties, be jealous of its honor. *Culture* and *character*, — be these your mottoes. Do not be ashamed of being ministers.

Let men see that you are ministers because you are men, and they will respect your ministry. Do not fret against the limitations which shut you in with all things noble, and only shut you out from some things pleasant. Be tranquil in the atmosphere of serene truths; be happy in the spiritual companionship of the good among the living, of the sainted among the dead; hold fast the unseen hands of the men who have lived and died for their fellows; and listen for every note of that still, sad music which has breathed, and is ever breathing, from those who have borne the cross, and have found in sacrifice an all-sufficing joy.

THE RADICAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

THE TASK OF RELIGION.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:—

You linger a while, between the midsummer of the grass and the trees, elate as the season, infecting it with your own hope and confidence, just as if hearts outside were not swelling with the suppressed tears of desire to be at home with God. In what places do they await the coming of some modern and untrammeled word, to have enthusiasm snatch their hand away from doubts, and lay it warm in the hand that offers divine friendship? Whither do you journey — into what knowledge of distrust, what discovery of deep alienation from the ideal life, what revolt of souls against their own bondage, — but also into what delight, as you see all kinds of people acquiring truth for themselves, and turning it to life! Your scholarly reverie is almost over: this alarm that interrupts it is beaten by hearts at the front, on the contested line between the body and the spirit.

Your active ministry begins at a period of great mental disturbance, which marks a passage from one position of intelligence to another. Whatever may be your outfit of knowledge, or the depth of spiritual experience which you may have reached, it is safe to say that your education passes to its most important work, since you are about to meet men and women face to face. In doing this, you face for the first time the real problems of the

* Delivered before the Graduating Class of the Divinity School of Harvard University.

spiritual life. Human nature is learning to ask very intelligent and embarrassing questions, while its religious exigencies are the same that they ever were, and have to be harmonized with knowledge. Here you may have been taught to gauge and appreciate past epochs of spiritual development, and to note their connection with various mental states, and you have indulged religious feelings. But now you are about to discern, by contact with men in vital society, what is essential religion, in order that your service may be timely for this race and country. The past may be the soil that holds your roots, but not a ball and chain around the ankle. If you undertake to drag the dogmatic life of nineteen centuries across the face of the country, your traces will be marked by denudation of the fertility that would prefer your bold husbandry. You go forth to quicken the native germs that lie waiting to succeed the old crops, when decay or the axe shall clear the land. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree."

Cheap publications of every kind spread the moods of the period far and wide. Their range passes through all the speculative forms, and all the emotions which the world at any time has known. The very richness is a cause of the distraction. Thought is unconsciously embarrassed as so many departments throw wide their doors at once, and display their collections. And there is no statement too scientific to resist the intentions of popular treatment. It is macerated, dissected, volatilized, put up in packages for the trapper and emigrant. Every condition of half-knowledge appropriates it. People who are troubled with imperfect nutrition will snatch, at every railway station, a gulp of spectrum analysis, primeval man, the correlation of forces, spontaneous generation, social statics, Carl Vogt's impetuous atheism, Mr. Darwin's pangenesis, Prof. Huxley's non-committal protoplasm, and the last message from the summer-land. Such a meal cannot be matched at the most indigestible depot in America. Westward the tide of empire runs and reads.

The scientific mind is making the whole world at once its laboratory and auditorium ; and among the hearers there is no distinction of person, color, sex, or previous preparation. Is it

at all wonderful that religion finds herself ill at ease in this promiscuous assembly, especially when a spirit rules to assign her to the pauper's gallery, as not quite presentable close to the stage of brilliant analysis! She sits and sees motion converted into heat, the lines of Orion's atmosphere described, chronology knocked away from under Adam's feet and fall, the cerebral and nervous system hunted down to within an inch of her life, and the final stroke only suspended out of regard to her feelings, but in amazement that she is present there at all. She listens to the proof of her functional position as the efflorescence of the polyp through a vast gradation of improving epochs. The Perseus of science, behind his fossil shield, waits till she, too, petrifies.

We need not trouble ourselves with the confusion of tongues which has descended upon theology. That is no longer of consequence while human nature is laid waste by this incursion of all the facts and all the conjectures. They penetrate into the solemn presence of our primitive beliefs, where that senate sits in composed silence. One of them, bolder than the rest, stretches forth his hand towards the Ancient of Days, and then a slaughter of the whole is easy.

When we look closely at the mental confusion that prevails, we find that it can be classified, dropping out the consideration of varying intelligence, and noting only its relation to spiritual ideas. There is a class of persons to whom the phrase, "invisible world," has no meaning. They have learned to consider that the universe is occupied with the functions of matter, and that whatever these displace is superfluous and fantastical. There are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of; but, as fast as they are discovered, we find they are only things. This is the class that gets accentuated according to temperament, or divided into sub-classes; such as the one whose special distinction is to derive the moral law from the combinations of birth and physical organization, and to reduce accountability to a table of probable recurrences of vice and virtue. The distinction of another is to be incapable of conceiving of a personal continuance after the bodily functions are exhausted, or even of a transformation of its elemental force into some other element.

And others surmise that the emotions of the friend, the lover, the poet and musician, the gladness that rises from the heart's meadow and sings its path deep into the sky, the profound regret of self-dissatisfaction, the hungry and eager scent of the imagination upon some trail, the music as it opens, the straining of the body's leash outward towards some depth, and down through some perspective, to overtake fulfillment, — that all this is molecular distribution and arrangement, as the nimble atoms of the organism cling or fly apart, and assemble in varying ratios to condense a protean force. Whatever a man thinks that he feels is nothing but the rotation of these microscopic spheres. His most sanguine aspirations have been only the lifting of his brain, as the increased action of the heart sends blood to make it fit closely to the skull. And when it shrinks, that is his only mortification and regret. And when he is flush with perfectly assimilated food, it is his only manliness and ethical ability, his capacity for patriotism, to sacrifice his stimulated atoms upon the bed of honor. The very words we use, that pretend to independent beauty, are nothing but the dominos that conceal till midnight the hollowness of the masquerade.

We must not be deceived by a general healthiness of disposition that preserves people, who are profoundly materialistic, in moral relations with society, and secures from them many a noble action. Their hearts are nevertheless deeply stirred with regret and vexation as scientific facts encamp before the great natural reliances, besiege and undermine them. A man will learn to confide in the unvarying operations of laws, which persist in showing, by all public and domestic circumstances, that providence is only nature's obedience. But his admiration at the spectacle of consistency does not quiet the heart, which inherited from father and mother, and from all parents of all mankind, the feeling that exacts paternity, and claims it at the hand of law, and puts all forces at the disposal of a Person. At the very moment when his mind has plunged the world into the impassive ocean of mere sequence, and stamps upon it, waiting till it drown, there is a native revulsion at the deed. He drags it forth again, to listen if the heart yet beats. He is distracted between the inexorable facts and his equally inexora-

ble hunger to regard himself as not a pawn of fate, but entitled to divine consideration by virtue of some moral and spiritual freedom, which has a casting vote, or at least an influence in framing him. He sees a man's soul entirely disappear under pressure upon the brain, or submit to a modification of its qualities by removal of some portion of the cerebral material. A youth living in Chicago, who was very dull, and showed no tendency for anything, became a great lover of music, and a player upon the flute, after an accident to the head, by which he lost a portion of the brain. Can talent, then, be scooped in or out of the personality, or is the head a kaleidoscope which need only be well shaken to vary indefinitely its combinations? Professor Lourdat, of Montpelier, suffered from a typhoid fever, which destroyed the memory of five or six laborious years, so that he was obliged to recommence his medical studies from the beginning. What and where, then, was the substance of his person? If his knowledge lay minutely packed in brain-cells, was the soul merely a force that secures their normal action? The soul either shared, or did not share, this knowledge. If it did, the total wreck of memory is inexplicable. Death might do the same. If it did not, the brain's function is the only person. And there was George Nickern, of New Orleans, nearly killed by a fall from a platform, who lay unconscious several weeks. He recovered his health and powers of mind, excepting memory. His new memory only dates from his recovery. Everything previous to that has been obliterated, and he is forced to learn his English and German again like a child. What relation, then, has memory to personal identity? We read in a foreign periodical the well-attested case of a working-man, well advanced in years, who had a violent attack of cholera in 1865. Up to that time he was coarse-grained and stolid, and had manifested no spark of literary feeling or ability: but he emerged from the crisis of his malady with a lively fancy, and a strong capacity for literary expression; and he has published a volume of poems. Can cholera, then, fortunately also induce collapse of poetasters, who already lie under suspicion of living without soul? But what is this arbitrament of change in the blood corpuscles, and deliquescence of the body's strength, which mounts with

new spiritual expressions to the brain? A man asks these questions with fear and wonder. He watches nourishment as it eventuates in intellectual action, and narcotics exhale in fantasy: he traces melancholy and self-distrust to scrofulous conditions of the blood; temper and passion to hysteria; ideas of crime to chronic dyspepsia; the vices of forgotten ancestors create the bias of their posterity. He goes to hear the two-headed girl sing two parts of an air at once; and, finding that one trunk and one stomach buds, Astræa-like, into two brains, he is perplexed to decide where the real person is, or whether death itself will be able to establish two. And if the soul be, as Swedenborg affirms, in the form of a whole human frame, how can one frame be endowed with two spiritual essences? He gathers the accounts of foresight and adaptation displayed by the intelligence of animals, who seem able to invent new stratagems, to reflect upon unexpected conditions, and make them the grounds of fresh behavior; and he is incapable of assuming a difference in kind between this power of independent observation and his own, so that, if the one be purely automatic and instinctive, why, he surmises, should not the other be? The facts assail his instinct of independent personality; and he sees them springing out of all the graves upon the planet, the only things left vital enough to rise there, and to mark those pits of nothingness. But let one open near to him, and the old heart of mankind looks down through his eyes into a bottomless depth of personal continuance. He longs against, conspires against, rages against, the facts; glories in science, and yet accuses her; gives back her level and immutable look to-day, but to-morrow cannot see it for his tears. What a country is this, that appears to smile from Atlantic to Pacific with strenuous satisfaction, as if all intelligences only cared to orient themselves through the Golden Gate, and overtake and out-time the light itself with their enlightenment! But there is not one commonwealth of the whole varied surface, over which the tracks of science are laid, that does not ache with the secret suspicion that we can only know what we perceive, and cannot touch higher than the arms will reach. Enterprise and competition blunt this instinctive disappointment, and the thin film of manners obscures it;

but you may count upon it as a prevailing quality of the times to which you are to bring the disinfectant of religion.

It is the gravest part of the service that you are to render to your fellow-men, to restore the primitive truths and expectations of religion to their place in the critical intelligence. Nothing that you can do against separate vices, or characteristic excesses of the people, nothing to refine the average ambition, will avail like this to reconcile the finite with the infinite. You step from this secluded place into a mental transition that will swallow you up contemptuously if you undertake to pacify and convert it by the old didactic methods. Such a serious piece of work never devolved upon the servants of ideal truth.

If you follow certain denominational modes of action, that relate to church-extension, and the concentration of parochial life, I predict that you will gain a parish, and lose your hold upon the vital exigency of the times. Not even if you run in debt for stained windows and high-priced exclusiveness, and borrow from abroad cathedral habits and perspectives, which are for us like an opera imported in a hand-organ, will you succeed in stanching the country's wound. What does the deep distrust of American intelligence care for your elaborate service, with a leviathan of an organ wallowing and tossing up sonorous phrases at one end of the decorum, while you vie with it in a chest voice at the other end, to declare that the Lord is your shepherd, — you will not want; or, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him"? Distrust is not dissipated by the æsthetics of matins and vespers, even if you use them as a fine flourish of religiosity to introduce your faded sermon upon virtue or the miracles. And it is doubtful if, should you arrive at all the social advantages of vestries, with arrangements for unlimited tea and toast and clerical gossiping, for a united congregation, will much be done towards lifting the sublime shapes of God and immortality upon their pedestal of science. All the amiable and social feelings will hold a parish, like a club, together, provided you can also supply a pretty fair article of rhetoric, and, by manipulating the stock subjects of the pulpit, preserve the pews at their original estimate, or enhance them to the despair of would-be listeners. Will you mistake this for success? Twenty years of such a

popular ministry will not answer one of the awful questions that gnaw at the root of religion. America is not waiting for your fervor, volubility, or denominational activity. Her most dangerous and subtle intelligence, grown sick of that, has left the pews to those for whom texts are authorities. She waits to hear and to confess the retort of a faith that is as great as her intelligence; to have you proclaim an atonement that washes the head in the blood of the heart, and obliterates the whole discrepancy. Will you thus bring strong men to God? Then you must seek out a more excellent way than any of the sects can furnish.

The pulpit has done its best to create an impression that science and religion occupy different domains, which are hostile to each other. Nature is said to be the source of one; revelation, of the other. As soon as the attempt failed to harmonize the two by accommodation of old texts to novel facts, the ban was pronounced more distinctly than ever by removing religion into a class of emotions, a mystical inward condition, and a practical ethical behavior. Science was an intellectual reconstruction of nature. Religion was Scriptural authority conspiring with intuitive feeling. The next step taken by the representatives of religion has been the fatal one; to drive science into indifference or zealous atheism, and religion into hatred of the logical sequence of nature. The step was to declare that the logical sequence was incapable of confirming the human sense of dependence and the divine existence, and was at least neutral on the point of the independence and immortality of persons. Now religion need not wait for science to make the necessary advances towards a unity of all real tendencies. Let her take the next step. Let her appropriate the subsidies of science. They are as religious as our finest emotion, because they show the divine method and purpose by means of all animate and inanimate things. If they show this, there appears a divine unity which is expressed by means of the whole of human nature: not by one part alone, whether called intellect or spirit, head or heart; but by the whole human personality directly interpreting the whole of the divine agency, in an expression which cannot be raveled up. The whole seamless web of a

human soul is the whole divine word, without syllables even, of which one might be science, and one religion, but one solid breath, flying through all atoms and functions at one moment, to animate and retain them.

There is only an apparent discrepancy because the men of science find the facts so absorbing. They exact the whole intellectual patience and integrity: they crowd upon the observer from all quarters with a pertinacity that has not been known before. A scientific man is obliged to renounce all other problems, and to be willing to appear irreligious while he really is collecting the refutation of his own apparent materialism. When this devotion is graced by modesty, as it is so often, and the student of nature sets to every other profession a rare example of diligence and zeal, which nothing seems minute enough to baffle, or grand enough to daunt, then we feel that his reticence upon religious questions is only a graceful surrender of a task that does not belong to him. When religious men blame his neutrality, or excessive surrender to his analysis, they ought to be reminded that the apparent discrepancy between science and religion is almost made a real one by their own unbalanced mysticism, and abject submission to the superstitiousness of sentiment.

But it cannot be a real one. The human mind is a unit because it has all the laws that all the facts require. God has made of one blood the head and the heart. They are both floating abreast upon it, exchanging signals. The capacity of the mind to classify and interpret all the facts is the finite side of the divine unity. And its effort to do this classifies religion also, strips her of many superstitious phrases, and makes her companionable to the lowest facts in the gradations of growth or the succession of animals. This is the reason why the religious man must borrow from science its mental method, in order that he may be in a condition to furnish to science his own primitive truths of religion. He will not care what previous conceptions he must modify about providence, the nature of evil, the position of man in creation, or the reality of spiritual experiences. He will be amply recompensed for the loss of every superfluous notion, and every word of devotional rhetoric,

by the richness of the material which science brings to his proofs and illustrations of the Person God, the individual man, the law of his freedom, and the continuance of his life.

You cannot become men of science, but you may learn its method, its laws of continuous development, its physical and social certainties; and you may enrich your appeals for a pure and ideal life in man and society, and for a childlike trust in a divine paternity, by spoil from every province of the earth, sea, and sky. If science has not yet exhausted God, she has not gone too far for you to follow, that you may learn his ways, and show them unto men.

For there is in man this necessity to observe, followed, step by step, and watched, by this necessity to interpret. The earth started with it in the first man; with this twofold unity of seeing the visible, and implying the invisible; of noting objects, and fitting to them a creative presence. Through all the gradations of intelligence, from the lowest barbarous condition, mankind has furnished a God to every phenomenon, a moral law to every conscience, a soul to every body. The phrasing of these primitive truths grows clearer with every accession of knowledge. Museums and explorations cannot make them obsolete. The more of God you collect, the more consistent and sublime becomes your faith. It would be very strange if the acquisition of created things should reach a point where the Creator might disappear, carrying off the legitimate hopes and laws of the soul.

The fine-grained old truths of religion have been deposited by the world's best life. Its age is theirs: but, although so many epochs and races went to make them, we use them now without a thought of their age or of the gravity of getting them well grown; like the beautiful ivory mammoth tusk, sticking six or seven feet out of the frozen ground in Alaska, which the Indians have used for generations as a hitching-post. Tribes come and go, and generations succeed each other; but we all hitch up to the solid truths which offer their convenience, embedded in the past.

This unity of science and religion is declared emphatically by the anxiety and suspicion which have been engendered in millions of minds by the discovery that laws are invariable, and that nature, instead of being exorable, is simply consistent, always,

through every part of a man. How do you account for this deep dissatisfaction and unrest, if men are merely adjusted to perform sets of automatic actions, and can be put into a table of possibilities? Would a machine be disturbed if it had sense enough to discover its own inevitable operations? But men are now oppressed because the facts have gathered faster than the explanations; and when they turn for relief to religion, expecting that the counter-spell will be spoken from her ideal world, they are met by idle assumptions of doctrine, are referred to texts, and threatened with the retributions of unbelief. At the very moment when religion's opportunity first occurs to make the finite prove the infinite which she presumes, she continues the old prescription of church-extension, Bible-worship, claims of miracles, and conventional parish-life. Men everywhere testify to the identity of science and religion by their dread lest a diversity become established. They are sick with the deferred hope of union. Their sickness is a proclamation of the health of all the facts that are pretending to unsettle them. To convince them of this by boldly taking all genuine facts out of the hands of sciolism and newspaper knowledge, and putting them to the service of ideal truth, is the task of religion.

You will find that a proper mental method is a strong ally, into whatever province of reformation and philanthropy you choose to take your truths. It is the instrument of your enthusiasm. If you love men, and long, with all of God you can contain, to liberate them from vicious indulgences, and find them moral opportunities, you must work side by side with the men who discover the conditions of health, sanity, purity, and moral accountability. Their facts and estimates will serve you better than vague pulpit homilies that turn upon the difference between vice and virtue. Social science has for its object to acquire and maintain the personal health which develops the highest amount of personal volition, and liberates it from bad births, bad education, and bad neighborhoods. Religion should rejoice to have this practical companion for her love.

How religious the whole creation becomes as science passes to and fro, touching with her wand of order the great heaps of matter, till they fall into line, and present their thought! A well-

arranged series of fossils will furnish "sermons in stones" upon the direct creative presence. It is your province to take the facts out of the keeping of skepticism, which uses them to reduce God to a continuity of force. They are all ready to declare that he is a person of immediate and constant presence, of incessant thinking agency. No matter whether you incline to the theory of Darwin, that all varieties have been developed by means of varying natural conditions, in an unbroken and gradual series that offers no point for a direct creative interference; or whether, with Owen and Agassiz, you prefer to think that every epoch began with freshly created types, not derived from previous ones, and that the only development is in the underlying thought. Both of these theories presume a divine presence, and a personal volition in the act of creation, as necessary to supply the line of vital thinking in Darwin's gradualism, as in the other hypothesis of successive and isolated periods. All the facts which support one or the other are God's distinct statements that he is on the spot. Science cannot be non-committal if she would. When she is the most reluctant to make confession of faith in a divine person, her investigations anticipate her reserve, and proclaim that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." This act of making is independent of all theories. Force cannot make anything until it is also made, and this keeps heaven close to the exigency of each moment: otherwise a constant force could not constantly create. What a body of a Creator science is unveiling to the gaze of religion! Prick it anywhere, and you draw the blood of his presence.

I said it would be well for you to accept the mental method that has definitively broken with tradition, and is writing its own Scripture. God holds its hand, and guides the fumbling fingers through the old and new traces of his work. But your business is to use it to preserve the honor and gladness of human souls. You have a direct commission to their moral and spiritual life: they must share the moral certainty of your aspiration. They want the encouragement of your own purpose to be faithful to the finest ideas. Routine would have the heart of them if it could: they long to feel the sword of the spirit slitting it to

pieces, and giving back to God his human pulses. What is this moral power which offers opportunity to you?

We call it the ideal, the soul's natural turn to be like God. It was derived from that Being who never paused during all the million years which have gone to make an earth, never lingered in a fine revery over any of the epochs, never regretted anything that was made, never recoiled from its imperfection, never despaired at its bestiality. The divine imagination not only justified all the strange and barbarous creations, but was in rapture to perceive how they led on, — a polypus that could propagate itself by sprouting, a worm that increased its family by snapping to pieces, a bug that died twice to let loose a butterfly, monstrous lizards, cold and groveling, birds that could not fly, sloths that could hardly keep awake to eat, reptiles whose fascinations were secreted by a poison-bag, and myriads of venomous insects, the whole point of whose life was to take another: these, and the noxiousness of all the periods before the elements learned balance and proportion, were the successes of an ideal that mused and planned by what road and through what shortest and cheapest processes spiritual beauty might be gained. Look at all the strata that are picked at by the scientific men, as thought, kindred to the thought that planned them, seizes the leading idea of each, and unfolds their order. They are all coasts where the divine Being arrived. All of them mark where he burnt his ships, and sought the exigency of victory.

We have a natural turn to imitate this action. We call it dissatisfaction when the present palls upon us, or hurts our sense of right: we call it aspiration when the future offers to redress the present. But call it what you will. The ideal is not an impulse that merely develops us, as trees and metals are made; not the vitality which emanates from our collective gifts. The finest soul and body, vegetating together in the kitchen-garden style, could not run up to such a blossom. But when the body plays tricks upon the soul, and the soul demurs, protests, and rages, then the spark is struck out. Let the body take care for its old combustible lumber that has been accumulating ever since the earth was made. When the soul frets at discovering something incompatible, a difference between fact and feeling, an end put to instinct and a beginning to resolution; or when an

awkward reality comes lumbering sideways down the current, runs against our shells of dreams, and crushes them in, then the imagination wakes, the creative power, — it was on board, the same that converted the mist of a nebula into the planet: it wakes to perform the same service for us, to take our temperament, no matter how crude, how thin, how feebly coherent, and roll it into an orb whose shape invents its own path, and originates its own motion through the heavens. We have this goodwill for the perfect, as the human side of God's perfections; but we should not have any ill-will for the imperfect in ourselves if we had traveled farther away along the ideal road to a point upon it where a prospect appears to lie on the same level as a retrospect, and the whole view is woven of homogeneous materials. But what point is that? It is God himself, the justifier of everything that he did not think it beneath him to create. At present, we can only imagine that divine impartiality, and make it one of the attributes which vindicate God to the pitch of adorability as soon as the mind transfers it to him.

But now the ideal is a prisoner, like those in mediæval times, who were condemned, by a refined sentiment of cruelty, to be wakened every fifteen minutes, day and night, till nature sank exhausted. Our temperament is the jailer that is detailed to do the shaking. But, when the prisoner is immortal, the oftener you wake him up, the wider open do you set his eyes, till in that width there is liberty.

I welcome you forth to do work of awakening. Have no longer a box for a pulpit: but, wherever you preach, let it be a place as large as the humanity which claims to be real and ideal, and demands a free ministry for both functions. I cannot anticipate through what forms the country will learn to be addressed; but this I know, — that souls will not put up with phrases any longer, and the monotone of Sunday will not charm. Let all the seven days rise in your message to a completed harmony. Amiable tourists of religion delight to bring home with them a bottle from the Jordan. American rivers are rolling for the baptism of Americans: scoop up each morning fresh water, as it descends, far-traveled it may be indeed, but eager to shape new channels, and refresh a virgin soil. I commend you to the divine spirit whose lips at your ear shall bid you wake to-morrow.

THE

UNITY CHURCH FRATERNITY:

A SERMON,

BY ROBERT COLLYER,

PREACHED MARCH 14, 1869.

CHICAGO:
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1869.

UNITY CHURCH FRATERNITY.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!---Psalms cxxxiii, i.

And I shall speak to you from this text, as I gave notice last Sunday, on the "Unity Church Fraternity."

First—On the reasons for it.

Second—On the nature of it: and

Third—On its accomplishment up to this time.

I. And, first, the Unity Church Fraternity, as I think of it, is rooted in and springs from the longing that was in my heart, and in the hearts of the rest of its members, to find out some way to the formation of a society, without an atom of the religious caste that generally distinguishes the societies that spring up within churches; able to do a work as good as any of these do, in every way, yet still to be free from all sanctimonious egotism, and think as little of what it had done as would be consistent with its pure welfare.

I think it is fair to say that the genius of a Church like this does not seek its expression in Societies, while its condition, at the same time, imperatively demands them. If I may take my ten years' experience for a guide, I will venture to say, that a great number of men and women, who prefer this Church above all others, miss it when circumstances take them away from the city, and come back to its services with a keen enjoyment, would still be very well content to attend

this one service, once a week, drink in the good of it, walk out the moment it is over, without saying "how do you do?" to a living soul, and so keep on from years' end to years' end, always cultivating the kindliest heart toward all that come here, but beyond that, as indifferent as if the Church was a hall, the congregation a crowd, and the sermon a lecture on any secular subject. And it is no doubt true that this can be done more easily in Unity Church than in almost any Church of which I have any knowledge. Other congregations have a sort of inside and outside membership—a congregation, and then within the congregation a Church; and it is expected that the Church shall assume certain duties, as the price of its peculiar endowments. We have, so far, had no such inside membership; and it has been impossible for the minister, on that ground, to ask his people to do more than be in their places, when he was in the pulpit. For week-night meetings, and Society meetings, for every sort of thing that must be done, the minister can go to the Church proper—when there is one—as the housekeeper goes to her wood-pile. He is the overseer of a company that has pledged itself to labor in what is called the "Lord's Vineyard," in all times, seasons, and circumstances. Now, in such informal membership, as we have found possible, so far, there is no such pledge implied. I cannot go to a man or woman in this Church, and, on the ground that they belong to a peculiar people, ask them to do a single thing. Every stroke of work, all social amenities, and money for all purposes, must come out of your kindly hearts, and by your willing hands, or they cannot come at all. You can come to these Sunday services, go back home clear, and keep clear for the rest of your natural life, from every other soul in the Church; and yet I shall have no right to say that you are not as intimately a member, so far as our covenant goes, as any other person. This is a free Church, certainly, in that respect; for it lets every man do that which is right in his own eyes, as they did in Israel, in the times of the Judges.

But, then, nobody can doubt what a Church like this amounts to, if this be all there is to it. Aside from all questions of duty,

it is the merest rope of sand, that can be blown together by the breath of a minister; and there is no reason that I know of why it should not fall to pieces when his breath ceases to blow: and if there should be no more of a Church than that, when I was nearly through, I might feel that I had done good to persons, but my ministry, as an organized religious influence, was a failure.

But not a few have always felt that this was wrong; it was not enough to come to Church on Sunday, and then say "that is all I care for;" for, so far as our little Unity Church world goes, that would be as if the great world should be content to eat all the grapes and apples that grow, but never give a thought to the vines and trees, or get all the good of them through this whole generation, but provide none for the next. So, the reason for the "Unity Church Fraternity" lies not only in the peculiar organization of this Church, but in its needs —the need to do something toward making that an institution, which might otherwise come to be a destitution. So far as I was concerned in the Fraternity, I longed, especially at the outset, to gather a society of young people, that should include, if possible, all the young people in the Church, and all that might come in, give them a chance to know each other, to render kindness in all ways, gracious and good, to all members, and to open its heart in sympathy and charity to that human want and sorrow in our city, where the sufferers do not seek assistance, but would die and make no sign if they were not sought out,—the "Lord's poor," as distinguished from our own poor, so nobly cared for now by the Citizens' Relief. Now, I need not recite in this place how, from the beginning, Unity Church has never failed in noble charities, or in a fair social life, that has had its own good influence. If there be any blame, I will take it to myself, because more has not been done. I declare in the face of the sun, that you have done all I have ever asked for, except to send enough teachers into the Sunday School. I will confess that I have sometimes refrained from asking when I feared it would be no use; but what I have really asked for, this Church has done—has done well, when I

have done decently, and, I can hardly doubt, will do better if I only set the example. Still, it seemed especially essential to organize our young people. I longed to see them in a great company together, cultivating this social element, so essential in all good Churches; to have them coöperate together also in true charities, while their life was still in its first bloom—a period when young people generally care for nothing but to have a good time; and then, in the course of time, when those who are the fathers and founders of the dear good place begin to fail, have a compacted organization growing up to its prime, that would take hold afresh, let us retire into the corners of our pews, and rejoice during what little time we had to live; beside, in seeing them do better than we do, and the little one become a thousand.

II. This, then, has already indicated the *nature* of the Fraternity. It was to be a society without a creed—free from religious caste and cant—intent on two or three thoroughly wholesome objects—as free, as well organized, and cultivating a love as deep toward its mother, as the commonwealth of Massachusetts; or as well organized and devoted in its own way as any society is in the Church of Rome, without this freedom. It was not to be just a bundle of good works and social graces, done because this was a society formed for that purpose, but all this, and more, because the Society had a soul. It was my conviction then, as it is still, that those drawn together in Christian worship should be glad to come together for Christian work too. That a congregation can be a society; and the common sentiment, or conviction, be it one or the other, that brings people together round this pulpit on Sunday, should bring them together in followship on week-days.

So, resting in this belief, we said this "Fraternity" shall have a threefold purpose:—It shall seek, first, to do what Jesus Christ did first in his ministry to man; it shall seek the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind—shall set its fortune against their misfortune, its gladness against their dole—its good spirit shall penetrate to the heart of the dispirited; the beauty of its youth shall be given for their ashes; its grace shall

be a gospel to their deformity; and by such simple and unbroken light of religion as shines out of unworn hearts, it shall bring to those that sit in darkness a new trust.

I saw in a newspaper, a few days ago, some account of a hapless woman in London who was just then dead. The writer entered, with some minuteness, into the proof that the poor soul had been driven out of its tenement by the most appalling process of starvation: it was as sad a thing as I ever read in my life; and this was the saddest part of it, that in the room where the woman was found dead, only two things were found beside—a bit of salt, and a tract on the "Goodness of God." The thing was done within a month; it was in one of the latest London papers—it was horrible to me, beyond expression! it ought to drive every tract society out of London, and bolt the door on them, and take their money to buy bread, until this dreadful hunger of the starving poor in England is satisfied, or until they find a passage in the Gospels that shall read:—"Seeing that the multitudes were hungry, Jesus had compassion on them, and caused them to sit down, took the five barley loaves and two small fishes, and lifted up his eyes and blessed and brake them, and gave them to his disciples; and they eat the loaves and fishes, and gave each of the five thousand a religious tract." Right or wrong, this "Fraternity" was meant to be a society that should break the loaves and fishes first, and give them to the famishing; and let the tract business take care of itself, until there was ample time and money for both. And I don't know that I can do better, by way of illustration of the wisdom of this course, than tell you of the very last thing, so far as I know, that the "Fraternity" has done. Two or three weeks ago, a lady came to see me and tell me of a family that she believed to be in the sorest want. She brought a note about them from a schoolmistress. I went at once to see them, and found what I have never found before in this city, that they were people of our own persuasion, members of one of our well-known Eastern Churches, and had come to this city, and had fallen on evil days. The wife was left a widow; the son, who would then naturally have taken charge of the home, and

carried it on, with that grand, secluded, New England pride, that always fills my heart with tears—this son, who had already taken hold in that way, and was bearing the burden, was all at once disabled. Then the mother stepped to the front, took his place, and prepared, with one small lad to help her, to fight the battle. For about eight months, when I heard of it, she had stood fast, fighting the wolf with a needle. She called on none to help her, save God. When I went and said, "Do you want any succor?" if I had not been so sure that she did, I could easily have come away and said, "There is no particular need;" but when I sent a member of this "Fraternity," who knows directer ways to a woman's heart than I do, she heard what I will not tell, about that good fight in which the home had been ever more closely besieged: the widow's oil and meal failed utterly, and nothing was left but the unconquerable and unspeakable pride, that would dig while the hand could grasp, but still be ashamed to beg, because it had never been so in their family, and never could be. I said, this, I believe, is the very last thing this "Fraternity" has done, and one of the things it is doing now, to reinforce that forlorn hope, and save that noble and lofty poverty from its worst pain. And it illustrates, as well as anything can, this first thing in the nature of the "Fraternity"—its call to aid those to the uttermost who will not go to the Poor-master or the Citizen's Relief—who will not, in truth, go anywhere with the tale of their troubles, but are to be heard of in a whisper, and aided as though it was the very Christ who had come in *this* guise, to these that bear his name, as indeed, indeed, it is.

And just as good in its way is the second thing sought through this "Fraternity"—the power to welcome every stranger, young man or young woman, unknown, and knowing nobody, who may come within our gates. And to take the lowest ground that can be taken for this second aim, it was needful that this should be done for self-defence. It is an open secret, that in this city every effort is made, by some of the so-called orthodox Churches, to secure young men and women who come here to live, no matter whether they belong to them by religious affinity or not.

In these Churches there are well organized recruiting parties, thoroughly in earnest about their work; not over particular how it is done, so it be done; whispering to young persons the social consequence, and sometimes even the commercial advantage of joining their body; and a little more glad to get a young person of our persuasion than one of their own, because it is a sort of brand plucked out of the burning—and, then, they get the brand too.

In years past, the social consideration has told heavily against us. I can find in this city multitudes of men and women who were very good Unitarians, where our faith is popular, in New England, that instantly fell from grace when they got to Chicago, and found it struggling for life. They were glad to get all the good of the mother Church, where she had influence and affluence, but when they found one of her little ones in the wilderness, struggling to live, they left it to die. One aim, I say, was to meet this necessity among the young men and women. The temptation to desert us because we make a poor show is growing less every year with the growth of our cause; still, it is there, and other inducements are there, and this "Fraternity" is meant, in its measure, to be a tower of defence against them.

Then, again, the need was still more sacred to make a home, and give warm welcome to those that could neither be trained away nor tempted away from the Church of their choice. These, with all others, can find here a society to give them welcome and fellowship; and in joining it, also, they join with all the rest in providing, that if any member be sick and in need of anything—nurses, medical attendance, attention of any sort—this Association gladly gives it all; simply to let the members know what the need is, is to bring the instant remedy; and if there be no need at all, still, the Committee set apart for this purpose is to watch eagerly for any chance to send fruit, and flowers, and whatever beside that will put a gleam of sunlight into a sick-chamber. I must say, that for myself, I love this feature; it seems to me that, after its care of the shrouded and noblest poor, nothing is

greater or better. So many in a city like this are away from their homes, it is so lonely for them, and hard, if sickness takes them; and when they are well, it is so good to be identified with a good company of young persons of their own age, and have something of the home feeling, in this kindly relation, that I know of nothing better, anywhere, than such a plan.

And these two good elements leave little need for me to point out the third—very good in its way, also, and, so far, full of sweet uses—that provision, I mean for the entertainment, in all innocent ways, of those that belong, and of those the members see fit to invite to their entertainments.

If I venture, just here, to make a criticism, it is the only one I want to make—and I am not sure that there may not be good reason on the other side—but here it is: that, on the whole, the amusements of the "Fraternity" have been confined too much to one thing, that does not, like some books we hear of now and then, "blend amusement with instruction," that seems to have no connection at all with the mind, and will probably be dispensed with, except among children in a better state of existence. I only fear that this sort of entertainment has too much of a monopoly, in this third feature; and I am glad to believe that something is to be done in other directions. I know that other amusements can be invented just as pleasant, and certainly as profitable. I would have them all blended together in the sum of the year, and then that aim and element will be as good as the rest; and when we speak of amusements, we shall mean something beside this one form of amusement.

III. In speaking, thirdly, therefore, of the accomplishment of the "Fraternity" up to this time, I will mention this matter of amusements first. It is very good that there should be such a purpose, and with that single drawback—more apparent this winter than last—this purpose has been well carried out. I have looked in, now and then, on these social gatherings, and they have seemed to me to be the perfection of such entertainments, bright, and kindly, courteous, and gracious, with little that was metricious, and all that was modest. I have no statistics about this matter; they would not be in place if I had them,

and we need none. It is enough to say that the "Fraternity" has amused itself to its heart's content, no doubt, and may be safely left to see to this part of its work, of its own instinct.

Faithfully, again, it has tried to do the second thing for which it came together; it has stood prepared to welcome every one that desired its fellowship; to make all feel the welcome of its spirit and purpose; to pay every attention, in every case, to strangers; and to give of its abundance wherever there was a chance. No man or woman who has cared to join, has been refused membership; no man or woman joining has been refused fellowship; and none have been sick, if it was known, and been neglected. Generally, so well to do as to make it impossible to render direct assistance, this Society, I know, has always had a good longing at its heart to supplement all other means by its means of grace, in such things as will bring a bit of sunshine, as I said, into the sick-chamber, and make the sufferer feel that he still holds his place in the loving regard of his fellows. I do not say that in this the Society might not have done better, but it has done well, and will do better in the time to come, please God. In this purpose, then, these brethren dwell together in unity, and a good and pleasant thing it is.

But the greatest and best thing, to me, is the accomplishment of the "Fraternity" outside itself.

The Saturday Sewing School, now in its second winter, looks to this Society for its steady continuance. Good women, not of the "Fraternity," assist in it; but it is not unfair to say, that as things are now, if there was no such organization, there would be no Saturday Sewing School. Last winter, this School mustered 160 pupils, who made, among them, about 300 garments. Early this winter, the gentleman at the head of the North Star Mission came to see me, and to hear what we were doing for the Lord. I told him, among other things, we were teaching ignorant little girls to sew. He thought that was good; said he must have a school like that, and he has got one outnumbering this. I rejoice in it: I cannot see how they *can* teach any bad theology through the needle—the one great

peculiarity, indeed, of the Baptist persuasion, I believe some of the ladies of the "Fraternity" are trying to instil into their pupils. This great school on Division Street has not reduced our numbers, however, we had 164 pupils yesterday. They meet in this lecture room every Saturday morning; and I want you to look in upon them. All the expenses of the Sewing School are now paid by this "Fraternity." Altogether, this Society has been able to give for its different objects, seventeen hundred and twenty-two dollars, twenty-seven cents. Out of this, it has contributed handsomely to the Hospital for Women and Children, in which it now provides for a bed. It has done a little for the Hospital for the Blind; it has bought two sewing machines for widows that are widows indeed; started them in that way, so that ever since then they have been able to take care of their children, and are paying for the machines by a trifle at a time; no interest, of course, being charged for the money. It has put out about three hundred dollars in temporary loans, without interest, to good persons who were hard bested, and who are gradually paying back their sums, and will presently be out of debt: and shall I not mention gratefully, just here, that this "Fraternity" gave a hundred dollars to furnish the Pastor's study—"Bread cast upon the waters," to be seen, I trust, after many days. Once, I mentioned in this pulpit, a blind woman, deserted by her husband, and left with two children, a small cottage, an unconquerable heart, and a light shining in darkness. This woman has a warm place in the heart of this Society; it gives her generous help, that she can rely on weekly, is pulling her through her troubles: about two lots and a shanty, and before long, will set her on her feet as an independent woman, able to take care of herself, and owing nothing in this world but grateful love. Here is a man who speaks four languages, was in good circumstances, but lost his money, and then his health; has drifted into consumption; had to sell their clothing, furniture, everything to get bread for the wife and four children, and then was to be turned out of doors. The "Fraternity" has paid the rent, clothed the children, got a place for the eldest boy, and is fending the poor

scholar's last days from blank destitution. Here is a man who was a prisoner at Andersonville, and got his death-stroke by the hardship, came home to find that he was useless: his wife and two children did what they could; when the "Fraternity" found them, they were destitute, and could do no more; but if he could get into Missouri, he thought he could work. Then, through the good grace of one in this Church, who always doubles the good of his gift by the abundant cheerfulness with which he gives, the broken man and family were sent to Missouri; and he lived until they got a shanty, preëmpted some land, eight miles from everywhere, and eight miles from everywhere the mother was when the husband and father died; and she had to lock the door and leave her two little ones in the house with the white death, and literally to stop her fingers in her ears, so as to shut out their cries, and then to run to the nearest settlement to find help to bury her dead. There they are to-day, with a home and a prospect, such as it is. Sometime, please God, they will be independent; they are infinitely better than beggars to-day, as they must have been but for their movement into the wilderness. Here is a woman, a widow, with four children, all small, always at work, never complaining, and possessing a cow that cubed wonderfully all she did. But the widow fell sick, could not get well, could buy no feed either, for her able and excellent assistant, and so could get no milk. Then, as I hear, she tried the associations, one by one, for a little aid. They sent their agents, who reported the cow, but not the dry udders; and very desperate things began to look when the "Fraternity" took hold, pulled them through, and now they go alone—cow and all.

These are some of the things this "Fraternity" has done, and is doing now, through the contributions and care of its one hundred and fifty-three members, or as many of them as take hold in good earnest, and pay up their subscriptions. What beside it does in sympathy, and the succor that comes from the heart, I cannot tell you. I only know this, that it is as wise, and tender, and delicate, in my opinion, as anything this world knows of: and I need only say this word about the whole mat-

ter beside, that the whole work is done without one penny of expense—done by these young folks themselves; no ninety per cent. of the charities devoured by the agents—not a solitary farthing. The maximum of assistance, according to our means, at the lowest minimum of expenditure ever attained. These disciples distribute the loaves and fishes, and find themselves.

Finally, for this "Fraternity," I want to make a brief plea. When it was started, another Society, the Liberal Christian League, was started also, that, I hoped, might take in all that did not join the Young People's Society, and so get the whole Church compacted together in a good, earnest fashion. That League has a most honorable record: it was given up, as everybody knows, in the hope of uniting all the liberal elements in our city in a common work. The result has convinced me that we made a great mistake with the best intentions, and spent a great deal of money for a very small result. Now, I know no reason why this "Fraternity" should not consist of all the elder and younger members of the Church together. I think both elements would be better for both. I wish it could include now the entire congregation, old and young. All that has been done might then be done on a larger scale, other things that this Society has not thought of touching might be done also —such things as were done by the League—and then that little touch of isolation that I have observed between the two elements, the elder and younger, in this Church, would instantly disappear. Isolation, it is now, but not difference; then, the Church would be one body, with one soul. I do not want to start anything like the league again, if we can all work together in one society. I would infinitely prefer this plan to any other; and I want to see it, because I do fear that not a few of us are growing careless: we are willing to let those go ahead that will, while we take our ease and mind our own business. But I tell you, that in these mighty times, when our city and country is at white heat, pouring the hot metal into the moulds, and bound to harden by and by, we are not justified, let alone glorified, in sitting still and letting things that have a moral purpose take their course, but in standing steadily by the moulds, and seeing

that the white metal assumes the right shape. Some are working at this new Church—I am proud and thankful for their devotion—some are working in other ways—these ways are high, and good, and indispensable. Thankfully, I say too, that in the Ladies' Sewing Society, and the Sunday School there are willing hands, and wise heads, and warm hearts; but I think these altogether do not take in half the strength of this Church. I would join hands, and leave nobody out. I count it of my own poverty as a minister that you do not come to me and say, I am not satisfied to hear preaching and pay pew rent, I want to know what I can do to promote the great common purpose of our Church. O! friends, if ever we come to that, I think I shall be then ready to die, only, I shall want to live, to see what will come of such a devotion. To bid the whole earth "behold how good and pleasant it is for brethern to dwell together in unity," for there the Lord commands his blessing, even life for evermore. To see our Church as "a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid," and our light shining before men, "so that they, seeing our good works, shall glorify our Father which is in Heaven."

TRUE AND FALSE CHRISTIANITY.

A SERMON

READ IN CASE HALL, CLEVELAND,

Christmas Eve, Sunday, December 24th, 1871,

By T. B. FORBUSH,

Pastor of the Church of the Unity.

[PRINTED BY REQUEST.]

TEXT.—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—*Matt.* 7: 21.

Some eighteen hundred and seventy years ago, on some day or night whose memory is forever lost to the world, in some quiet unnoticed way, the little child Jesus was born among the hills of Galilee. Three hundred and thirteen years afterward, the Emperor Constantine, either from conviction or policy, became a Christian, and through his decree the 25th day of December which, as the commencement of the solar year had for a long time been sacred to the Sun-god Apollo, who caused the year's new birth, was established as the conventional birth-day of the Christ who had been now elevated to Deity, and had been acknowledged as Lord by the Roman world. The floating, unknown hour thus became definitely and authoritatively fixed, fixed not by the authority of accurate knowledge, but by the authority of Imperial power. And the unostentatious birth of the Judean peasant boy is celebrated with immense ecclesiastical pageant, as the incarnation on earth of the Infinite and Eternal God.

As wide difference as exists between the magnificent rites and gorgeous Christmas parade of the Roman Church, at the height of its brilliant power, and the lowly and unnoticed event which

it is designed to commemorate, obtains also between that glittering and unsubstantial accumulation of ceremony, dogma and idea which is too often regarded as Christianity, and the true religion of love and trust which Jesus really taught to his Galilean friends. The modern festival is the old heathen feast, agreed upon, doubtless, by sacerdotal wisdom, and then baptized into new associations and fresh sacredness at the edict of a half heathen Cæsar. Large portions of the church doctrine come just as directly out of the speculations of Greek philosophy, are pagan ideas baptized without even a change of name into the new faith, of belief in which ideas Jesus was as innocent as he was of that worship of Apollo which the festival of his birth unconsciously commemorates.

The philosophic and ecclesiastical Christianity which has so long challenged the assent and the submission of the civilized world, has little in common with that pure spiritual teaching from which it claims its parentage. To a very large extent it is ancient eastern speculation, taking new shape in the active, vigorous western mind. And very often it is difficult to tell whether the old forms were used to contain the new life, or the new life was subsidized to re-establish and perpetuate ideas and forms that were falling into disrepute. The transfer from the old to the new religion was made very easy. Philosophers kept the substance of their thought, and hardly changed their terminology in becoming Christian. The common people worshiped in the same temples, adored the same statues, which, though rededicated, represented similar ideas, whether they bore the names of Jupiter or Jesus. Whole communities and tribes were nominally converted in a day, and transferred all their ignorance, their superstition and their gross, crude notions under the banner of the new faith. In this way the Pagan world was rapidly Christianized, shall not we rather say, in this way Christianity was rapidly Paganized, was speedily filled with all kinds of false idea and superstitious notion, was so corrupted from its original purity and simplicity, that fifteen centuries have not been sufficient for it to free itself from the incumbrances then forced upon it, and to return to the direct loving faith of its author. The vast majority of Christendom still rejects the true Jesus of fact and history, and worships the Divine Incarnate Logos of the dreamy Platonic fancy.

I wish this evening to distinguish between this false Christianity which has prevailed and still prevails to so great an extent, and that true Christianity which is the substance of the teaching of Jesus.

True Christianity is the religion of Christ. It is not the philosophical doctrines of the Church. It is not the possible

theory of Peter or of Paul concerning their Master. It is not the opinions which Jesus may himself have held upon certain speculative topics of high interest. But it is the central idea, the vital principle which, behind all the rest, forms the focal point of his teaching. It is the statement which he makes of man's attitude toward God and relation toward his fellow man. True Christianity is not speculation at all, either of the Pope or the Assembly, or the Convention or the Club. It is not dogma at all, whether of Calvin's Institutes, or Paul's letters, or the Four Gospels. It is the *religion* which Jesus taught, taught by direct statement, taught by vivid parable, taught by his self-forgetful, trusting life, taught by his heroic death. The religion which breathes through the whole teaching of Jesus, which shone so brightly in all his action, which inspired him in life, and sustained him in his cruel martyrdom,—this is the sum and substance of Christianity.

This Religion of Jesus which he lived and died to bear witness to, he sums up in one sublime declaration, "Thou shalt love God with thy whole being, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He gives this not as one of the high duties of man, not as among those human virtues which should be diligently sought, but he gives this as the *very substance of religion.* And I apprehend this is one thing that distinguishes him from, and places him above, all previous religious teachers. Others may have taught love to God and love to man as among human duties, may have particularized this as an attitude of soul which it is highly desirable to cultivate, but Jesus declares that this is the essence of religion, is both its centre and circumference, that on this every thing else depends, that without this there is no entrance into that Kingdom of God, which is righteousness, and peace, and spiritual joy. This is Jesus' grand, central truth. Out of this springs trust, springs gladness in the Infinite Presence, springs faith in the Eternal Providence. Out of this also come patience, tenderness, forgiveness toward man, comes consecration to human welfare, comes all that is true, and noble, and helpful and uplifting. This is the perfect and complete religion, also the perfect and complete morality, toward which men had through the centuries been slowly tending, suggestions of which had dawned from time to time upon the highest souls, but which now is first recognized in all its eternal beauty, and is placed in its rightful position as the central law of the spiritual universe.

This great service Jesus renders to mankind. He may not be the first to feel God's fatherly love and recognize the joy and inspiration of the trusting uplook to the Infinite. He may not be the first to feel the common pulse-beat of humanity, and

to announce that tie of brotherhood which calls for universal kindness and good will. But he is the first who declares that these *constitute the whole of religion*, that whosoever does these has Eternal Life and is in the Kingdom of Heaven. This is the True Christianity, this religion Jesus taught. He does not call it Christianity—the word was not born then. He does not call it by any name, but he says this is the whole duty of man, this is the way to Eternal Life. It is both the essence of his teaching and the spirit of his life. Whether you define his religion by what he said or by what he did, you reach the same result. It is loving trust in God and loving helpfulness to man.

What is False Christianity? It may be broadly distinguished as anything, be it doctrine, or form, or opinion, which attempts to assume the place of this religion of Jesus. It is easy to perceive that with this soul of religion there must also be a body of idea and doctrine. No man lives, who has brains enough to form an opinion, who does not have some distinct and positive notions concerning the great themes of theological speculation. These notions constitute his doctrine, his dogma, his creed. These notions may be very simple and rational, or they may be very abstruse, complicated and foolish. But whether they are such ideas as Channing had, or Wesley, or Paul, they are not Christianity, are only opinions about it, or doctrines gathered round it. There is no harm in having such ideas, no harm in holding to them firmly, or in endeavoring to convince others of their truth. The harm consists in trying to make those ideas, which are individual speculations, take the place of the religion which Jesus taught, or in declaring that they are in any way essential to Christianity. We sometimes define False Christianity as holding ideas at variance with the ideas of Jesus. This is incorrect. False Christianity is not holding opinions different from those of Jesus, but it is *substituting any opinion, even his own*, for that central verity of religion which he proclaimed. If it were possible to ascertain them, one might accept and cherish every opinion which Jesus held, and yet if he made those opinions the substance of his Christianity it would be entirely false and unworthy. It is this substituting of circumference for centre, of opinion for principle, of theology for religion, of speculation for love to God and love to man, which, rather than any particular scheme of dogma, constitutes the essential falseness of Christendom to the spirit and life of its great Leader.

I dwell upon this distinction because it so often happens that we hear a particular school of Christianity denounced as false because it holds to this or the other scheme of associated

ideas which is called its doctrine. The fact is, it is not its scheme of doctrine which makes any form of Christianity false or true, but it is the putting or not putting doctrine in the place of religion, the elevating or not elevating intellectual speculation above love to God and man, the declaring opinion or declaring principle the main thing. A doctrine may be perfectly true, but if you insist upon that doctrine as essential to religious life, you are false to the idea and spirit of Jesus. A doctrine may be entirely false, but if you hold it as an intellectual opinion, keep it in its proper place, it does not invalidate your Christianity. As long as the church holds doctrine subordinate to a good life, as long as it insists upon love, and trust, and kindly helpfulness, rather than upon theological agreement, it has the true Christianity. But when it puts doctrine foremost, demands intellectual assent to speculative statements as a condition of fellowship, declares that only the path of conformity is the way of Eternal Life, then, though an angel from heaven may have taught it an infallible creed, it has abandoned the standard and principles of Jesus and may no longer claim in its highest sense the Christian name. Just as long as we stand on the platform of Jesus, just as long as we declare love and trust and earnest helpfulness to be religion, just as long as we endeavor to incorporate these in our daily living, we are true Christians. The moment we leave that broad, free elevation, the moment we attempt to put any doctrine or any speculation, either about God or Jesus, or heaven or hell, or life or death, or "things present or things to come," however rational or irrational it may be, in place of this love and service as an essential of religion, we falsify the divinest word of Jesus, are untrue to his ripest thought and his deepest inspiration.

If the time would permit, it might be interesting to trace the growth of untrue doctrine in the Christian church, to show how in Palestine there existed tendencies which were certain to produce and develop ideas concerning Jesus of which he may never have dreamed; to point out how Paul, with his Greek culture, assisted in the superhuman elevation of one whom he so profoundly revered, to tell the Alexandrine story of the Eternal Logos, or Word, which was with God and was God, and how it was linked to the Son of man who had already become Son of God, and so to follow the process of deification down through the quarrels of the centuries, until the Emperor Theodosus decreed by his Imperial wisdom and established by his Imperial power, the Divine doctrine of the Trinity about which the church could not agree. It might be interesting to examine the historic growth of many other of the prom-

inent dogmas and theories of Christendom, and to show how entirely any substantial basis for them is wanting, either in the Gospel records or in enlightened reason. But it is unnecessary. The point which I wish to make this evening is, not that certain dogmas and theories which have become identified with Christianity have no foundation either in the facts of history, or in the ideas of a sound philosophy, but that the assumption that acceptance of any dogma is essential to religion, or that any dogma or set of dogmas constitutes Christianity, is entirely false to the general spirit and direct teaching of Jesus. This is the radical mistake which has prevailed in all ages, and has more or less obtained in every church.

This mistake must have commenced very early. I have no doubt the original Twelve thought that no man could be a true disciple unless he left home and friends and followed after the Master. When the Messianic expectation of which the very air of Judea was full finally precipitated itself upon the person of Jesus, belief in his official character, rather than acceptance of his religion, became the test of discipleship. When one asked him what he should do to be saved, Paul is reported to have said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Compare this with Jesus' reply to a similar question, "Love God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself," and we see how in the very first age, the person of Jesus had begun to take precedence of the religion which he taught. How even the Chief Apostle was falling away from the pure simplicity of his great Leader. As soon as Christianity broadened beyond the boundaries of Judea tests of dogma and rite began to be imposed. Some said that no man could be a Christian unless he kept the whole Hebrew ceremonial law. Others thought to refrain from eating sacrifical meats and 'from things slaughtered and from blood' was sufficient. After the downfall of Jerusalem and the passage of the new faith entirely into the hands of men trained in the schools of Greek Philosophy, the deterioration was rapid and complete. Long before Christianity became the established religion of the Roman Empire it had grown to be strictly a scheme of doctrine, about the nice minor points of which men quarreled, excommunicated each other and shed bitter blood. After it was reinforced by the temporal power, to doubt was persecution and death. Sometimes it was this doctrine which was essential and sometimes the other. Sometimes it was the Trinity that was in favor and sometimes the Unity. Sometimes the idea that Jesus had one nature, and sometimes the idea that he had two. Sometimes the notion that the Pope was supreme, and sometimes the notion that the Council was infallible, but always Christianity was doctrine; its acceptance

was belief in dogma; never was it the religion of Jesus, never a holy love to God and man. After many centuries, in which this false Christianity has had complete sway some light begins to dawn upon its darkness, as men here and there commence to reassert the central truth of Jesus, and to declare that Christianity is not Roman sacerdotalism or Protestant dogma, but it is the divine principle of love working in human hearts to uplift them to God and outspread them to their brethren.

During all these ages False Christianity has been asserting that its doctrine was essential, has been declaring that this was the truth of Jesus, the substance of religion, the only way to Eternal Life. During all these ages it has been using all possible means to win or compel the assent of the world, yet all its exertion has been in vain, its barren sowing has brought no harvest of permanent success. Dogma after dogma has been promulgated, conformity has been again and again insisted on with fire and steel, but steadily each authoritative opinion has been out-grown and disregarded, and now the whole system of doctrine, like the feeble old giant in Bunyan's rare story, can only sit at the broken door of its falling castle and gnash its few worn-out teeth in impotent rage at the careless disrespect of the passers-by.

The progress of Christianity, its power to soften and ameliorate society and to inspire and help forward that great wave of human life which we call modern civilization, has not inhered in the doctrine which has been miscalled by its name, but in that religion of love and good will which is its central principle and impelling force. Doctrine does not regenerate. It may give intellectual outlook, but it has not redeeming power. Aspiration and sympathy are the forces which, hidden under mountains of speculation, ecclesiasticism and superstition, have been slowly elevating humanity. These beget in men a deeper consciousness of the encompassing Infinite. These draw them closer together in helpful, brotherly interest.

False Christianity, the Christianity of dogma, creates strife, and hatred, and bitterness. It hardens and narrows men. It causes persecution, and martyrdom, and religious wars. It erects the stake and gathers the fagot. It recites its creed by the light of burning heretics. It baptizes every new doctrine in mighty baths of blood. It sweeps Waldension vallies with fire and sword, butchers its innocent victims on St. Bartholemew's Night, drives the Pilgrims across the windy sea, and when it can do no more, mumbles its feeble curses and spiteful excommunications. True Christianity knows nothing of war and violence, knows nothing of bitterness and denunciation. It is the very spirit of

truth and love. It shines with God's own light. It breathes God's own peace. It does its best to heal all hurts, to sooth all discords, to fill all souls with kindness and good-will. False Christianity has cursed the world with strife and wickedness, with doubt and fear, and despair, with "groaning that cannot be uttered." True Christianity has kept alive faith and truth and hope, and by its strong, inspiring influence has even overcome, in some degree, the evil of the false, and has brought forward somewhat God's great kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and love. False Christianity, the Christianity of dogma, separates and excludes; it stirs the rancorous blood in the bitter hearts of bigot and sectary. True Christianity, the Religion of Jesus, draws men together, uplifts them into grand common worship, inspires them with broadest fellowship and truest brotherhood. It is the very spirit of this Christmas Eve, blossoms now into most beautiful and tender expression, singing again in innumerable happy hearts, and with innumerable glad voices, its most descriptive and prophetic traditional birth-song, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men."

This is True Christianity, this love, and gladness, and aspiration. Whatever else assumes that name, be it doctrine or form, is a usurper and deceiver; false to the teaching of Jesus, false to the Eternal Truth, and false to that Infinite Spirit who is "God over all, and blessed forever more."

THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

A SERMON

READ IN CASE HALL, CLEVELAND,

SUNDAY, DEC. 3d, 1871,

By T. B. FORBUSH,

Pastor of the Church of the Unity.

[PRINTED BY REQUEST.]

TEXT.—"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old times." * * * "But I say unto you."—*Matt.* 5: 21, 22.

"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty."—*Gal.* 5: 13.

Last Sunday evening we considered together the success and failure of Protestantism. We defined its success to consist in its affirmation of the independence of the individual soul, in its assertion of freedom of investigation, and of the right of private judgment, and in the help which it, through the enunciation and defense of these ideas, has given to that wonderful development of thought and life, which we are proud to call our Modern Civilization. We found evidence of its failure in its frequent denial, and at least partial abandonment of its primary principle, in that timidity, which, after having declared the independence of the soul, dared not trust its reason and its conscience, but sought immediately to establish authoritative boundaries which it must not pass, replacing by fetters of its own those which it had broken and cast aside. This abandonment of the original idea which gave it birth, rather than the adoption of any particular scheme of doctrine, however irrational such scheme might be, was the fatal error of Protestantism. For thereby it lost the leadership of the world's thought, and relinquished to other hands that principle which

is the central idea of our modern life. When it failed to be true to perfect individual freedom, Protestantism failed to be true to itself. This was the prime failure; all the rest, failure to keep pace with the world's thought, failure to command the assent of the better mind of community, failure to permeate and control the world's life, are secondary, and result naturally from the first great mistake.

Through this failure of the old, there has sprung up, and during the last century, spread widely and rapidly, a New Protestantism, which is the legitimate child of the old, is born of it, and which reaffirms the discarded truth of the entire independence of the individual soul, so long ago uttered, so long ago despised and rejected of man, as the central law of human thought and life.

By the term New Protestantism, I designate that revolt against ecclesiastical domination and church authority, which is so strong a characteristic of the present time, a revolt which is not confined to the intellectual classes alone, but which manifests itself in all grades of society, is as evident in the farmer at his fire-side or the mechanic at his bench, as in the cultivated coterie or the professorial chair, a revolt which is not limited to democratic, progressive America, but pervades staid, aristocratic England, philosophic Germany, free-thinking France, Catholic Italy and Spain, and presents itself boldly and unexpectedly in far distant India, mother of nations and religions. This revolt, although it may not always use the same pass-words or fly the same banners, though it may call itself by different names, and hold to varying dogmas, yet present only diverse phases of the same idea, is made in all countries and among all classes, in behalf of the same great and fundamental principle.

It is a revolt against tradition, and in favor of reason, against inherited prerogative, and in favor of human right, against the dictation of the few, and in favor of the freedom of all, against assumed authority, and in favor of individual independence, against all priestly or churchly interposition or domination, and in favor of free and immediate intercourse and relationship between the finite soul and infinite God. It is an emphatic and world-wide reassertion of the old protestant principle of individual right, individual independence and individual responsibility. It is just piercing through all shams and subterfuges, and overlying incumbrances, and getting down to the "bed rock" where, if anywhere, the pure gold of human life is to be found. It is the soul of man declaring that it will no longer be king-ridden, priest-ridden, or book-ridden, but will,

henceforth, think its own thought and live its own life in its own way, will seek truth without imposed restrictions or reservations, will worship God in accordance with the present light and the present inspiration.

This is the New Protestantism! You know how subtle and wide spread it is. It is the very spirit of the age, which spreads a pervasive intellectual atmosphere, not only in circles where its presence is felt and welcomed as the cool, clear breath of a new morning, but everywhere, flowing in small refreshing waves into the closest shut churches, creeping into darkest and foulest spots, and making the very dryest dry bones stir and shake a little with premonitions of fresh life. It hardly begins to organize itself as yet. It is a movement rather than an institution, a method of thought instead of a dogma. But here it is, a great present fact of our lives, seen and known of all men, recognized by the Pope, as the power which, more than any Italian bayonets, has shorn him of temporal possessions and ecclesiastical influence, recognized by the churches as an ubiquitous presence, meeting them on every hand with resistance and assault, recognized by many thoughtful ones as the old, human, divine spirit, moving anew with creative energy over the face of the world.

It may awaken some surprise that I name this spirit of revolt against ecclesiastical standards of authority, which the Pope calls "pestilent and damnable atheism," and the churches stigmatize as infidelity, the New Protestantism. Yet I feel sure the name is correct, for not only has it the likeness of the general protestant spirit which accompanies all historic religious development, but it has special kinship with that great movement of the sixteenth century, which we designate as peculiarly the Protestant Reformation. The liberal protest of to-day is a direct descendant and legitimate heir of that which was born in Germany, three hundred and fifty years ago. To this point let us direct a moment's attention.

All great religions, whose origins are not lost in the uncertain wilds of legend, have their source, or at least, their outward occasion in this spirit of Protestantism, that is, the steps which finally result in a specific outgrowth of religion begin in the *protest* of some great-souled man against some existing form of error. Buddhism took its rise as a protest against the alleged errors and corruptions of Brahminism. Zoroaster came as a reformer, protesting against the doctrines and the practices of the ancient faith of Bactria. Confucius and Laotze were both in their day Chinese Protestants. Mahommedanism was the strenuous protest of the Semitic Race,

always zealous for the simple idea of one God, against the metaphysical corruptions which had crept into the ancient Christianity of the East. Abraham, the great father of the Hebrew people, was an original Protestant and Come-Outer, leaving home and country as devotedly as any modern pilgrim for the sake of his new faith. It is easy to see that Mosaism was, in great part, a protest against the corruptions of doctrine and worship which had crept in among the Israelites in the many years of their sojourn in Egypt. The Prophets always protested against the formalities of the priesthood, and against its tendency to substitute sacrifice for integrity. Every religion which has made any progress, which has had any life, any capacity of growth, has had associated with it, from time to time, if not constantly, this spirit of protest, this affirmation of the individual soul, of its rights and of its inspiration, in opposition to whatever of priestcraft or corruption might then prevail. Christianity, the most progressive of all religions, may well be expected to be fullest of this spirit of protest and individuality, just as the tree of largest and most luxuriant growth may well be judged to have most abundant and richest sap. It does not in the least disappoint the expectation.

Christianity was born of the Protestant Spirit. The divine Soul of Jesus was stirred by the formalities, the abuses and the errors of his time. He spoke in opposition to these and showed men a holier way. He preached reform, reform of individual life, reform of priestly corruption, reform of ceremonial worship. He condemned Scribes and Pharisees and drove the money changers out of the temple courts with his whip of small cords. He affirmed the soul's independence of rite and form, placed spirit-worship above temple-worship, declared man's direct relationship to God. He exhorted to individual judgment and asserted individual responsibility. "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" He exalted personal sight of truth above all tradition or ancient authority. "It has been said unto you in the old time," * * "But *I* say unto you." * * Jesus was a very Protestant of the Protestants. And because he declared against existing abuses and failed to venerate existing authorities, he speedily suffered death. But with him began that new birth of the individual soul, whose slow growth constitutes historic Christendom and the majesty of whose final developement the wisest cannot anticipate.

The immediate disciples of Jesus failed to appreciate the full significance of their Master's life. So Paul took up anew the strain of protest and preached with all his great power the gospel of individual liberty, with point and directness

never surpassed; he asserted that one's own conscience was to be his only judge, that no one was to lay bonds upon another, that all should stand fast in that great freedom with God, whereto they had been called. This same spirit of protest continued through all the early ages of the church. The individual soul was always asserting itself in opposition to some dogma or some form. Often the protest failed to be effectual, and those who uttered it were proscribed and persecuted as heretics; sometimes the new word won the mastery and became the orthodoxy of the dominant party of the Church. Up to the very days when the deluge of barbaric invasion buried out of sight all that old Greek and Roman world, this process went steadily on. As soon as any free intelligence lifted itself above the subsiding wave of ignorance and superstition, so that the dove of thought could find a resting place for her foot, it recommenced. Savanarola spoke, and then Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and Wickliffe, and Luther, and the reformation was born. Luther was in as direct line of descent from Paul and Jesus, as they were from Abraham and the Prophets.

As I have already said, Luther affirmed the independence of the individual soul, the divine right of private judgment in matters of religion. Catholicism said the church is infallible authority. The Reformers said, the Bible is the authority. Wide as the difference seems, it is not, perhaps, fundamental. Each looks to external authority. But the Reformers added, of the Bible every man is his own interpreter. This makes the most stupendous difference. Follow out faithfully the last clause of the Reformers' declaration and you have the Puritans and the Independents, the Baptists and the Methodists, the Quakers with their inner light, Swedenborg and his mystic interpretation, Universalists, Unitarians and Radicals of every stripe and hue. The line of descent is unbroken. There is not a single "bar sinister" in the whole genealogy. The spirit which to-day protests against the assumptions of ecclesiastical authority, and asserts its right to "prove all things," is the legitimate child of the spirit which led the Pilgrims across the wintry Atlantic; which in Luther thundered against the Pope; in Paul preached liberty; in Jesus contradicted the traditions of the Elders, and denounced the corruption of the Pharisees; which caused Moses to oppose the animal worship of Egypt, and inspired Abraham to bear witness against the idolatry and human sacrifices of Mesopotamia. Nay, is it not also of direct kin with that spirit which, in all races and religions, has affirmed the value of the soul, its immediate inspiration, its individual responsibility, and its close personal relations to the Eternal Light and Love?

The New Protestantism is the child of the Old; is the child of Christianity; of Religion itself, the latest born; that is, the last from God. The line of Apostolic descent runs straight back through the ages. Sometimes it is lost sight of, but soon it reappears on the other side of some great chasm of ignorance and superstition. As the mountain peaks catch the sunrise and flash it from one to another, their snowy heads glowing with its crimson promise, while intervening valleys still lurk in shadow, so the lofty souls have caught this divine spirit-light, have grown grandly radiant with it, have beamed it into each other's eyes across the ages and adown the world. This spirit of protest which so many regard as the latest form of infidelity, is not anything new under the sun. It is the old, old spirit reasserting itself once more amid the fresh conditions of our modern thought and life. And those who are to-day its true leaders are the logical descendants of those grand old saints and heroes whom the world holds in most tender reverence. But how many there are who still, as in the ancient times, build the sepulchres of the prophets, and throw the broken stone that is left at their successors.

"But," one may ask, "will not this New Protestantism, which reasserts the independence of the human soul, the absolute right of private judgment, and responsibility only to truth and God, lead to individualism, to antagonism of each to every other, to disintegration of society?" It will lead to individualism of the highest, truest kind, but it will not necessarily lead to any disaster. Individualism does not logically result in antagonism and isolation. It only becomes these when there is an attempt to infringe upon and subvert the soul's independence. Ishmael's hand would not be against every man, if every man's hand was not against Ishmael. True individualism, in which every man allows every other to follow out his own thought and live his own life without interference, must result in the highest harmony, for wherein can come the element of discord when each recognizes the other's equal right, and none presumes to dictate or control. And indeed what else remains? We have tried authority for these thousands of years. It has miserably failed. Even despotic Rome, in the height of her power, though her Inquisition penetrated the secrets of every household, and drenched Europe with the blood of its best citizens could not compel even outward agreement. We cannot go back to this exploded principle though the old man of the Vatican call never so loudly. There is nothing left for us but to try independence faithfully and to trust it boldly. Let us see what the human soul can do relying on its own

powers, freely seeking truth, implicitly obeying its God-given inspirations. We may not, perhaps, thus produce that monotone which Authority loves, but shall we not gain some Divine harmony by the concord of individual instruments each striking its own note, true and sweet and clear?

Again, it may be asked, "What has your New Protestantism to offer? Has it any vital truth? Is it not rather that old perverse spirit of denial that has troubled the saints in all the ages?" Always the protestant spirit has been called a spirit of denial by its enemies. Luther was a heretic. Paul a reviler of the law. Jesus a blasphemer. But always the charge is untrue. On the contrary it is emphatically a spirit of affirmation. It always asserts the larger truth, and this denies the partial and false. Paul asserts universal brotherhood, and down tumble the restrictions of the Jewish law. Luther asserts each soul's right to know and judge of truth, and Papal authority must give way. George Fox asserts immediate inspiration, and apostolical succession becomes a myth. Liberal Christianity asserts God's Infinite Love, and eternal hell, endless damnation and the Devil, who is their master, disappear in the blessed light. The New Protestantism denies, only by affirming. It attacks error through the statement of truth. It "shatters the idol that it may reveal the God."

Its affirmations are affirmations of principle, rather than assertions of dogma. It leaves each individual to frame his own doctrines in accordance with the knowledge and the judgment which he possesses. First of all, it affirms as its grand central idea, the *independence of the human soul*, and the trustworthiness of the human faculties, in their search after truth. It affirms the universe in its totality, both of matter and spirit, as the perpetual revelation to man of that Power in which all "live and move and have their being." It affirms that the universe is to be trusted, that truth is safe, that all truth is good for man, that he has natural aptitude therefor, that the soul grows thereby as the body does by food. It affirms the worth and dignity of each soul, its right to free development, to think its own thought and say its own word, untrammeled by any other. It affirms, not toleration of, but respect for, all honest thought, perfect equality of mental and spiritual rights. It affirms, in fine, "fellowship on the basis of freedom, in which all men remaining true to their own special thought and work, shall help each other in the onward and upward way that

opens continually into the life of Infinite Truth, Right and Beauty." *

You will observe that these affirmations are concerning principles and methods; they do not embrace any statement of doctrine or belief which is to be regarded as a finality. Beliefs will be connected with these principles, but while the principles are respected and adhered to, those beliefs cannot be imposed as creeds, or permitted to determine boundaries of fellowship.

There are those who say that when we have committed ourselves to the Protestant principle, when we have abandoned entirely the ecclesiastical idea of authority, there is nothing left; that we have reached the end, the end not only of priestcraft, but the end of faith, the end of religion, and there is nothing beyond. Nothing beyond! Why friends, "the Infinite is beyond"—the Infinite with all its vastness of truth and goodness, and we for the first time have broken our fetters, have got rid of our impediments, and are ready to enter in and possess its inexhaustible stores.

The little child thinks that the western horizon line which lies along the hill-top of his father's farm bounds the world. Older grown, he learns that cities and towns, fields and forests, learns that rivers, lakes and prairies, that Mississippis and Rocky Mountains, and Pacific seas, learns indeed that a whole unfathomed Universe lies behind those hill-tops where the sun seems to end the day. So when the soul breaks away from traditional boundary lines, and gets beyond the narrow ecclesiastical horizon, instead of encountering blankness and vacancy, it goes forward into a Universe crowded to overflowing with Infinite Life and Love, wherein, with reason for its guide, it explores many mysteries, voyages from star point to star point of truth, always full of light, always crowned with peace, always within the circling arms of the same overarching Providence, always growing more conscious of that Infinite which, above and beyond, still beckons it on.

* For some of these affirmations I am indebted to a discourse delivered before the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University, June 27, 1871, by Rev. William J. Potter, of New Bedford, Mass.

A

SERMON

UPON

THE LATE DISASTERS:

PREACHED BEFORE THE

First Congregational Society, New Bedford,

MAY 15, 1853.

BY

JOHN WEISS.

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SERMON.

PSALM XC. 3.

Thou turnest man to destruction: and sayest, Return ye children of men.

When great disasters happen among a rude and unreflecting people, safety is sought in superstitious rites, or oblivion for fear and despair is wooed from drugs or drinks. Earthquake and pestilence seem to stun the moral sense, and to make still more irrational that mixture of instinct and tradition which such people have in place of understanding. Like the animals, who fly to hide from the creeping shadow of an eclipse, and who rage wildly as if to outstorm the terrors of the thunder, a savage race of men is made either abject or frantic by the displays of physical force or by the accidents of life. Where the power of reflection is not yet developed, it is useless to expect that either the repose or tumult of nature can touch the individual sentiments: still less that unforeseen providences can excite a single healthy thought, or improve in any way the physical or moral welfare. On a third part of the world at the present time, the scenes and catastrophes of life are displayed before apathetic senses: the half-civilized observers are hardly roused to measures of self-protection, much less to independent meditations upon the laws of nature, and not at all to a sense of the religious interpretation of human life. Stationary for a thousand years, such instinctive nations

enjoy and suffer, like the Fauna and Flora of their own latitudes, bequeathing to their children only their own fear, apathy and capacity for enjoyment, and proof against even the stimulus of suffering to excite the inner sense. The expressions and moral aspects of fatalism are unchangeable. God is great and Mahomet is his prophet—whether the Nile shrink or overflow—whether Cairo have a pure or pestilential summer. The Turks in Constantinople look on with resignation, while foreigners save their suburbs from the raging fire: and admiration of western self-reliance cannot even touch the sluggish imitation, which an opium drowse of centuries seems to have steeped into imbecility. The physical and moral man lies prostrate beneath the pleasures and accidents of his mortality.

But from fatalism to recklessness there is only a single step: one suffers in stupidity, the other stupidly provokes suffering. And the amount of disaster and human woe which is incurred is greater by the latter than by the former. With us, a scientific knowledge of natural forces, and an adroitness in limiting and turning them to use, has inflated the self-reliance which belongs to our race, so that the subservient elements almost daily rouse us from our slight intoxication, like the slave whom Pyrrhus kept to proclaim his mortality. The Hindoo knows nothing of nature or her forces: he can neither anticipate a famine, nor secure a city from pestilential airs: he cannot irrigate or traverse his fields by steam. He lives on the level of nature, and shares all her moods in ignorant content. The very knowledge which protects us also betrays us into frequent ruin, because it seems to us so great and all-sufficient, when really it is just little enough

to be dangerous, and instead of giving us complete control of the elements, only gives us a limited facility of playing with them so long as they are in the humor. But the moment our pleasantry oversteps those reserved conditions of nature, to which our knowledge and mechanism are not yet adequate, they turn and rend us, as the stung beast suddenly rends his too flippant and confident keeper. Among the causes of the lamentable accidents which leave their wrecks all over the face of this continent, and clog its streams, is this over-confidence in the powers which minister to us, and the means by which we reduce them to labor. We are in the first flush of numerous experiments with earth's most deadly agencies. Looking towards the apathetic East with exultation, and measuring our skill by their ignorance, instead of by the constant terrible warnings of our half-tamed servants, we have proceeded unconsciously, proud of the tools which no other race can handle, drunk with the half-knowledge which to another race already seems beyond the limits of the human understanding. We tamper with our ministers—we push them and try them in unauthorized ways—we call them to aid us faster than our mechanism can receive them. Instead of confining experiments to the laboratory, where a small condensation of force, if trifled with, may return harmlessly to its equilibrium, we try them upon the high routes of travel, complicated with a hundred precious lives, which are sacrificed to teach an excited engineer or a headstrong captain the limits of expansion in boiler iron under press of steam. The authentic laws of science are as much obliterated in the heat of this great race, as if man had no memory, and materials no extreme

point of endurance. We have pushed the venture of life so far, with such triumphant success, and with the dollars earned so vastly outnumbering the lives destroyed, that a sort of insanity possesses us as to the omnipotence of our arrangements for the increase of travel, the reduction of labor, the condensation of time and space. Whereas, these things have not yet emerged from their experimental state, and should be used as devoutly and cautiously as the chemist uses his perilous mixtures till he can cancel all the danger in their beneficent agency. To a child or a savage, some wheel-work image seems to be the very climax and last possibility of human skill. We use our enginery, overcome with a similar admiration; but cautious science perceives our use to be the first rude attempt to harness the dread invisibility of nature, which strikes dead him who rashly explores behind her veil. This is the first element in the recklessness which is our characteristic.

We find a second element in the headlong speed with which we apply ourselves to accomplish our mission in this country. A fortune must be made in a few years: every day lost is a day gained for some one else. A wilderness must be turned into a territory in a single generation: the iron rail must be clamped to the soil upon every parallel and meridian, that distant States may be suddenly condensed into the same family, and quick and enormous profits be brought home to balance innumerable consignments. Steamers must pant and wrestle through waters yet unfurrowed, to make their time, to reach a market ere it fluctuates, to cut off the profitable freight. Small townships of passengers must be urged along through peril and suffering over keels honey-combed by the sea-worm,

grouped around condemned machinery overtasked by reckless attendants,—as if it had been revealed to them that every hour were worth a fortune, and every delay a princely accident for some competitor. The stress and pressure are kept up at all the great centres of business, and the eager undulations flit over the vast surface, carrying along remorselessly, life, fortune, hope, honor and despair. The swift transactions thrill from the Atlantic to the Pacific, ripple up the still beaches of islands where the peaceful bread-fruit grows, and dash impatiently into all the harbors of the East. One unparalleled passage is performed to two or three unparalleled shipwrecks: but the sweet hope of freight still crowds sail unsparingly—and no miracle, not even God's finger, to turn the keel from the miscalculated reef. The heart of the people throbs like their engines when they devour the distance: hopes flash over the great net-work of nerves, like our news turning a wire of a thousand miles into a minute. All the tools we have are driven with these restless souls behind them: they must drive or break, for time is money.

And yet we pretend to be overwhelmed with horror at the account of every fresh calamity: as if disaster and death were not natural constituents of the system which we support. We try to make an imperfect boiler, a rotten keel, a drunken engineer, a betting captain, an uncertain signal, responsible for an accident, when in fact these things are in perfect harmony with the recklessness of our motions and desires, and receive an unconscious warrant from the general life. Under no other system, and under the government of no other race, could they occur. The deliberation and almost finical foresight of a German corporation represents the deliberation

of a German people. The scrupulous oversight of foreign continental governments upon their routes of travel is maintained and countenanced by the general moderation: and in countries where life, enjoyment and content are deemed of more consequence than time and money, there you will find all motion adjusted to the known powers and actual state of machinery, and every arrangement, to the passage of a cross road, or the signal at a bridge's head, is provided with tyrannical minuteness and fidelity. Those old people cannot afford the hecatombs which encumber our embankments and shoal our rivers. Their need of haste is not great enough to cancel the horror of a single slaughter. When they clearly propose destruction, and arm themselves for the purpose of destroying life, they doubtless devote an adequate attention to that business. But our disorganized and reckless travel affects them like tales of cannibalism, or the deliberate atrocities of Aztec rites. They have no motive to push their haste beyond the capacity of the means by which they live and move and have their being. But every act of carelessness or of imperfect arrangement which we deplore, is just as clearly traceable to the popular temperament, as the child's viciousness, which the father punishes, is chargeable to inheritance. We are an organizing race, but our hurry has outstripped our opportunity to organize some of the minute essentials upon which our life and joy depend. Among the other provisions for safety, which a late calamity has suggested, I notice the recommendation of an additional superintendent of railroads, who shall be responsible for every act of carelessness, under penalty of a term of imprisonment. As if any man

could be found to occupy such a post in any part of this country, while the public temper drives at the height of its speed, and makes carelessness one of the normal products of its life! Such a superintendent would never be out of prison. As well create a superintendent among the Thugs of India, to be responsible for every case of murder.

Whatever we organize will represent the popular temper and complexion: the minutest detail in this country symbolizes the mental and moral state of its inhabitants. The untrammeled, vivid life, daguerreotypes itself over the whole surface, upon every law, institution, tool and vehicle. When the national recklessness diminishes, or subsides from its present aggravated state, then care and precision will preside over the receipt of customs, the expenditure of public money, the public stewardship of every kind, and the organization of travel by sea and land. Till that time, expect that every newspaper will chronicle a defalcation or a disaster: expect the carelessness and immorality of public servants from switch-tenders up to cabinet ministers: expect to find your own temper speeding home to shock you with a tale of woe by land or sea.

It may not be easy to account in this way for any isolated accident which occupies for a moment the public attention. The sentiment is justified by the general returns of accidents through the whole country, which show that they accumulate where the pressure is greatest, in directions where the public haste seems to culminate, as if purposely to develope its whole train of revolting consequences. Such widespread misery and disaster represent the public fatuity just as plainly as liberty of conscience represents the public intelligence and freedom. A single case of

good or evil may not be easily traceable to the public disposition, but the mass of good or evil circumstances is an evolution from the public life. How else can the detail and phenomena of a country be accounted for? You may not consider yourself responsible for the mixed condition of good and evil which prevails in this city; for the viciousness of one district and the health of another. Yet the city would not exist without its men and women, and their solid life is expressed in the general disposition. Your laxity, or your unconscious indifference, is responsible for the facts of vice and crime which exist among you: to your goodness is chargeable the public health and safety. Every individual helps to create this solidarity of life and influence, and the city's character falls and rises in subtle connection with the fluctuating sources in each private heart: so that if you grant that the hearts in a city are the centres of its life, you make them responsible for every theft and truancy, for every drunken fight, for every squalid and undrained district, for every dissolute betrayal of the unprotected, as well as for every charity, teacher, pulpit, or volume in its public library. The solidarity of the nation likewise flows into appropriate and inevitable forms: so that if disaster culminates to a height so awful that it has to be accepted as a prominent feature of the public life, no other cause for it can exist except the public disposition. This is the reason why all legislation in consequence of calamities becomes so soon inoperative and obsolete. It is legislation that is unsupported by the temper of the people. It is undertaken in consequence of a panic, or to satisfy a temporary indignation; and its vitality will be over-ridden as soon as the public life resumes its wonted momentum. If our cautiousness be spas-

modic, and our haste be continuous and natural, the arrangements which the former dictates the latter will forget. As well expect the South, whose whole theory and life is represented by slavery, to keep in vital operation anti-slavery enactments. The wisest regulations, which do not heartily flow out of the universal disposition, and to which the people by nature and reason lend no permanent support, only serve by contrast to show how great the change must be before they can have their appropriate effect. Our untamed and heady disposition must spend itself upon its objects; the fierce democratic fervors must exhaust their exuberance at whatsoever cost, and the ardent, self-seeking, conquering temperament must become a little aged by its own toil and ferment, before salutary restrictions, even in a matter so palpably to our comfort as that of public travel, can be welcomed and supported by the only power that the country provides to support its laws—public opinion. It may be our opinion that we ought to travel safely, but if we share the general temper of the age, such an opinion is nothing more than our selfish hope that we shall make all the speed we can in safety. When we all consent to diminish our own private speed, from a rational regard for religious motives, or in consequence of the tide somewhat slackening within our veins, then there will be a public opinion, representing a public state, which shall protect with minute fidelity, in every sphere, life and the pursuit of happiness.

Till then, is it in vain to urge the dictates of religion? Are we under the dominion of a national instinct which makes us the tools of some remote design, half-conscious slaves, whose toil and suffering prepare some future epoch of prosperous equanimity, into whose rest shall enter a people inheriting our

experience, and raised by our exhausted youth to a cool maturity? Is providence so tyrannical as this, to use us as blind representatives of some national characteristic, which our free-will cannot resist and modify, to which the thoughts of religion are forbidden to bring their sublime counterpoise? Are we simply serving God's purpose in His civilization of this planet, brutishly lending our blood and flesh to enrich the soil of some future Commonwealth, as the different eras of animals crushed in their strata prepared the earth for man and developed man for the earth? Are this stress and passion which impel us, our fatality, like the power which drives an engine, and which has neither reflection nor self-control? It might be thought that this were true, to see how we hasten to subject ourselves to tyrant instincts of the lower man, to see the freely-chosen unconsciousness in which we labor. Practically we make it true, for the dictates of religion are slighted in the ambitious career of the people on their various projects of acquisition, and the crowds seem as if they purposely rushed into the disasters which suddenly hurl them into the eternal spaces, where nothing can be pursued without the sanction of religion. Though every man in the country deny that he is indifferent to religion, yet the indifference to religion contradicts him: reckless speed that can hardly consult the physical safety gives him the lie—careless valuation of human life and apathy amid repeated slaughters prove his words false when he pretends that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment—his defiant hurry, tempting the providences of every route by sea and land, proclaims that his eager mind is taking more thought for the morrow than for the everlasting, invisible kingdom of pure desires. The general life

tests and condemns the individual man. This mad race which even death cannot rebuke, is not run by a people whose veneration ascends to God, whose hopes inspire them with the ministries of a heavenly state where repose, like that of a man engaged in prayer, surrounds and sustains the invisible occupations.

Yet it would seem as if the ministrations of death ought by this time to impress and disturb the hearts of this people. For many years, the blind recoil of natural laws which we have violated, has smitten us back, as if to keep our impetuosity at bay and to secure respect for physical conditions. Disasters have proclaimed the unalterable decrees of nature, and sternly repeated the common philosophy of life : again and again they have mocked our theology of special interpositions, bidding us remember that the unalterable God cannot turn aside even for the strong, the lovely and the noble. They have sought to school the people's disposition into not tempting the immutability of Law. Nature's revenge has been in direct ratio to man's recklessness—no miracle to bridle her excited forces—no providence to stop the ruin short of its predestined hunger. God has tranquilly watched our reckless ambition, has tranquilly permitted the inevitable accidents which have stirred to reflection every state and frontier, almost every district of this mighty land. God helps no one who does not help himself. He cannot cancel the laws that sustain the universe in deference to our boyish play. Therefore the frequent horror comes to make a turmoil in all that is sweetest and holiest within us, as if the human heart were a brute's muscle that never palpitates to love and agony. For according as we imitate the brute, nature is brutish towards us. Are we not yet ready to interpret the scripture which calamity has

fiercely scribbled all over the face of this country, like the sudden blottings of a judicial angel out of patience with us?

In the green bosom of our mighty lakes sleep heaps of precious treasure, first blasted by fire to be cooled forever by water, leaving all along the still margin sad watchers to whom every ripple seems bringing the last sigh of their kindred. In our sounds and off the shore of every state, the keel of the coaster glides over spots whose monument of pity and despair is piled beneath—spots to which many living hearts still surely pilot fearful remembrances. Deep and dense as the water is our apathy, else the pale faces turned upward would be a sight for every day and the substance of every dream. Down roll the Ohio and the Mississippi over sands made golden by the hopes, the intercepted greetings, the generous love and expectation, the wealthy minds and hearts of many an American and foreign home. Our hot speed, like a missile, has left its piles of victims on the Isthmus, and marked a trail up the shore of the Pacific; and over the broad prairies a blazed path of the dead emigrants who travelled farther and better than they thought, directs the living emigrant, that another grave may mark the nation's high-way more clearly. And alas, wherever a river rolls, or an iron way grapples to the soil, how indiscriminate has been the sacrifice to violated laws! Not the selfish and passionate alone—not the coarse and worldly slave of life's miserable profits, diseased by luxury, befooled by money, drunk with fleshly pleasures,—but the men of cool brain and large heart, the servants of an honorable and healthy enterprise, the worshippers of knowledge and beauty, the experienced ministers of every alleviating art—and women too,

with hearts full of priceless emotions crushed as a gem is crushed by the hammer: women of fair forms and brows enthroning all the sacred sentiments that make life so much better than death, and death so bitter: pure-hearted, devoted women, the sun and hope of so many homes, who kept them from despair, whose sacrifice and daily assiduity sent strong men doubly nerved upon their various missions, and doubly warned against the world's excess—women with souls just deepened by love or matured by experience, as if a pure love or a sound experience were such drugs in the market that the possessors might drop out by scores and not be missed,—all such have yielded up their lives to make the lesson more impressive, and the spot more sternly marked, where violated laws have executed vengeance. Is not our speed becoming somewhat too costly—have we not received a lesson proportioned to the extent and promise of this country; a lesson encompassing and lashing our hearts like the two oceans, piercing through our imaginations like the everlasting hills, draining the fountains of our tears like the mighty exacting rivers, and marked out upon the broad surface frequent as our cities and our townships are? If it coincide with nature's administration that a gigantic impulse ought to have a gigantic warning, is it not time to confess that such a warning has fairly matched us, too great to be cowed down even by our passion, too piteous and thrilling to be turned aside even by our seasoned apathy. Shall the voice of religion be heard at this time, ere we have ceased to weep over the touching episodes of the last calamity, and before all the victims are recovered to be drowned afresh in some home's despair? Have the frequent drains upon our pity

destroyed its vital sincerity? Or are we possessed by manifest instinct, which does its work, unconscious whether the word religion have a meaning, and to which there is no limit except its own chance languor? Calamity has enlisted all the feelings that touch religion so closely and blend with it so readily, that no man can now indulge his pity without at the same time letting loose his awe, till he confesses that the fear of God should moderate his fervor: and each funeral of the victims, invested beyond common funerals with all the pathos that human hearts supply, seems, as it occurs, to utter unto each, like strophe and anti-strophe in some great chorus of God's ministers—"Thou turnest man to destruction: and sayest, Return ye children of men."

Leave to their rest the pure or selfish victims of our criminal ambition—some among the graves of home where the spring can carry flowers—some in shallows covered by sand which the waves, as if repentant, bring to conceal their doings—some buried deeper than our anchors have ever sounded. Long ago they have recovered from the shock of death's surprise, and are learning to serve God without haste and without ambition. Even those, over whom our last pity has not yet exhausted itself, already begin to feel the contrast between the peace of God and the restless competitions of the country they have left. In that silence they judge us truly; they perceive that our transient indignation cannot regenerate the people's deep seated passion, and will at best interpolate but one hour of prudence in an age of headstrong vanity. They seem to recommend to us a motive, the necessity for which they now clearly feel, in those still places to which sudden death has snatched them.

Like wild children, subdued in the presence of majestic age, they have lost all heart for the coarse scramble of the earthly life, and it seems to them that we, whom disaster has yet spared, are the real victims, and objects of the angels' commiseration. Could they speak, they would find in the prayers of Jesus the only words suitable to express their sense of a divine motive and a tranquil life. Let Jesus himself repeat his prayers to us—not that we should be taken out of the world, but that we should be kept from the evil, and from the devouring ambition, and from that invisible disaster when the forces of earth hurl reason from her seat and destroy the love of prayer.

THE

BIRTHRIGHT CHURCH:

A DISCOURSE

BY

THE LATE REV. SYLVESTER JUDD,

OF AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"Lo, Children are an Heritage of the Lord."—Psalm cxxvii. 3.

PRINTED FOR THE ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH OF MAINE.

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[PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.]

A FEW words, by way of introduction, may properly preface this Discourse. The doctrine of which it treats, and to the consideration of which the Author devoted with untiring industry the mature powers of his mind, — the birthright relation of children to the church, — was seen by him in the light of the clearest demonstration; and he fondly cherished the hope of its general diffusion. In a Sermon preached by him in August last on the text, "The promise is unto you, and to your children," wherein he very fully and elaborately states the processes of his reasoning on this subject, and justifies his conclusions by the authority of the Old and the New Testament, he uses the following language, which shows the depth and strength of his personal convictions: —

"I do not think, my friends, I magnify this subject, under any impressions derived from immediate contact with it, or from any sort of idiosyncrasy of feeling or speculation; and I am disposed to say that no subject, or hardly any subject, can be proposed, to the consideration of our New England churches at least, of magnitude and moment like this. So important do I deem the doctrine of this Discourse; so unquestionable does the truth of it appear; so clearly is it revealed, alike in Scripture, in nature, in all history, and in the craving wants of our best men; so manifestly is it of God, and a part of the divine economy in the government of the world, — that I could not for a moment consent to assume the pastorate of any church that did not recognize it."

With such evidence of the value which he attached to these views of the Christian church, no apology, I think, is necessary for offering this Discourse to the public. Besides, an affectionate interest attaches to it as the last professional utterance of its beloved author, as the last work of any kind upon which he was engaged, and which completely exhausted his physical powers on the day when his fatal illness overtook him; and in this light, as a sort of last will and testament, his bereaved friends and stricken church regard it as a rich legacy, which they wish to share with any who can sympathise with them. And, when it is further considered that his immediate object in preparing this particular Discourse was that he might commend the views therein expressed to his *clerical* brethren and others in Boston and its vicinity, on the occasion of the first "Thursday Lecture" in January last, it seems an obvious duty on the part of his surviving friends to do all in their power to execute a purpose which he so fondly anticipated, by offering it in a form which may yet attract the regards he sought to win, and possibly engage an interest which he was quite sure to enlist by the potent charm of his living voice.

J. H. WILLIAMS.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 18, 1853.

DISCOURSE.

Psalm ciii. 17, 18. "THE MERCY OF THE LORD IS FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING UPON THEM THAT FEAR HIM, AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS UNTO CHILDREN'S CHILDREN; TO SUCH AS KEEP HIS COVENANT, AND TO THOSE THAT REMEMBER HIS COMMANDMENTS TO DO THEM."

GEOGRAPHERS divide the world by its religions; and you will find, on looking at a map of the globe, that the most important distinctions are those determined by theological causes. Some religions have disappeared, as Druidism, Sabæanism. There remain seven principal ones: Brahminism; Schamanism, or the religion of the Dalai Lama; Buddhism, comprising the religion of Fo, that of the Chinese and Japan; Fetichism, which means the grosser forms of idolatry, and includes most of the African nations; Judaism; Islamism; and Christianism.

Again, looking at the map, you will see that theological ideas, or a sense of relation to God, having given to vast portions of human population a religion, have determined not merely the religious character, but the whole character of those people, and have determined this character, not for one age, but for all ages. Brahminism, Buddhism, Schamanism, and Islamism, comprise the majority of the people of the earth, numbering, according to some writers, five hundred million souls; and wherever these systems prevail, or the theological ideas at the bottom of them, they have shaped the politics, the morals, the philosophy, the social life, the exterior form, and interior spirit of the several communities to which they belong.

So, in general terms, I assert, theological ideas have had

more to do with human history than all other causes combined. The consciousness of God's relation to man, vaguely entertained, crudely treated, has flung human society into the forms we behold, moulded as clay in the hands of the potter the destinies of the race, and impressed an ineffaceable hieroglyph on the continents. There are, indeed, different measures of intelligence, varied forms of government; wars have exerted their alterative force; but back of all, and beneath all, has been theology. Nations, heathen nations if you will, have made progress; but this progress has always been in the line of their peculiar theology. The oldest of extant religions, and a very respectable one it is too, highly cultivated, very systematic, and rich in appointments, is perhaps Brahminism, represented in India; and this, descending cotemporaneously with the people among whom it is received, like a formative principle of nature, has made the Hindoos, for four or five thousand years, what they are.

We arrive at another fact. These religions affect the masses of the people among whom they are received. In a Brahminical or Hindoo country, the mass of the people are Hindoos; in a Jewish country, the masses are Jews. So it is in Mohammedan and Schamanical countries, and the others I have named. All the inhabitants, men, women, and children, conform to the prevailing religion. The rites of the common faith are observed, its sanctity felt, its hopes enjoyed, its obligations assumed, by the entire population. So that, in any of these countries, whatever the religion is to one, it is to all.

Now in passing our eye along the map, and down the course of ages, we come to one exception, a striking exception, to the general fact, that the theological ideas of a country determine the entire character of that country: that exception is in what are called Christian lands. The great mass of the people in the United States of America, for instance, do not even pretend to be Christians. The number of those who observe the rites, assume the obligations, and enjoy the hopes of the gospel, is estimated to be about one tenth of the population. I have seen a carefully prepared statement to the effect that

only one in fifteen of *our young men* are "hopefully pious." There are, we will say, three millions out of some twenty-one millions who *profess* to be Christians, leaving out the Romanists entirely; one seventh of the whole. Theological ideas have had less effect in shaping the history, character, and spirit of a Christian nation, than in every other instance.

For example, Buddhism enjoins the sacredness of animal life, and all people in Buddhistic countries abstain from the destruction of animal life. Mohammedanism enjoins temperance, and all the people in Mohammedan countries are temperate. Judaism enjoins the keeping of the Passover, and all Jews keep it. Christianism enjoins peace and universal brotherhood; but there have been more wars in Christendom for fifteen hundred years than in all the rest of the world besides, and the masses of the adult male Christian population of Europe are at this moment enrolled in armies. Christianism enjoins the rite of the Lord's supper, and nine tenths of the people of the United States do not observe that rite. If we were in Japan to-day, and it were the hour of their most sacred rites, we should see the entire people of a town flocking to the holy temple; husbands and wives, parents and children, clothed in the kamisijno, or holy garment; "with a composed and grave countenance," the varied mass approach; entering the court of the temple, they kneel, grey-headed men, the frolicsomeness of youth, simple childhood, sedate matrons, beauty, vigor, hope, all kneel and bow their heads "slowly and with great humility to the ground," and make a short prayer; then, flinging flowers upon the altar, they reverently depart. If you were in Turkey, and from the minaret the muezzin should sound the summons to prayer, you would behold instantly the whole population of a town, reverently, and, as all travellers report, with great apparent sincerity, engaged in prayer; the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, the boatman on the river, the groom in the stable, the children on the playground, groups of men at the corners of the streets. Christendom, or at least our American Christendom, presents no scene like this. Here the great mass of the people never pray, or are presumed not

to pray, notwithstanding our religion enjoins prayer. When the season of our great religious festival occurs, when we celebrate the mysteries of our faith, instead of beholding the whole population reverently approaching the table of our Lord, we witness just the opposite spectacle, — everybody going away.

Compare, if you will, the cities of New York and Constantinople: in population they are about equal, and there is the same number of churches and ministers in one, as mosques and imaums in the other; the schools in each city are not far from equal in point of numbers. Now put, not the Jewish or pagan or atheistic, but the strictly Christian population of New York by the side of the strictly Mohammedan population of the Turkish metropolis, and try them in the items of cleanliness, honesty, devotion, and observance of sacred rites. Or put the case thus: let us compare a Jewish church, or a Mohammedan or Brahminical or other church, and a Christian church. If we look at a Jewish, Mohammedan, or Brahminical country, we shall see the great mass of the people in the church; in our own land, we see the great mass of the people out of the church.

Here are very singular contrasts, very striking contradictions to what we imagined might be a general rule; a most sad, most suggestive antithesis. As our eye passes over into Christendom, we see theological ideas do not control the habits, and form the character, and transfuse the hearts of the people.

Christian theological ideas and Christian usages are so very sacred, so much superior to the heathen, it may be said, the mass of our people dare not embrace and practice them; they solemnly reverence, but do not presume upon any profession. But the sacredest things or names in our religion are God and Christ. Sacred names among the Jews are God and Moses; among the Mohammedans, God and Mohammed. Now, in a Jewish country, the people never profane the name of God or Moses; in a Mohammedan country they never profane the name of God or Mohammed; yet, in a Christian country, the people do profane the name of God and Christ. Here, in this Christian city, these names are irreverently and blasphem-

ously uttered a thousand times a day. There is quite a large class of our American population, of which perhaps most sailors are a specimen, that use profanely the names most sacred in our theology, in almost every sentence they speak. So that the suggestion, that the masses of the people in a Christian country do not pray to their God, and keep the ordinances of their Christ, so much as Mohammedans and Jews do, because our God and Christ are so much more sacred than their God and Mohammed and Moses, has nothing to support it, and is contradicted by the most palpable testimony.

In general terms, we must admit as much as this: the Gentiles are truer to their religion than Christians are to theirs. How shall we account for this? What reasons can we give before high heaven, what to our own consciences, for such an amazing disparity, for so sad a condition of things? Is it that the Christian standard is so much higher than the Gentile, it is not to be expected that the mass of the people can rise to it? But granting, if you will, that the standard is higher, it is never disproportioned to the masses of a Christian community, any more than the Mohammedan is to the masses in a Mohammedan community. More is expected of Christians than of Mohammedans; but Christians are really able to do more. The Gospel is the standard for Christians, as the Koran is for Mohammedans; but no one will say that the Gospel is not as binding upon, just as well adapted to, just as proper in every respect for, all the people of a Christian country, as the Koran is for a Mohammedan community. There is the Sermon on the Mount: will any one say that that is not perfectly obligatory on every man, woman and child in the land, as much as any chapter of the Koran is upon all in Mahommedan lands? Granting, I say, that the standard is higher, every person born in a Christian land is born on a proportionably higher plane; and, if there were a more general conformity to the admitted standard, it would be just as easy to conform to it, as to Mohammedan or Jewish requisitions. Christ would have his disciples pray; so would Moses, so would Mohammed. Now, granting that Christ's idea of prayer is higher than that of Moses

or Mohammed, still, in what calls itself a Christian community, amid Christian influences, with a Christian birth and education, it is as easy for the Christian masses to pray the Christian prayer, as for the Jewish or Mohammedan masses to pray their respective prayers.

Will it be thought the differences we remark are somewhat ethnographic ; that there is something in a Gentile climate more favorable to the reception of religious ideas, or in a Gentile constitution more easily moulded to religious impressions, than is to be found in Christian lands? Climate, soil, and such like influences, have a moral effect. But, looking at our maps, we see Mohammedanism stretching from the Euxine to the centre of Africa, comprising both the mean and the extremes of climate. Yet Mohammedans all pray, equally on the sands of Sahara, and the cold mountains of Thrace. The Jew observes his solemn rites, whether seated amid the sepulchres of his fathers, or pushing trade in the wilds of Russia. Moreover, Christendom in its geographic conformation combines all the peculiarities of soil and climate of which the earth is susceptible. Here in the United States, its domain extends from a pretty severe north, to what we call a sunny south. But the religious habits of the people, in the way we are now looking at them, undergo no change. There is just as much profanity and just as little prayer in South Carolina as in Maine. Nay, the New Englander, the Yankee, goes everywhere, under every sky, into every country, from centre to the extremest pole ; and wherever he is, you find him the same profane, prayerless, godless man still.

To bring this point to a conclusion, let us suppose there were presented here to-day six infants, a Brahminical, a Buddhistic, a Schamanical, a Mohammedan, a Jewish, and a Christian little babe, of a fortnight old. You could not tell the difference between them: there might be some diversity of configuration and color, but nothing to speak of. They all are made of the one blood that flows in the whole human family. Their essential nature is alike : their bone and muscle, minds and hearts, their susceptibilities and needs, their tenden-

cies and aspirations, show no odds. Now, let these children reach the age of thirty years, each in the atmosphere of its respective religion. The Brahminical child will have become a good Brahmin, and will reverently bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges ; the Schamanical child will then be found leading his own children to the solemn altars of his faith. The Mohammedan child you will find in the Mohammedan church, temperate, cleanly, honest, and abounding in prayer. The Jew will keep the Passover of his people, and remain faithful to the law of Moses. As for the Christian child, the chances are as nine to one, that he will be found an adult man, out of the Christian church, neglecting the rites of his religion, without Christian hope, without prayer, and not even professing to be a Christian. At least, the chances are as nine to one, that the Mohammedan child would, at the end of thirty years, be found a good Mohammedan, a Mohammedan in heart and life, while the Christian child would be no Christian at all.

To make the case still stronger, should you give that Christian infant to Mohammedanism, to be adopted by Mohammedan parents, it would grow up a praying man and a temperate man. Should you give it to the Jews, you would find it, in a few years, a faithful and devout Israelite. But take the Mohammedan infant, and let it be reared by what we call Christian parents, here in New England, and *the chances* are, at least as nine to one, you will find it, when grown up to be a young man, out of the Christian church, regardless of the Christian sacraments, prayerless, possibly a drunkard, possibly profane, and perhaps even thinking he hated the Christian's God, and that the Christian's God hated him. Similar things have happened again and again in the history of the world. In our own New England history, little children, taken captive by the Indians, assumed the costume, habits, language and religion of the Indians. Eunice Williams, daughter of the well-known Deerfield minister, taken into captivity, married an Indian ; and on coming back to her native town, no persuasions could induce her to leave her savage associates, or even to lay aside her moose-skin blanket.

No ; it is not blood or zone, but something widely different, that determines these issues. The fact is, Gentilism deals better by its children than Christianism does. The whole fact is expressed in a phrase we have previously and almost inadvertently used, — the child will *grow up* a Mohammedan, Jew, or Hindoo, while he will not grow up a Christian.

We have now, I think, touched bottom in this matter ; we have a clue to the mystery. Gentilism, in all its forms, covenants for its children ; Christianism, at least as developed in these times, does not. Jewish, Mohammedan, and all Gentile religions, in dealing with the souls of men, begin with the cradle. Here is the broad and deep foundation they lay. The children are born into their church, as into their family and their state. The children are trained up in the nurture and admonition of Mohammed or Moses. But children are nowhere born into the Christian church : they are all born out of it. Here we see the reason, and the sole reason, I think, why Gentilism is more successful in its ministrations than Christianism. There is no fatality that makes each generation in Pekin worshippers of Fo.

I said in the commencement of this discourse, that theological ideas, or man's consciousness of some relation to God, more than anything else, had determined the course of human history. Yet we have seen an exception to this remark in Christian history. Perhaps this is only an apparent exception, however, since, as will subsequently be seen, *certain* theological ideas have affected Christian history, but no genuine, no true Christian theological ideas. I mean as much as this, that, while the ideas which the authors of the Vedas, or Mohammed, or Moses taught, have naturally and legitimately produced their fruits among the people who embrace those ideas, the ideas which Jesus Christ taught have not produced their legitimate fruit in nations that profess to accept his ideas. Why have not Christian theological ideas been realized in nations professedly Christian ? Simply because Christianism does not begin with the cradle. But the gospel did, in fact, originally embrace the children. Christ, if I may so say, laid the foundations of

his kingdom in the heart of childhood. The "new covenant," the enlargement of the Abrahamic covenant, threw itself about infancy, and girdled with its promises, its sanctity, and its beatitudes, the generations as they rose. But something intervened to prevent the progress of Christianity towards its consummation in the ages; something intervened to suspend the beautiful law of nature and of God, whereby what is most blest and most pure descends from father to son. This hindrance was the doctrine of Total Depravity, a correlative and offshoot from the dogma of the Trinity; a monstrosity in human speculation, an unheard-of thing in the history of philosophy, an Upas-tree in the fair field of the evangelical dispensation. Through the monk Augustine this came; it got into the Christian church; it was decreed orthodoxy. Like a dike it rose right in the midst of the fairest flow of things the world has ever seen; like a volcano it was upheaved in the midst of the most beautiful scheme that ever gladdened the eye of an angel, and distorted every thing, turned currents out of their course, and filled the bed of a pure Christianism with blackened scoria, and all horrid shapes of wild and woful thought.

Let us glance, for a moment, at the course of history. The deluge, if we trust to the letter of Scripture, swept off the corrupt descendants of Adam. A new race and a new era commenced with that just and perfect man, Noah. But even those who sprung from him seem to have declined from the knowledge of the one God. Abraham was called. If we may rely on the varied accounts, Abraham was a philosopher, reformer, and theologian. He taught, in opposition to the prevailing notions, the doctrine of the Divine Unity. God entered into solemn covenant with him and with his seed forever, with the special promise that in him all nations should be blessed. This was the gospel, Paul tells us, preached before unto Abraham. Under that covenant a church was gathered, a Unitarian church; this church was a heritage, into it the children were born, in it they were trained up; all it had it gave them; this church had in its keeping the precious promise of universal blessing, and the great doctrine of the one

God. This church carefully guarded itself against interpolation, and became restricted and narrow. It became purely Levitical. But in each generation it transmitted its ideas, customs, and rites. Orientalism knew no other way. Christ came to fulfil the oath sworn to our father Abraham, that all nations should be included in the covenant-blessings of God. Christ enlarges and spiritualizes the old covenant. The Christian church is formed on the same eternal basis of the Divine Unity: it covers, however, a larger field; Barbarian and Scythian, Greek as well as Jew. The old promise developes itself in what we call modern history. The same law of transmission and continuity holds. Children are born into the Christian church. "Of such," says Christ, "is the kingdom of God," the new, the all-comprehensive and heavenly dispensation. The command is, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs." Peter, immediately after the ascension, recapitulating past events, and opening to the assembled multitude the subject of these events and of his own mission, says, "The promise is unto you, and to your children." Paul, who evermore vindicates himself to the Jews on the ground of the old covenant with Abraham, in the spirit of it declares the children of believers are holy. The new era is inaugurated; Christianity, as we call it, becomes an institution, a commonwealth. Whatever other changes, there is none in the fundamental principle, that the church transmits itself by natural succession, that the lambs follow the sheep, that children are trained up into that which their parents are. Orientalism would tolerate no other way.

The earliest of Christian grave-stones contained this inscription: "To Zozimus, a faithful, descended of faithfuls, aged two years and six months." Parents gave the sacred elements to their own children. Even infant baptism was neglected. "Whoever was born in a Christian family," says Neander, "it was necessarily presupposed that he did not become acquainted with Christianity from the midst of heathenism; that he did not first develop himself from the stand-point of the natural man, and then make his way into a new life through

regeneration; but, from the beginning, the sanctifying influences of Christian communion, of the founding of a Christian consciousness, must have been shed on the first development of the life of the soul. From the first, the child must have been trained into communion with Christ, dedicated to him, and led to his grace." In other words, Christian regeneration, the new, divine growth, beginning in infancy, went on in the church, and not out of it: as our author adds, it was not a sudden, but a gradual thing.

So, with all due abatements and side-issues, things continued for three or four centuries, until the Council of Nice, when after protracted controversy the doctrine of a divided Godhead gained the victory, and assumed the jurisdiction of what henceforth in history is known as the Orthodox church. From this instantly was generated the doctrine of Original Sin and Total Depravity.

Here is revolution! Louis Napoleon founds a throne on the ruins of a republic. Every thing is changed. The church of the Divine Unity historically disappears. The old covenant that comprised children with their parents is broken. The children are born corrupt, of the devil, out of the Christian pale. In a word, as I have said, this dogma of orthodoxy unchurched all the children; it flung the generations, as they rose, loose out into the world; it broke the goodly covenant-relation Christ made with his children and his children's children for ever.

We now come to a pause in human affairs, so far as Christianism is concerned. We see the whole church is thrown into a dilemma. Evermore the question presses, What shall we do with the children? "Water-baptism is regenerative," the high priests of the New School said. "Baptize the children, and so we shall cure their depravity, renew their natures, and thus recover them to the church." So things went on for some centuries. After a sort, the children were huddled back, like melancholy lambs, into a fold from which they had been rudely driven. Not that Romanism and its kindred schools had any genuine love for the children: it was a

skilful device which she adopted. Having subjugated the race, the church, so called, but now fallen, could make terms with them. Romanism did not recognize God's law in this matter: it never took the children with the parents into the church; it acknowledged no birth-right relation to the church; it never entered into covenant with God for the children,—never, never. It said, Let me baptize your children, and that will take them into the church, and save them; if not, they must go to the bottomless pit. Romanism hardly recognized the family, or even the state. Its maxim never was that the family is holy, the state is holy, the church is holy. Perhaps nothing has done more to break up the family tie, and depreciate the family feeling, than Romanism. It said to its women, Eschew the family relation, that you may be a nun, a saint of the church; to its men it said, Eschew the family relation, that you may be a priest of the church. So, in respect of the state: it discrowned kings, controlled successions, made empires its bondmen. Its marriages, indeed, were binding and eternal, but solely because *it* married people. In this rite, it recognized no God-appointed ordinance back of its own seals. All this, however, was not really Romanism: it was the doctrine of Original Sin and Total Depravity, working itself out in various ways.

We next come to the reformation. Calvin and Luther, still holding firmly by the Trinity and Total Depravity, yet had the common sense to see that water could not purge the soul; and, while they admitted infant-baptism, they still suffered the infant to be out of the church. They baptized the innocent vagabond, and then let it run wild still. At least, this is the final result of Calvinism, or the older Augustinism, in America.

The consequence is, that, in the United States at least, nine-tenths of the people are growing up, in a technical sense, sinners, unchristian, unholy, prayerless, hopeless. The covenant which God made with Abraham, that in him, through Christ, all nations should be blessed, a covenant with him and his seed after him to all generations, is broken; the promise that these great blessings should be to us and to our children is

falsified; the cardinal principle that children are of the kingdom of God is set at nought, and the beautiful law of religious perpetuity interrupted for ever. A single thing, a little thing apparently, a short paragraph, a penful of ink, the doctrine of Total-Depravity, has done all this.

I said that, even in what we behold in Christian history, we should still perceive *certain* theological ideas at work; not in Christianizing, however, but in unchristianizing Christendom. This is what I mean, that this doctrine, this idea about God, about the second person dying to appease the wrath of the first, that God was wrathful against human nature, that human nature hated God; in a word, this false idea of the relation of God to man, received into the Christian mind, has determined the course of Christian history; determined, in a word, that it should be very unchristian. The true theological ideas that Christ had have been set aside, and others substituted for them.

Well, now, where are we? What now calls itself the church and Christian is a little knot of people in Christendom, a few scores in what is called *a society*, a few hundreds in our towns; in no sort of covenant-relation even with their own wives or husbands, fathers or mothers, brothers or sisters, sons or daughters; a little knot, I say, and all the rest is the world, — Christendom; not Gentildom, not so good as that, but Devildom.

What next? Invariably, inevitably, this; these few must try salvatory measures on the great multitude of outsiders. But how many shall be saved? The elect, says ultra-Calvinism. We must preach to all, but expect to save only a few, says a more moderate Calvinism. Do not dispute about these things, says Methodism; but make a rush, and save as many as you can. Universalism hushes the whole trouble, and says, Never you mind, all will be saved. Unitarianism, *horresco referens*, — legitimate descendant of the old church patriarchs and prophets, of the Messiah and the apostles, sole heir of a gorgeous and a divine antiquity, sighs, and takes on; does not know; tries; is like Ephraim, "a silly dove without heart: they call to Egypt, they go to Assyria."

Now, to be in the church is tantamount to salvation. Not that it will be pretended that all in the church are saved men, or all out of it not saved men; but, inasmuch as every man who gets into the church has to undergo a special examination and must be able to recount a special gracious experience, the presumptionis, — the *presumption*, I say, is, that all in the church are saved men or Christians.

The great question now is, How shall we get men into the church? The voice of the true church cries even in the bosom of the false church, Give me back my children. It is felt to be an unnatural, a horrible disjunction that divides people as before their God and their Saviour. The law of God lashes the conscience of every one in what is called the church, when he reflects that his children and kinsfolk and fellow-citizens are not with him.

Do I lay too much stress upon this point of getting people into the church, as a notion that prevails in all the Trinitarian churches of our land and of the world? The theology that has prevailed in the so-called church since the Council of Nice has unchurched the children, and of course the great mass of the population; has thrown them out of the pale of the church, and of course out of the pale of salvation. Here, then, is a simple fact; a fact plainly to be apprehended, and one fitted to arouse deep sensibility, — a few in the church, Christian and saved; the great mass out of the church, unchristian, unsaved; a holy church, diminished, weak, and dying; a sinful world, populous, flourishing, vast. Now, to get people back into the church, Romanism, or the Catholicism of the fourth century, devised the scheme of water-regeneration. This alone saved the church of that time from extinction. So in the English Church, the latent, perhaps, yet really vital question of all questions is, How shall we get the people into the church? and that sect also baptizes them in.

How is it here in New England? The Rev. Ebenezer Porter, in giving an account of a revival of religion in Washington, Ct., in 1804, says, "Though our church has enjoyed a preached gospel for more than sixty years, nothing that could

properly be called a revival of religion had ever taken place. Deaths and removals were constantly reducing our numbers, and there was room for solemn apprehension that soon a solitary few would meet at our communion-table, and our Zion be left to mourn that by multitudes her solemn feasts would be forgotten." Here is distinctly seen the ground of the necessity of a revival — to keep the church from extinction. Mr. Porter adds that his people, his *society* as we say, "had long been accustomed to a decent and full attendance on public worship, and were as free as almost any others from open immoralities." But that went for nothing; to be a moral and devout people was nothing; they must be in the church, must have undergone a special experience, fitting them for the church. More distinct still is the Rev. Mr. Shepard, of Lenox, Mass. There had been no revival in his church for many years; and, at the time of his ordination, the state of it was very saddening. He says, "The number of the members of the church was not greater than it had been for twenty-five years before, and almost the whole of them were bowing under the infirmities of age. No person who was in early life was a member of the church. Not a single young person had been received into it for sixteen years. To see the youth all as one indifferent to religion, and to see a few old grey-headed persons compose almost the whole number of communicants at the sacramental table, must, to one just entering on the work of the ministry, awaken feelings which cannot easily be described. It seemed, indeed, as if, when these few should die, the name of Jesus, in the holy ordinance of the Supper, would, among us, be hardly had in remembrance. Such were the melancholy prospects of the church until the revival." We have here, clearly stated, one of the secret springs of the revival system, — a necessity of getting people into the church. The stress is evermore to increase and sustain the church from the vast mass of those who are outside of it. Perhaps you say the exigency is not so much to get people into the church, as to convert them, and make them better. I say this desire to replenish a wasting church has more to do with the revival-system than you think.

The list of converts is a measure and test of what is called ministerial usefulness. Let a young minister be settled over a congregation, his ambition is aroused to get people into the church. This is the thing that *tells*. This is that which is reported at all ecclesiastical conferences; this is that which is published in the accounts of the churches; this alone attains any sort of historical dignity. Did you ever read of a revival in which mention was not made of the number added to the church (so called)? Indeed, that would be no revival in which none were so added. A minister opens no account with his society (so called); he keeps no record of the souls he is preaching to; the number that receive at his hands the bread of life; the number to whose hearts he is communicating deep, immortal impressions. When ministers meet together, the great, the crowning point of interest is this matter of additions to the church. A minister who shall be a long time settled, and add none to the church, is considered to have failed. A minister who, after the best he can do, finds he can get nobody to join the church, is wont to feel discouraged. I say this, moreover, that in the eye, in the imagination, in the secret thought of the minister, as he is preparing his sermons, as his mind runs over his people, the church-members are deemed to be good people, and the non-church-members bad; the first are saints, the others sinners; the first are converted, and the others impenitent; to the first he addresses the sweet promises of the gospel, the others he pursues with the terrors of the law. So that to be saved, and to be in the church, are everywhere convertible expressions. Mr. Shepard felt this, and indicates as much when he speaks of all the youth who were out of the church as being without hope and without God. It is just the same in our Calvinistic Protestant churches, as it is in the Roman and English: only we have a different way of getting at the same result.

I repeat, the church, having no source of increase within itself, and depending wholly for support and perpetuity on what might be called foreign immigration, or forays into the enemy's land, has labored assiduously in that direction, and yet to very

little purpose. I mean this,—that few people belong to the church. Only one in fifteen of the young men of America are accounted pious. In any city, out of a thousand families, there are probably seven hundred in which there is no family prayer.

The prevalent church-system I regard, in many respects, a failure. In its nature it is suicidal. Methods relied upon to sustain it lose their force. In 1845 the Methodists lost thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty; the Free Will Baptists, two thousand five hundred and sixty-one; the Trinitarian Congregationalists in Massachusetts, four hundred. The New School Presbyterian Church has declined at the rate of more than one thousand a year for the last five years. One Methodist Conference in Maine loses at the rate of one hundred a year. Two hundred churches in Vermont added, to quote a phrase I saw in a church report, a "net gain" of ten to their numbers last year,—one-twentieth of a man to a church!

In the year of grace 1650, and 20 of our colonial history, there were in New England forty churches, and seven thousand seven hundred and fifty members, or about two hundred to a church. At the present moment, the Trinitarian Congregational average is less than one hundred; the Episcopalian average is about fifty; the Unitarian, between forty and fifty. Not only is the positive decrease so great, but the relative decrease—I mean comparing church-members with the world—is very much greater. In forefathers' time, seven thousand seven hundred and fifty church-members must have comprised a majority of the adult population; now it has dwindled into a small, and is yearly dwindling into a smaller minority. The world is every year gaining on the church. The world has a law of increase within itself. Revivals, the grand harvest-seasons of the church, are losing their power. With paper and pencil, one can easily figure out the final issue.

Let me illustrate what I would say in this manner. Suppose our fathers who framed the Constitution and founded the State of Maine, instead of saying as they did, "We, the people of Maine, agree for ourselves and our posterity to form

ourselves into a state," had said, "We, an hundred or two of us, assembled here in Portland in the year of grace 1820, called of God and especially fitted, agree to form ourselves into a state, to be known by the style and title of the State of Maine. Those who subscribe our covenant, and submit to our test, may become members or citizens of the state: all others shall be excluded, even to our wives and little ones." Suppose the test to have been, that a man, by some special operation, could see double, or, if you will, treble, — that one was three, and three one. These people, having thus covenanted together, and drawn up a constitution of government, separate. They are the State of Maine. Let us suppose they choose a governor, institute courts of justice, hold legislative sessions; that in each town are formed what may be called little states, or rather little centres of authority and influence, all under the great state. Let us suppose the number of citizens of the state, in a town like Augusta, to be one hundred. The state, through its legislature, begins to pass laws, — through its courts to execute them. It levies taxes; it imposes restraints. But nobody belongs to the state, except such as can see treble: all the rest, the great mass of the people, are outlaws, slaves, or whatever they may be. There would be, in a population of six hundred thousand, say fifty thousand state-members, and five hundred and fifty thousand non-state-members. Now, I ask, what condition of society would you predicate of such a system? Would the mass of the people be good citizens, as we say; lovers of law and order, patriotic, benevolent, disinterested? How could they be good citizens, when, by the terms of the fundamental law, they could not be citizens at all? Let us suppose that that which calls itself the state has kind and compassionate feelings towards those outsiders, and, moreover, having no means of natural increase in itself, is really desirous to reinforce its ranks by accessions from abroad, and gets up something similar to what are called revivals in the church, and the governor and other officers of the state go and harangue these aliens, and beg them to come into the state, and be enrolled as citizens. The people snatch greedily at the offer;

but, as fast as any one presents himself at the doors of the State House, he is asked if, by a special operation, he can see treble. Some can; but the great majority cannot. How, my friends, should we feel to be part and parcel of such a condition of things?

Let us suppose, furthermore, that the constitution these people drew up was an excellent one, the best ever conceived, for those to whom it applied; yet that it was made to apply only to fifty thousand out of six hundred thousand souls; and that the laws they passed were good, save that only this small portion of the people had any thing to do with passing them: would this help the matter much? Suppose, too, that no child could inherit the rights of citizenship; that even the children of state-members themselves were equally excluded with the rest, and that no child could become a citizen except by the method before described: see what would result. All offices, emoluments, and honors would devolve to the few who compose the state. They alone could vote, they alone could legislate; all the dignity and all the responsibility of citizenship would fall to them alone. They alone would represent the state in other states or in foreign lands. They alone would manage roads, schools, navigation, trade. I ask if such an act, the initiation of such a form of government, would not at once, and hopelessly, and for ever, demoralize the great mass of the people, and sink them into a species of barbarism. They would either revolt and revolutionize the state, fly to other lands, or stay in abjectness, rudeness, and all iniquity. Let us suppose the Governor of the State himself to have sons: these sons are not members of the state; the glory and prosperity of the state is not theirs to share; they are disfranchised like all the rest; they cannot come in any more than others, except by a change of vision; and, I ask, would not they become the very worst of the corrupt rabble that would fill the towns and cities of such a state? Suppose the state thus constituted should enact laws against intemperance, or profane swearing, or sabbath-breaking, or stealing, or counterfeiting, who, I ask, would keep those laws? Would the five hundred and fifty thousand disfranchised

persons be under any obligations to observe them? I trow not. Do you say these people *ought* to be good and obey the laws, and love so excellent a constitution, whether or no? Perhaps so. But when was it ever known that a disfranchised people could revere and keep the laws of a state that had disfranchised them?

But this is my great point: the introduction of such a political system as I have spoken of, if the thing were possible, would first anarchize the whole community; it would next root out the elements of reverence for law and order that subsist in the minds of well-disposed citizens; it would fill the land with every species of vice; and, if it did not end in supineness and slavery, it would in savageness and banditry. Nobody, except the initiated, would be under any obligation whatever to regard the laws of such a state.

This is a simple picture of what in church-affairs has been going on in this country for centuries. A few people, in every society, or parish, or town, get together, and agree to form a church for themselves, never for their children, not even for their wives or husbands or brothers or sisters; and none can be admitted except they pass the test which this self-same church may prescribe. This church adopts for its constitution the Bible, if you will; it enters into solemn covenant with God; it agrees to watch over its members, to keep the ordinances; it virtually promises to have family prayers, to abandon all vice and follow all virtue; it believes in Christ, it is preparing for heaven. Blessed, beautiful fraternity, you say, let me join it. Alas! you cannot, unless you have experienced special experiences, and believe in the Trinity. May not the children of these pure and holy men and women belong to their pure and holy communion? Not one of them. Not one!

Doctor Dewey preached a discourse recently in Washington on the growing spirit of disobedience in the youth of our country. "How many persons," he says, "come rushing into life among us, who have no feeling of allegiance to *any thing;* who have no sense of proper responsibility to the solemn and binding laws of their being. Think of such a fact as this.

According to the presentment of a grand jury this year in one of our cities (New York), four-fifths of the complaints have been against minors! And full two-thirds of all the complaints for crime acted upon during a late law-term have been against persons between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. I have lived two years in the cities of continental Europe,—Roman Catholic cities,—and I say advisedly, that I witness every Sunday ten times as much noise and disorder in these streets of Washington, as I ever witnessed there. And it is not in the cities alone: all over the country, I see the evils of an undisciplined youth."

Now, I would ask Doctor Dewey, or any one else, how he can expect the youth of the country to be reverential, or to feel the weight of solemn obligations, so long as they are kept out of the church; that is, kept separate from the body of professed Christians; refused all rank, place, and standing in the company of those who profess to have assumed such obligations; denied access to that which here on the earth is a kind of holy of holies, and is ever a type and measure of sanctity,—the communion? I ask farther, if, on the common theory of the church and its relation to the world, it can by any means be shown that a man, woman, or child, out of the church, is under any sort of obligation to it, to its truths, its ordinances, its sanctitude; any more than a person out of the state, as before supposed, is under obligations to such a state? The slaves of South Carolina are under no obligations to the constitution and laws of South Carolina. You may say a man is under obligations to do right, whether out of the church or in it. So is the slave, whether out of the state or in it.

But you know how it is. The church, from age to age, has been deemed to be the peculiar depository and dispenser of God's law. It has been thought to be the place of the peculiar residence of the Holy Spirit; it has been called Christ's body; it has had the care of souls; its members have been called saints, the elect, the hopefully regenerated. You know how it is in any country town in the land. There is that which is taken to be the church; that has prayer, and the sabbath, and

the Bible, and the sacraments in its keeping, and the promises for its consolation, and heaven for its hope; and you know the great mass of the people, and the youth particularly, do not belong to it, and cannot get into it, except by passing peculiar and sometimes impossible tests. And how, I ask, can you show that those youths are under any obligation, either to the pastor of such a church, or to the truths he shall preach, or to the Divinity he represents? How are they under any obligation to attend church at all; how under obligations to Christ, whose body the church is? How are these young men under Christian obligations to obey their fathers and mothers, who are church-members? Why should they not spend the sabbath in horse-racing, since they never covenanted to keep holy time?

What, now, is the remedy for these evils? The great practical question is,—How shall the mass of the people, in a nominally Christian country, be not only professed, but real Christians? How can it be brought about, that, as we say of the vast majority in a Hindoo, Mohammedan, Jewish nation, they are good Hindoos, Mohammedans, Jews; so we can say of the vast majority in a Christian country, they are good Christians? What shall we do, that, as the most sacred ordinances of their religion are solemnly and profitably observed by everybody in a Gentile land, so the most sacred ordinances of the Christian religion may be solemnly and profitably observed by all in a Christian land? These, I say, are great practical questions, momentous, awful; they press, like a millstone, on many an anxious, thoughtful mind; they fling their voice, like prophetic, terrible inquisition, into the darkness and mystery of the future. In some souls, they open to the most cheerful, the most luminous paths of investigation.

These questions are equivalent to some others like these. How can, not, as now, one fifteenth of our young men be hopefully pious; but how shall fourteen-fifteenths of them be of that sort? How can the spirit of disobedience, which, according to Doctor Dewey, has so deeply entered into our American youth, be exorcised? How shall it be brought about that

Christian sailors, stevedores, canal-boatmen, lumbermen, river-drivers, hack-drivers, porters, shall cease to be profane, and become as reverential and devout, to say the least, as the same class of men in Gentile countries? In a word, how shall the law whereby the theological ideas of a people control the destinies of that people, shape its character, and mould its individual life,—and this, too, in respect of the great mass, with pretty nearly equally deep diffusion through the whole community,—how shall that law prevail in Christendom?

I know of no way but by a recurrence to first principles; and the effective principle has already been hinted at,—one which lies at the foundation of the family and the state, and, in the era of pure Christianity, did lie at the foundation of the church, and is the only decent basis of any history,—the principle, that in whatever condition or estate, rank or privilege, fellowship or communion, adults may be found, the children also are to be included with them. And, let it be observed, this was the principle adopted by our Puritan ancestors. They had, as it were, to refound the church. And never did a more momentous question devolve to any minds, than when, in the language of the historiographer of the Second Church, Boston, they met to consider what should be the church-estate of their posterity. They declared, in the Cambridge Platform (1648), that the church consists of believers *and their children*. They denied that baptism is an initiatory rite. They said of baptism: "It presupposeth a church-estate, as circumcision in the Old Testament, which gave no being to the church; the church being before it, and in the wilderness without it. Seals presuppose a covenant already in being." This was the broad, divine, and everlasting ground they assumed; and it is the only true theory of the church that I have met with in ecclesiastical history. They did not, however, consistently adhere to it; and Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards were quite successful in upsetting it. Yet the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, is frank enough to say in his work on Infant Baptism, that this law is founded at once in our natures, and is the great law of God in the economy of the universe. We must revive the

church-system of our forefathers; in other words, we must revive the original church, which, if you please to say it, had its source in Abraham, and was carried up to its full perfection and grandeur in Jesus Christ our Lord.

I know no other way of restoration than by a recurrence to the principle which, Mr. Adams says, is a principle of God's moral government of the universe,—that whereby, in a Christian community, the children of Christian parents may be included in the Christian covenant and pale, the system of forms and doctrines, and the sphere of blessings and responsibilities, where their parents are. I mean, that whatever may be the highest Christian institution known to Christendom; whatever be conceived to be the most sacred communion and fellowship; whatever typifies the highest Christian experience, or points most peculiarly to the supreme relation we hold to God, Christ, and the moral universe; that into that, most essentially, most integrally, most fully, the children should be admitted;—and, inasmuch as the church does stand for the highest Christian institution, and is the most sacred communion and fellowship, and typifies the deepest Christian experience, and the supreme relation we sustain to God and Christ, and the moral universe, that into the church the children should be admitted. More than this: that into it they shall be born; that of it they shall at once form a part; insomuch that they shall never know the time when they were not in it and of it, any more than they know the time when they began to be citizens of the state, or when the first summer morning shed its sweet beams upon them, or the first sabbath enfolded them in its sanctity and rest. If there be a school of highest Christian discipline, a circle of highest Christian culture, a theatre of highest Christian action, a place of highest Christian life, peace, enjoyment, I contend that not only the children, but the great mass of the community, should be included in it. And such a school, circle, theatre, place, is the church. I would take this which we call the church, with all its awfulness and beauty, all its beatitudes and obligation; and not wait to see if I can get here and there a man into it; but take it and carry it right under the whole bulk

of the rising generation, and endeavor that they shall all be in it. I would carry it under the yet unborn generations, and see to it that all share in it as their birthright.

Through some such way as this, and only some such way, can I foresee the time when the masses in a Christian land, the masses in our parishes, will be Christians ; when the majority of our young men will be hopefully pious, and our sailors reverential ; and when, in all our families, shall be an altar of prayer, and the vital, practical doctrines of the gospel be as vitally and practically acknowledged by one set of men as another.

I say *only* in some such way. Every other way has been tried, and has failed. The movement under Whitefield was intense, sagacious, powerful : some thought the millenium at hand. That movement left more people out of the church than in it, and there was more infidelity soon after in New England than before. Methodism has not succeeded : it is losing, in the State of Maine, of its church-members, at the rate of one hundred a year. In a word, as to the great results aimed at, revivals and camp-meetings have proved a failure. The question is not, whether they have not done a great deal of good : the sad result is, that, of two millions of young men in our land, only one hundred and thirty thousand are esteemed hopefully pious ; while, year by year, the ranks of the unregenerate, so called, are increasing at a fearfully prodigious rate, and the other side diminishing in an equal ratio. In Vermont, while thousands have been born the past year into the world, or perhaps into the area nominally covered by the church, only one-twentieth part of a man to a church has been brought into a vital connection with it. Revivals have been resorted to, and camp-meetings, stated preaching, evening meetings, Sunday-schools, tracts, — and these have all failed ; failed, I mean, to make the mass of the people Christians ; failed to induce, in the great mass of the adult generation, habits of prayer ; failed to make them participators in the symbols of the body and blood of our Lord ; failed to induce in them a practical sense of Christian obligation. I do not mean that

these efforts have not accomplished something; but I call it a failure, when I know that if the present condition of things should continue, the present ratio of decreasing Christian discipleship go on, in a few years, here in New England, we shall not have one man professing to be a Christian. The simple truth is, what is called the world's side is every year increasing, and what is called the church's side is every year decreasing.

The method of church-increase hitherto has been chiefly by means of revivals and camp-meetings, — by a resort to special agencies to convert, as it is technically called, such portions of the adult sinful world as could conveniently be reached. The church has not recognized a law of increase within itself. The result of this method is — do I do wrong in calling it so? — a failure. It is what you see around you in every city and village of the land. Compared with what Mohammedanism or Brahminism or Judaism has been able to do, each in its sphere of influence, when I see what the popular administration of Christianity has done for the masses of the people, I call it, in a certain strong sense, a failure. I would ask, in how many houses of this city is there a family altar? How many people of this state recognize, as personally binding upon them in virtue of their relation to God, the law of love? How many people in the United States solemnly and deeply feel that there is a higher law than that of human legislation? Moreover, I insist that it is impossible for things to be otherwise, while the present mode of administering Christianity shall continue.

I contend, that while you introduce into the community an institution like that of the church, which is intrinsically so great a thing, a centre of sanctity, a means of highest culture, a field of highest religious hope, and which points evermore to God and the Infinite, and has peculiar relations to Christ, and bears, flaming on its topmost towers, the cross, and is surrounded ever by a cloud of witnesses, and a thicker cloud of sacred associations, — I say, while you introduce what you call the Christian church into the midst of the community, and yet declare that only a few can belong to it, and all the rest must stand outside of it, you do that which, in its nature, tends to

unchristianize and demoralize the whole community. And especially when that church, as it obtains in our towns and villages, becomes established as a permanent institution of the place; made up of our own parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters; but from which, too, our own parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are, it may be, excluded; in which, withal, the conditions of membership are placed utterly beyond the reach of human control, — as, for instance, a special change of nature, or are subject to varying human caprice, — as when those who are out shall feel like going in, or those within shall feel like letting them in; in a word, when such an institution enters what are called our religious societies, and erects its sanctum there, and parades its soul-nurturing feast there, and subscribes its peculiar obligations to Christ there, then, I say, that has taken place which must of necessity detach the great mass of the community from a practical, personal realization of Christianity.

Look, my friends, at this matter, not in an abstract way, but just as it is. Those who join the church are ordinarily the fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, of those who do not. They are not a body of strangers who happen in town; they are not a club of young men; they are not a mere company of individuals whom we know nothing about: they are those connected with us by the nearest earthly ties; they are my parents; they take obligations which I do not; they eat food of which I may not taste; they are addressed by promises that never reach my ears; they come into a position towards God and Christ, and the eternal world, into which I do not; they have a Head that I have not, a fellowship that I have not; they must do things that are not expected of me; they must behave differently from what I do; in a word they are Christians, professing Christians, while I, their child, am neither one nor the other; yet I am their child. If I grow up and meet with a special change, then I may join them. Meanwhile, what a separation! What a horrible disjunction! The best years of my life, the years when character is so rapidly formed, the blessed years while I am at home under the family roof

with my father and mother, during these eventful years, they can extend no deep religious sympathy to me ; they can never commune with me in the joy of a holy spirit ; my own mother cannot communicate to me the bread from heaven that Christ is to her ; my own father can never welcome me to the great brotherhood of souls in which he finds delight. They have a covenant God, I have none ; they have a good Shepherd, I have none ; they are sheep, I am a lamb, but left without green fields or clear streams ; they are disciples, learners, I am a vagrant ; they enter the holy of holies, I must remain in the outer court of the Gentiles ; they are the church, I am the world.

I tell you, my friends, however you, as mature-minded, intelligent men, may judge of this subject ; however you may incline to say, Really this matter of the church is not of such great consequence one way or another, — I tell you that is just the way the thing is actually working in the minds of the great mass of the youths of New England ; this is the way our young men and women are being trained up ; and these dreadful impressions and feelings, this sad view of things is deepened and fastened in the mind all the more from the fact that the parties intimately concerned are for the most part our own fathers and mothers ; not fathers alone, but mothers too ; frequently not the father, but only the mother, is party to this most unnatural adjustment.

As I am a parent, I would never join a church, or go near a church, into the heart and bosom of which, into the fullest communion and fellowship of which, my children should not be admitted too ; no, never, never. I should as soon think of moving into a house from which my children should be excluded.

But how does our young man get on ? He grows up outside of that in which his parents are, outside too of the God who is their God, and of the Christ who is their Christ, of the holy obligations that are theirs. He has not yet been specially converted. The Sunday School has not done that work for him, nor prayer, nor preaching. His morality he has been

strictly taught will not commend him to God. As happens to many of our young men in New England, he goes to Boston. Will he pray? will he love his Bible? will he keep holy time? will he feel his Christian obligations? will he act as a child of God? What folly to ask these questions! The very conditions on which such actions depend are all annihilated in the premises. The God whom that young man ought to love and serve all the days of his life, his father and mother, or rather the church-system that prevails, has taken away from him. He has been especially taught from infancy, that he could not be in the truest sense God's child, or Christ's disciple, or a member of the great communion of saints, till he was specially converted. This church-system has not only un-churched him, but has had the practical effect to un-God and un-Christ him. By and by he marries. Will he erect a family altar? will he call down the Holy Spirit to sanctify his home? will he feel that his children are God's children? will a sweet and Christian influence pervade his domestic life? If his child should die, will he bow serenely to his heavenly Father's will? Why should he? And yet this young man is a mere sample of one million, seven hundred thousand young men in our land.

A Mohammedan youth, going from a Thracian village to Constantinople, carries with him all the graces and adheres to all the virtues proper to his father and mother. In the centre of sanctity where the parents are, there the child is born and brought up. The obligations which Mohammedanism imposes you will find this Mohammedan youth observing, when he gets settled in their great metropolis. And when he marries, his wife is one with him in this, and their children are trained up in the same way. The secret of it is, the Mohammedan Church, to call it by that name, begins with the children. Whatever it is, it makes its children to be; whatever it has, that in all its amplitude and sanctity it gives to the children. The Mohammedan Church is a broad, open, free channel through which the highest Mohammedan theological ideas are communicated directly to the great mass of the people. But the Christian Church, as developed here in

America, shuts out its ideas from the mass of the people. I mean this, that the great theological idea that God is our Father in heaven, in its richness, fulness, and deep personal enjoyment and conscious vitality, is, on the present church-system, shut out from the mass of the people. The church keeps these ideas within itself, and imparts them to others, only so fast as they by especial instrumentality, or the sufferance of the doctrine of election, shall become members in good standing.

Thus are we situated : one-eighth of the people on one side, seven-eighths on the other ; one-eighth on the good side, seven-eighths on the bad side ; one-eighth professing to be Christians, and seven-eighths not pretending to any religion at all ; and this in what, as a whole, calls itself a Christian land. The good eighth made up of our dearest earthly connections, our intimate friends, our partners in business, our school-mates, our neighbors, our fellow-citizens ; the bad seven-eighths made up in like manner of our dearest earthly connections, our partners in business, our school-mates, our intimate friends, our children. If this good fragment would retire into the woods or cloisters, as did the monks of old, and leave the mass to do and be before God as they could, it might be better for us. But here they are, by our firesides, in our counting-rooms, in our social circles, if not of our very bed and board ; the presumed heirs of grace, and inheritors of the promises.

It is an unnatural juxtaposition. Sin is unnatural, holiness is unnatural, prayer is unnatural, profanity is unnatural. The few are more austere than they should be ; the many are more loose than they should be. It is a sin for those who are in the church to dance ; those who are out dance beyond the bounds of reason or discretion. Or, as the whole idea enters and emphasizes itself in the sphere of domesticity, we have wives praying, and husbands swearing at them for so doing ; or, what is more common, wives seeking opportunities to pray when the husband is absent, or the household asleep ; sisters going demurely to the preparatory lecture, brothers turning off to the bowling alley and the rum-saloon ; parents at the Lord's table

partaking of immortal food, while the children are sent home to eat of the fleshpots of Egypt.

See how anomalous is this aspect of things in another direction. These outsiders, these bad seven-eighths, this carnal-minded world, these unregenerate, impenitent sinners, sing for the church, play its organ, erect the church-edifice, pay the salary of its ministers, teach in its Sunday Schools, are of the mass of church-worshippers, attend to the church-preaching, rise in church-praying ; tares helping the wheat to grow ; goats sometimes leading the sheep to the best pastures ; yet, as to the central sanctity and hope that the church enshrines, strangers, aliens, still.

Look now at results. The church, that organization of the highest ideas, that commonwealth of grandeur and blessedness, has become degraded ; while the state, the other great co-ordinate institution of human society, waxes lofty and glorious. I once introduced a man by the good old Congregational title of deacon ; he started, and begged me never to do it again. But every Esquire and Colonel, every Judge and Governor, even in the most democratic portions of the land, must be duly and titularly distinguished. Politics, which the state represents, like the dog-star in summer, rages ; religion, which the church represents, is — what it is. How few of our young men can say, I love my church ; while there is not one who will not exclaim, I love my country. How much more attractive is office in the state than in the church ! How few of our college youth, from deep and radical impulse, are moved to the ministry ! — how many to the law !

I need no more than allude to another extraordinary circumstance, that within a few years, amongst this uncanonical class, has arisen a feeling that the church has been doing too little for the elevation and purification of human society ; and these secular men have concerted plans of action, and organized important associations and charities of various kinds, designed to produce those ameliorating effects on the world, which we suppose it to be the peculiar duty of Christianity and its church to take in charge.

In a recent note from Dr. Bacon, he says he does not know, but supposes *our* church-system to be modelled after our theological ideas. Entirely an error. Our Unitarian church-system is simply borrowed from that which prevailed when Unitarianism organized itself; it is a simple reflection of the then extant methods; it is first a society, then a small covenanted band, with not son or daughter in it; a large number outside, and then,—why, then get in as many as you can. I account it a mistake, unavoidable perhaps, that our fathers did not assume to be what they really were, the church. It happened sometimes that the *society* (so called), Unitarian, left, or was driven off by, or drove off, the *church* (so called), Trinitarian: this society set up in a religious way for itself, but never as a church, only *as a society*. Then it formed a church within itself. But if it had become in its whole self, body and soul, for itself and its children, A CHURCH, the true church of God and Christ, it would be impossible now to calculate the results. As it is, the little coterie calling itself the church, having no antecedents but such as were distasteful, and displaying no other features than such as were imitations or modifications of the old, has gone on no otherwise than we see. Out of courtesy to our Roman and Episcopal brethren, we have waived all pretensions to the church. And in this matter names are things; not fossil poetry alone, but fossil history and burning energy. But I say we are the church: and I stand on this, not to the unchurching of others, but to the churching of ourselves.

I remark farther, that this matter of the church, as at present managed, is wearing out our clergy, fretting their spirits, and disordering their purposes, more than all other things put together;—I speak of country parishes; I know not how it may be in the city;—this having a sacred rite, and having so few to attend it, seeing the multitudes going away, seeking to get them to it, blamed if there be no increase, feeling as if we would abandon the whole thing, coming almost to despise what we tenderly love, shaping a sermon for our object now in this way, now in that; seeing Orthodox men more successful, and

tempted to try their instrumentalities. Some are tempted to demolish the pale, and have no church; others are painfully struggling to augment its numbers. I see no possible escape from these difficulties, but first to depress the pale wholly out of sight, and then to bring it up with a wider sweep around the whole worshipping congregation.

What, specifically, do I propose? I would have the church resume the position in human society which God designed it to hold. There are three, and but three, great, eternal and divine organizations of human beings,—the family, the state, the church. The first organizes the conjugal element, the second the political element, the last the religious element. The first gives us a home, the second a country, the third, heaven. The symbol of the first is the fireside; of the second, in ancient parlance, the throne; of the third, the altar. These three are holy, and have their foundation in the unalterable texture and appetency of the human mind. These three, in a true community, exist in harmony; their spheres are respectively different. Over and in and through the whole is one God; universal Sovereign, Legislator, Father. These three are the powers that be. These three, identical, detached, faintly or clearly defined, existed in all the civilizations of ancient time; are found in most modern communities, and are proper to this empire of the new world. Around these all other forms of human society, the school, the guild, the corporation, the lyceum, temperance and abolition movements, railways, commerce, gravitate. While other things, needful for the moment, rise, perform their office, and pass away, these alone remain.

In each of these all men are. To each of them every human being sustains a fundamental *birth-relation*. We are born into the family, into the state, into the church. We continue in them all, until by due process we are disowned from the first, banished from the second, excommunicated from the last. Vain is the Romish notion that one can be *baptized* into the church; vain the Calvinistic notion that one can be *converted* into it. We are where our fathers are, by a prime law of God in the universe.

I would, then, have a church for the masses, and for the children, as I would have a state or family for them. I should as soon think of giving up the state or family as the church. I would give to every man a home, a country, and a church. Baptism does not *introduce* into the church: hence the futility of questions touching the place of the font, whether it should be out doors, or at the entrance of the church, or near the altar. Baptism is *the seal* of the covenant, a covenant eternally existing between God and his children and their seed for ever; the true theory of which I have nowhere seen stated, save in the Cambridge Platform of 1648, where, having stated that the church consists of believers and their children, it adds, "Baptism presupposeth a church-estate, as circumcision in the Old Testament, which gave no being to the church; the church being before it, and in the wilderness without it." The government of the church should be purely republican, like that of the state; its spirit patriarchal, like that of the family. As no man remembers the time when he began to be in the state, so he should never know the time when he *began* to be in the church. As the banner of the stripes and stars symbolizes a man's country to him wherever he goes, and assures him of her protection, so shall the banner of the cross symbolize to a man the church, and assure him of her salvation.

The true American church should be in communion and fellowship with all churches in all lands that will be in communion and fellowship with it; the object of the church being Christian nurture, regeneration, or the birth of the spirit, the communication of the life of God and spirit of Jesus to the soul of man. The children are to *grow up* Christians *in the church*, and not out of it. A man is to be convicted of sin and converted as Peter was, in the church, and not out of it. The place to grow up good citizens is in the state, and not out of it; the place to grow up good children is in the family, and not out of it. I should as soon think of first outlawing seven-eighths of the people of America, and then trying to convert them, in their generations as they grow up, into good citizens out of the state, in order to fit them to come into it, as of unchurching the people, and then trying to convert them,

and so win them back into the church. I should as soon think of driving every non-church member out of this building which we call a church, and then go and preach to him in the street, in order to fit him to come back into it, as of driving him out of that interior communion which we call the church, and then expect to preach him back again.

These are its interior objects; then it has exterior objects, of blessing and grace to the family and the state, of munificence to the needy, defence of the oppressed, and of extension through all the earth.

The law of the Christian I take to be *growth*, even as Christ grew from childhood up;—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear;—even as the body grows, even as the mind grows; the mustard-seed becoming a great tree, the puny babe a strong man. Growth implies vitality, life: this is both in the soul and from God. To make things grow, we cultivate them or feed them. Hence the instrumental method of growth is culture or nurture. What we use to make the soul grow is truth, gospel-truth, theological truth, all truth of God. There is an interior spirit at work in all this, a sort of nervous sympathy: we call it the Holy Spirit. There are outward fertilizers or means of growth, the sabbath, prayer, singing, the preached word, and the communion of the body and blood of Christ. There are special officers, agents, heads, in this great work, called of God, chosen by the people, denominated ministers, pastors, or generically the clergy. There will be church-houses, the same as there are state-houses and family houses.

So much for the general idea. But, in this land, we are as we are, and must do as we can. Socially, and in a more limited sense, and adapting ourselves to a condition of things we cannot well alter, what shall be done? I would keep ever in mind certain principles. A church for the masses, and a church for the children. The church is an inheritance. The children of the church belong to the church. A law of increase from within.

Let us, however, apprehend distinctly one thing. The

church is not that which has in its keeping and observes the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper alone. This is a popular and a pernicious heresy. These are ordinances, but not all the ordinances. Preaching is an ordinance, public prayer is an ordinance; and one ordinance is as sacred as another. The church comprehends all the ordinances. They are all parts of Christian service, all means of grace alike. The church comprises, as its great day, the sabbath; as its great book, the Bible; as its great head, Christ; as its great fellowship, the whole body of saints in heaven and on earth. It comprises all the ordinances; its peculiar devotional ordinance is prayer, its peculiar choral ordinance is singing, its peculiar instructional ordinance is preaching, its peculiar festal and commemorative ordinance is the Lord's Supper.

Let us understand, then, that the idea of the church implies all these things; one as much as another, the whole as well as a part. I would root out the notion that a part of the church-service is for one set of people, and another part for another. In entering the church, I would have every man enter the whole reality that the church is. I would have the masses and the children feel and acknowledge that the whole church is theirs, not only its sabbath, and its Bible, and its singing, but its communion likewise. I would do away with the notion that a different moral, spiritual, or religious responsibility rests upon one man than upon another. If it is the duty of one man to pray, it is the duty of all men to pray. If it is a sin for one man to dance, it is a sin for all men to dance. If it is the duty of one man to partake of the communion, it is the duty of all men. If it is the duty of one man to act for the poor or the vicious, or the enslaved, it is the duty of all, each according to his several ability. I blush to think of asking a man to pay me money to uphold the church, to preach Jesus to him and his family, while I will not admit that man and his family to unite in the commemoration of the death of Christ. I blush to think of asking a man to come to unite with us in prayer and praise, in instruction and exhortation, while I will not let him unite with us in communion.

We speak of *professors* of religion, or curtly professors; the word is a solecism, a barbarism, a satire. If you were in a Jewish or a Mohammedan country, and should ask how many professors of your religion have you here, you would be laughed to scorn. Do we ever think of saying how many professors of democracy or of temperance or of industry there are in any given community?

Practically and particularly, then, where the ground is open, I would cease to gather people in what are called *societies*, with a peradventure that by and by they will organize within the society a coterie called the church, to be by and by increased by additions from without. This is the essence of the church-system in America, and the root of all the evil of which we complain. I would gather people in church-estate, and no otherwise, and at once and forever. I would gather them and their families for the whole blessing that the church is: they should be committed to the Bible, the sabbath, the preaching, the communion alike. If people are not fit to come together in this way, they are not fit to come together at all. Religious or Christian society defines the word *church*, and any man that is fit to be a member of a Christian society is fit to be of the church. Any man that is fit to unite in one church ordinance, be it singing or prayer, is fit to unite in another, even the communion. So that if the question were upon starting a new Unitarian society, so called, in any place, the real thing should be the forming of a new Unitarian Church.

The misery is, my friends, that men have gone on forming societies, so called; while the greater, the only real thing, the church, is neglected or forgotten for months or years, and finally, as if for respectability's sake, foisted in. There are hundreds of religious societies, so called, where there is no pretension to a church. Our friends in a neighboring city erected a building, dedicated it, bought an organ, erected a pulpit, settled a minister, and had not even a communion-table or cup. And the minister, after he was settled, had to bestir himself, and partly, at his own expense, I believe, procured both the latter; and then they began to think of forming a

church, and have now, I believe, five members. This is beginning at the wrong end, the ruinous, the fatal end, first.

I would bring people together with the feeling, that, if they accept one ordinance of the gospel, they are bound to accept the whole; that, if there be a special centre of sancity or holy influence and regenerative impresssion, — *there*, if nowhere else, all are bound to be. If I am a pastor and the people are my flock, and there be any one place where the grass is greener and the waters clearer than in another, there, by all obligations of the soul and God, am I bound to take them all. If Christ is bread or water, I am bound to give him to all who need salvation.

As to existing things, I would have our *societies*, so called, become *churches* as rapidly as possible. I would have a religious society *feel that it is a church*, and realize at once all the grandeur of its position, and vastness of its obligations. I wish all people at once to enter upon all its ordinances, all its privileges, and all its duties. Especially I wish that *all the children* should be brought at once into their true church-position, and be trained up, now and evermore, in the central sanctity, the holy of holies of the Christian dispensation.

Inasmuch as our country has certain political divisions called states, and these divisions represent a certain amount of available and suggestive unity, I would have all the churches in a state form a general church of the state, such as we in Maine call "the Unitarian Church of Maine;" the bond of union and centre of action to be like what our Unitarian Convention receutly formed in Portland, — a State Association.

I am not quarrelling with the Romish Church, or the Episcopal, or the Baptist, or the Methodist, or the Trinitarian Congregational Church; only I cannot speak for them. I wish I could. I wish they would let me. I wish they would speak with me. I wish they were willing to be in fellowship with us. It is the church-system everywhere prevalent, alike in liberal and illiberal churches, that I oppose. But I can only speak for the Unitarian Church, which is to us THE CHURCH.

I believe that if the church would in this way adjust itself, I will not say to the world, but to the community in the midst of which it is ; if it would become the open, free vehicle of divinest Christian ideas to the masses and to the children ; if it would enfold in its central sanctity the generations as they rise ; if, instead of reserving to itself, it would give out its most sacred, its heavenly food, and communion and hope to its own children born into it ; we should witness such a development of spirituality, such an advancement in all Christian virtue, such a progress of the age to millennial glory, as history has never yet recorded. I do say that on the present church-system the millennium can never come, — never. It recedes every year. This system must be, not modified, but revolutionized.

Well, the church having taken its true position, what next ? People will begin to feel that they are under obligation to all the ordinances of the church alike. If a preparatory lecture is announced, seven-eighths of the people will not feel as they do now, That is not for us. When the duty of secret or family prayer is urged, seven-eighths of the people will not be feeling as now, That does not mean us. I tell you, my friends, the great question is, not what truth shall be preached, or how shall it be preached, but what portion of our congregations shall feel that they are proper subjects of that truth. As things now are, seven-eighths of the congregations everywhere do not feel that the most sacred, sweet, consoling, admonishing, edifying gospel-truths and gospel-matters are addressed to them. I would change this state of things. Then when men are urged to act for the heathen, or the ignorant, or the poor, or the suffering, or are asked to aid the Bible cause, or pray for missions, it will be seen that every man and woman and child will feel that the exhortation is for them all alike. Then, if we craved the influence of God's Holy Spirit, I should never dream of getting a little clique, called the church, to pray for it : I should ask the whole people, the real church, to meet and labor and pray for the spiritual effusion.

The question of a liturgy is to my own mind a subordinate one. Let us become a church ; and, if some liturgical services

are desirable, we can have them. It may be that something of that sort would help the other.

My friends and brethren, this is no question of mitres and lawn, or of mint and cummin, or of places and priorities: it is a question overriding all these, and concerning itself with the divine economy, the everlasting constitution of things, the grandest points of history, human good, the welfare of our posterity, and, I shall not be misunderstood when I add, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. As *Unitarian* Christians, it is wonderfully, providentially in our power to plant our church on the deep foundations of God and the admantine rocks of humanity. Other churches fear, if they stir, they shall tumble to pieces. We can stir, and thereby only send our roots deeper into the ground we stand on. In all that is proposed is only an actualization of all our best ideas, our strictest doctrines, our profoundest hope; it is only an actualization, a fulfilment in these latter ages, in the midst of this nineteenth century and accepting its qualifications, of the sublime hope that filled the vision of Christ, and for which he devoted his precious blood.

THE RADICAL.

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THE DOCTRINE OF PRE-EXISTENCE AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

I HAVE long desired that some author, competent to the task, would give us a book on the Fourth Gospel as a work of art: not, perhaps, that it can be maintained that this remarkable production was written with a completely conscious artistic purpose, — that the writer was fully aware of a dramatic intent, and always perfectly understood the line which separated the real from the imaginary in his work. Rather is it to be said that the spirit of the Christian age which dictated the work, and of which it may be pronounced the highest and purest literary expression, was itself essentially dramatic; that it was striving to put into tangible and living form some great truth of which it had caught an entrancing glimpse, but which yet was too large for its intellectual and spiritual comprehension. The career and character of Jesus had dimly suggested the spiritual relations and destiny of humanity. Thoughts which the human soul in Judea, in Greece, in Egypt, in Persia, had been struggling to utter concerning itself out of its own consciousness, found themselves somehow embodied in his character and tangibly represented in his career. And from these thoughts — thoughts of the human soul concerning its own spiritual relations and destiny — working upon the fragmentary biographical chronicles, traditions, and beliefs which two or three generations had gathered around the life of Jesus, came the Fourth Gospel.

We shall not find, therefore, the full spiritual significance of this wonderful, mystical book, which combines with such perfect art the real and the transcendental, fact and philosophy, until we come to read it not as the biography of Jesus, but as the biography of human-

ity. As an historical narrative of what Jesus said and did, it is (I for one have no longer a question), unreliable, untrue. But as a drama of the human soul, of which Jesus is made the representative and hero,— of the human soul born out of eternity into time, born of the Infinite Spirit in finite flesh, descending to earth to bring celestial light in the place of darkness, to contend with evil, to organize good, to bring comfort to misery and sorrow, and to lift the world through infinite toil and sacrifice into a province of the kingdom of heaven,— conceived thus, the book is a master-piece of religious literature, and filled with the finest spiritual truth. True, its author, writing out of the Messianic Christian consciousness of his time, naturally concentrated in the personality of Jesus, the accepted Messiah, the absolute spiritual truths which he perceived ; yet taking as he did the spiritual side of the Messianic consciousness, of which tendency he was in fact the culmination, his work is so far removed from the necessities of literal history as to be quite lifted off of the solid ground of actual events into the region of spiritual imagination ; and facts and traditions, instead of being used to portray a real character, are shaped to express the author's idea: and so he wrote wiser than he knew,— wrote the biography of the Messianic human soul rather than that of the Nazarene Messiah.

Interpreting the Fourth Gospel with this large meaning, its contents become exceedingly rich in spiritual suggestiveness, and its theory of spiritual genesis and authority, which it limits to one person, may be extended to cover the human race. Not one man alone, but humanity is born of God. What was actual of Jesus is possible for all. Nay, things which seem to us incredible, impossible, when related of one man, become possible and not difficult to comprehend, when extended to all men. It is hard to believe that the Holy Ghost should generate and inspire only one being ; it is not hard to believe that it should generate and inspire a race. Hard to believe that the Divine Word should once be made flesh ; not hard to believe that it is constantly being made flesh, and dwelling among us even now, so that we behold its glory, full of grace and truth. Hard to believe that God visited once, for a few years in person, one small spot on this globe ; not hard to believe, nay, impossible not to believe, that He is always present over the whole globe, with the whole race of mankind. Hard to believe that one person has been singled out as a favored child, for special and exceptional intercourse with Deity, and for receiving from Him miraculous communications authoritative for the race ; not hard to believe that humanity is ever in direct communion with the Supreme Being, drawing from Him through its natural

faculties daily inspiration and sustenance, and finding in Him its constant law and oracle of life.

But I wish in this essay to select one point from the spiritual philosophy of the Fourth Gospel, which presents the key of the whole, and show how this is applicable not only to Jesus, but to mankind. This key-thought is the doctrine of *Pre-existence, or the soul's eternity*,— which is stated so clearly in the Proem of the Gospel, and which appears constantly, either expressly or by implication, throughout the work. The doctrine is often attributed to Jesus himself; as in the words, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven;" or in the prayer, "Glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was;" or, more clearly still, in that terse, weighty sentence, "Before Abraham was, I am." It may be a question, I am aware, whether these are the real utterances of Jesus. But I see not why he may not have so spoken, and that, too, without claiming any exceptional and supernatural position for himself. Whether, however, he actually uttered these sayings or not is a matter of little present moment. The important thing to consider is that there was that in his life which suggested the possibility of such words from human lips, and which impelled his dramatic biographer to describe his career from such a stand-point as to make words like these the natural expression of the character he was portraying. I have no difficulty in supposing Jesus to have uttered these and similar sayings that seem to claim a pre-existent state: for I do not find that he thereby claimed anything, whatever the opinion of his biographer may have been, which is not to be accorded to the human race.

Jesus stands not alone as witness to this doctrine; though perhaps he is represented as appropriating it personally with a stricter fidelity to the spiritual philosophy included in it than any other human being. But genius is ever of one kindred. Poet and prophet interpret each other. And we may find, perhaps, the best commentary on those mystical sayings of Jesus that imply an anterior state of existence, in the familiar verses of Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality;—

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home."

Jesus, I believe, asserted this doctrine of the human soul; asserted

it in some way of himself. But no truth, seen intuitively by the soul, can be explained without loss to one who does not so see it, but must have it proved by the understanding. And so it is that many of the great thoughts of Jesus, which in his consciousness opened out of eternal springs and were as broad as the universe, shrivel in the dry hands of critics and commentators into the narrow and offensive dogmas we find in the creeds. Sometimes the very words he used to condemn an error in his own age, have been made authority for perpetuating the same error as an established doctrine of Christendom in all ages since. And of this practice there is no more striking illustration than the theological use which has been made of such sentences as those already quoted; sentences which, it is claimed, prove the supernatural character of Jesus, the Trinity, and I know not what else. Yet how simple and natural the explanation, if we bear in mind Jesus' belief in the eternity of the soul.

Take, for instance, the most remarkable of these sayings which imply an existence before the birth of the body,— "Before Abraham was, I am." Could not a natural human being have said that? The Jews were continually bringing up the laws of Moses, the authority of Abraham, the traditions of the elders, as arguments against the freedom with which Jesus thought and acted. But conscious of carrying within himself an older authority than all these, the eternal law of God, he brushed these all away, and boldly asserted the majesty of his own soul, the inherent dignity of man, as above all outward laws, institutions, traditions, all external authority whatsoever. Did they accuse him of violating the Sabbath? The Sabbath, he replied, was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Did they complain that his disciples transgressed the tradition of the elders by eating with unwashen hands? Why do ye, he asks in response, transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? Did they appeal to him to act as arbiter in questions of dispute? Who, he says, made me a judge over you? Why judge ye not of yourselves what is right? In like manner, when the jealous Jews imagined that Abraham was degraded by the boldness with which Jesus asserted his own authority, filled with this same thought of the birth-right majesty and independence of the soul, he replied to their taunting question, "Hast thou, not yet fifty years old, seen Abraham?" "Speak not to me of the authority of Abraham; what Abraham thought or did is no law for my thought and act to-day; I am before all laws, covenants, traditions, religious institutions and creeds, before all authority and antiquity of great names, — nay, before Abraham was, I am:" which, noting the subtle difference in the verbs of the original [*γενέσθαι* — to become;

εἰναί — to be] not shown in the common translation, we may paraphrase thus : " Before Abraham was born in time existed those eternal principles of life from which I draw and in which I have my present being."

Such, I believe, is the true interpretation of these and all kindred words of Jesus. He spoke them not of himself alone, and claimed not thereby, as the critics say, an exceptional *personal* existence before his appearance on earth ; much less did he refer to the plan of God, so-called in our impotent theologies, by which he was predestined from all eternity to be the Messiah,— nothing so narrow and dogmatic as this did he mean by such words : but he uttered them of the common human soul, and they are as broad and universal in their inclusiveness as humanity. They came not from any consciousness of an individual pre-existence, nor of a personal origin and authority different from that of all other human beings, but out of the vast depths of his own natural manhood, reaching down to, and rooted as it was, in the eternal being of God. So deeply conscious was he of the real source of the truth and power that were in him, and of his vital connection thereby with the Infinite Life, that he felt his own nature to be but a growth and flowering out, like a summer's plant, from the perennial root of God's eternal substance. And if his experience in this regard seem to us supernatural, is it not because ours is unnatural, abnormal, falling short of the rich capacities and promise of our natures ? If his life be exceptional, it is only because the majority of mankind lead such surface-lives that they seldom sound the mysterious depths where the springs of their being first gush up, and so drink but rarely of the divine fountain of life at first hand. When we do not feel the truth welling up in our own souls, we weakly depend on external help, dipping our shallow cups into the cisterns filled by the great prophets of the past, and, in the drought of our own spiritual natures, trying to keep our religion alive by artificial watering. Ordinarily our devotion runs so low that we can only repeat in our worship the Scriptures of a past religious age instead of making Bibles of our own. Thus those sublime thoughts of Jesus concerning his union with God and the eternal precedence of the inward law of truth to all external and temporal authority, and the majestic dignity and faith with which he uttered the truth and relied upon it above all things else, have seemed to the world superhuman ; but only because they were more thoroughly and deeply human than any continuous experience which the majority of mankind have yet reached. And hence when he proclaimed the eternal sovereignty of the soul, its independence of time and space and persons, speaking emphatically out of the riches of his

own experience, his words have been read as a claim to an exceptional and supernatural mode of existence; and upon the brave sentence which he uttered for the full enfranchisement of the human soul and its entire emancipation from all personal authority save that of God within, has been framed the scheme of theology which makes his own person the central figure of religion, and enslaves all souls to his personal dominion. But through all the confused babbling of the creeds, through the conflicting cries of the sects, one saying, I am of Paul, another, I am of Apollos; or, I am of Calvin, or Wesley, or Fox, or Swedenborg, or Channing,— through all the varieties of attempts for eighteen hundred years to fix the person of Jesus in the world's plan, we may hear his clear voice to-day sounding across the centuries to every soul of man,— "Before Channing, or Swedenborg, or Fox, or Wesley, or Calvin, or Paul, or Abraham — nay, *before I was, thou art.*"

The authority, then, upon which Jesus relied, and upon which every true prophet before and since has relied, is an authority residing in the human soul itself. They have pointed for their commission to something there, independent of any external event or power, independent of birth, independent of the ages,— something before time and commensurate with eternity. What is the source and nature of this authority? This is the question which the science of religion is to-day everywhere solicited to answer.

It is plain that there are two factors which enter into the composition of human nature; an infinite and a finite, a spiritual and a material, an eternal and a temporal. The finite and temporal factor is manifest in those limitations and necessities which are imposed upon us by our earthly and material existence. It appears in our physical natures, in our bodily affections and appetites, in all the economic details of daily life, in mere offices of prudence and conventionality, and the common routine of the lower understanding's work. All these things seem to grow out of our present mode of being, and may be escaped from, perhaps, when we have done with life on earth. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the soul will always have some form of body and some material limitation and affections. It is, at least, certain that this finite factor, and consequently limitations and necessities of some kind, must enter here and always into the life of every being that is less than the Infinite. But these have relation to time, and are subject to change,— now taking this form, now that, — yet always ascending in form and giving larger freedom of nature (as we may see in the types of existence below man) as the scale of being ascends.

But over and above all change, independent of all limitations of

time and matter, beyond the reach of the accidental and fluctuating relations of individual existence, there enters into human nature another factor by which it lays hold of a substance that is Infinite and Everlasting, and draws its being therefrom. There is somewhat of the absolute and eternal in every human soul,— something which, if naturally and freely developed, will not be commanded by men or human laws or the authority of great names,— something that transcends time and space and organic form, and makes eternity for the soul to be the continuous unfolding of a perpetual and indestructible principle of life rather than the infinite multiplication of days and years. This factor we find not in the region of experience, not in the prudential wisdom of the understanding, not in the knowledge and delights of the senses, but in the higher region of ideas,— in the intellectual and moral truths which the pure Reason brings to light, in the life of the Soul. There is a knowledge which we learn through study and experience, a provisional wisdom, which foresees and plans, adapts measures to circumstances, changes its base to meet the changing conditions of the problems it has to solve. But there is a higher knowledge which belongs to the soul itself — to its own intellectual and moral consciousness — which no experience or induction could teach ; there is a knowledge of things independent of time and all finite forms of existence. To this kind of knowledge belong the ideas of goodness, of right, of beauty, of truth,— all the primary ideas of intellectual and spiritual apprehension. These ideas, in their elemental form, no experience ever taught or can teach. Experience develops and brings them to manifestation in character and life, but we should never have any *recognition* of the things in experience, did we not first have the ideas in spiritual *cognition*. We could never say of a particular act whether it were just or unjust, unless we first knew what justice is. And no experience could ever tell us what justice is, though experience may variously modify the application of the idea, unless there were something within as approving — that is, *recognizing* — the just act, and condemning the unjust. There is something within us, also, which involuntarily approves truth when we see it, and puts our whole natures under obligation thereto. And however low a human being may sink in vice, his soul must still bow in homage before a genuine act of goodness, where his selfish interests do not blind his vision to prevent his seeing it, though he cannot imitate it in his life.

In like manner, all the primary moral and spiritual ideas proclaim their own authority, and at the same time the eternal and absolute nature of the obligations they impose. They are the constant quantity amidst all the fluctuations of our being ; the guide through every

shifting scene; the light shining from the beginning to the end of our pathway, by which we read in penitence our past experience, and press on after fresher and better. These ideas transcend time and space. You know that Truth must be true, and Goodness good, though found at the other side of the globe or on the farthest star; and that Right will remain right, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, though the heavens be gathered together like a scroll and vanish away. Nay more; these ideas transcend all personal limitations, all personal authority. They are true of all men, of all rational beings. Human laws, covenants old or new, Jewish or Christian, do not create the obligations these ideas bring, nor can they absolve us from them. They did not come with Abraham, Moses, or Jesus, and are not binding because commanded by them, but, older than they, were binding upon them also. They are binding upon all men, upon all intelligent beings,—upon the angels in heaven, upon God on his throne! No, not even do these ideas stand upon the personal authority of the will of God; not even Almighty power can make right to be wrong, or truth to be falsehood; but they are obligatory upon us because obligatory upon Him, being part and parcel of His own eternal nature. And here we reach the real and ultimate ground of the authority of these ideas: they are of the Infinite and Eternal; they are attributes of unchangeable and absolute Being.

Whence come, then, these ideas, these intellectual and moral instincts,—

> "Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing:
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal Silence;" —

whence and how come these ideas in human nature? The answer has been partially anticipated in the passing remark that they belong to the soul itself: *the soul brings them with it.* It has been seen already that these ideas are independent of time and matter, and therefore they cannot first come into existence with the body. They are attributes of eternal Being. And if we could fathom such mysterious depths of existence, we should find, I think, that the soul is not created with any arbitrary and conventional adaptation to these ideas, furnished, as it were, with organs specially designed for apprehending them, like the body with its senses adapted to the external world; but that between these ideas and the soul there is an organic, vital connection. The soul must apprehend them from the very fact that it is

soul. These perceptions of truth, right, beauty, must become conscious in the life of the soul, because they are its own essential properties and attributes. And therefore the remark that the soul brings these ideas with it, expresses the literal and metaphysical truth. And this implies that the soul, too, is not absolutely created with the body, does not then first begin to be, but that it comes from a pre-existent state: not necessarily that the individual soul has existed in some other form of finite consciousness before its connection with our present bodies; that I do not say. But just as matter must exist simply as potential material essence before it takes organic form or shape, as in a plant or in the human body; or, better, just as matter must have existed and had all the properties of matter, though latent, before there was any organic material form or life, so I conceive must soul exist, and have all the properties of soul, though in a state of latency, before it becomes organized into conscious, personal intelligence under the form of man.

Nor is it easy to see how with any other view we can maintain the doctrine of immortality. If the soul absolutely begins to exist with the body, and its existence, as it seems to be, is thus made dependent on certain conditions of organized matter, then how shall we escape the conclusion, that, when this physical organism is dissolved and these conditions cease to be, the soul also must come to cessation with them, just as the flower, even though it be but half blown, must die with the plant that has produced it? And this question is being put by thinking persons more generally and more effectively than theologians of the old sects and creeds seem to be aware of. I see no way to meet it than by asserting the eternal nature of the soul itself. This is the final argument for immortality that cannot be answered. As we cannot conceive how matter, though it be constantly changing its form, can yet ever absolutely begin to exist or go out of existence, so it is equally impossible to conceive that soul, though now organized in this form of life, now that, can in itself ever begin or cease to be.

And the only argument for *personal* immortality that seems to resist all counter arguments, is a corollary from this postulate of the eternal nature of the soul. It lies in the fact that the eternal spirit which has come to consciousness in man, possesses the principle of life in itself: that is, it has the capacity of growth and development from within. In man, a being comes upon the stage of existence, who not only sums up in himself all previous types of being, which have been ascending by successive gradations towards him, but possesses, moreover, through the capacity of progress, the power of developing the

future and higher types of being from his own nature, without losing his personal identity in the general life. We cannot say with logical accuracy that man is conscious of immortality, — that *immortality* is one of the intuitive ideas. We can only say that man is conscious of a quality of life which asserts its independence of any relations of time, and which, therefore, he logically infers to be eternal. The step from the postulate which consciousness offers, to the conclusion which reason declares, may be a short one; but it is nevertheless a step of the logical faculty. Neither can we say that man is conscious of God as an *external* sovereignty and being. It is in no such sense, nor, strictly speaking, in any sense, that the idea *of God* is intuitive. Man is only conscious of God in that he is conscious of himself; that is, he is conscious of attributes in his own spiritual being which are eternal in their nature and in the obligations they impose, — which he refers, therefore, to some absolute source of existence, and for which his logical faculty accounts, by declaring that they are the very manifestation and life of eternal and infinite Being within him.

Religion and reason, then, join hands in claiming for the soul a state of existence before its connection with the body, — a state, however, not of personal consciousness, but of inorganic, unindividualized spirit, — soul "without form," and "void" of manifestation; yet having in latency all the properties of soul as germs to be developed when it shall come to individual consciousness. And among these latent properties are those intellectual and moral ideas (or *germs* of ideas, rather) which we call intuitive, and which the soul brings with it when it enters on the earthly stage of existence. It now becomes clear, therefore, whence these ideas derive their supreme authority. They are attributes of soul itself; inherent properties of this eternal spiritual substance; and can no more be separated from it than light from the sun, or form and dimensions from any physical body: attributes once latent it may be, but which of necessity became manifest as soon as soul was organized into individual consciousness.

And what is this soul? this inorganic, formless, waiting spirit? What is it but the ultimate and innermost essence of God; the silent and unutterable Brahm; God in his most central, unresolvable selfhood; God, the Father, before the Word of Incarnation has gone forth into man, the Son? Here, in this inorganic, uncreated, elemental spirit, in this very substance of eternal and necessary being, we reach the essence of the infinite factor which enters into human nature. In this formless, unindividualized soul with its inherent and inseparable attributes — these divine ideas, or qualities, of Truth,

Goodness, Beauty — is the source and essence of the Spiritual Force which is ever striving to organize itself into conscious personal intelligence in the form of man. And just in proportion as it becomes organized therein, do these inherent attributes, these divine spiritual qualities, become manifest, and appear in their native brightness and power. To just the extent that this spiritual essence assumes individual personal existence, and these divine ideas become apparent in character and life, do they impart of their own eternal spiritual nature, triumphing over temporal and material limitations, and asserting their supremacy over all finite and external authority.

And man has always felt, under all conditions and circumstances of existence, some sense of this ultimate ancestral relationship to Deity. He has always been conscious to some extent of his divine origin, and of having divine elements in his nature. The Hebrews expressed their sense of this fact in the belief that man was made in the image of God,— the Almighty breathing into him at creation His own breath of life, and making him, unlike the creatures below him, a living soul. Hinduism held essentially the same thought in its doctrine of the emanation of the human soul from the Divine. The cultivated religious Greeks traced the divine lineage of man in the doctrine of "intuitive ideas," these being the types of thoughts in the Divine mind, and reminiscences, in fact, of a pre-existent state. While the uncultivated mass of the people expressed in ruder shape the same consciousness of divine kinship in the popular way, common to all religions in a primitive stage of development, of conceiving of their gods in the likeness of men.

This sense, indeed, of divine relationship and origin is one of the most distinguishing prerogatives of man. We may say that man begins in the line of the animal kingdom, just where the consciousness of Divinity enters. When the Divine Spirit — or, as the Fourth Gospel says, "the Word "— going forth, as it were, to incarnate and express itself in material forms, arrives at a form in which it becomes self-conscious, then man enters the universe. Literally man originates in, is generated by, the Holy Ghost. He is conscious of spiritual truths, of divine and absolute relations, because that eternal spirit within him which alone makes him man, cannot forget its source. He worships, he prays, he aspires, because of the inherent attraction by which like is drawn to like. He struggles against evil, strives after good, presses toward moral and spiritual wholeness, because of something within him which tends by natural affinity to the Absolute Goodness and the Infinite Wholeness. In the lower forms of nature and of animal life, the divine force resides as law and instinct; in both

cases as blind necessity. But in man the divine force resides as *spirit*, as personality, as intelligent, vital power, subject indeed to finite conditions of manifestation and development, yet preserving its own essential attributes, conscious of them, and within a certain range and from a subordinate centre of volition and power, controlling finite forms and conditions of being, in the same way that the Infinite Spirit dwells in, and controls from the suprême centre of volition and power the whole universe.

It is as if God shared His nature, and to some extent His will and power, with His children. Nay, let us not say, "it is as if," but with nearer accuracy state the simple fact, — God *shares* His nature with His children. Man is a Prince by birth; born of royalty, born to reign. By legitimate inheritance he possesses the gifts and graces of a divine parentage, and carries the commission of a divine sovereignty. What things he seeth the Father do, these also doeth man, the son, likewise. As the Father worketh, so the son works. As the Father judges, so has He committed judgment to the son, and authority also to execute judgment. As the Father imparts His quickening spirit and sends life and activity throbbing through the universe, even so the son within the range of his capacities quickeneth whom and what he will. In short, and the sum of the whole, to use another remarkable sentence of the Fourth Gospel with the broad interpretation adopted in this essay, "as the Father hath life in Himself, so hath he given to man, the son, to have life in himself." Man is endowed — necessarily since he inherits the divine nature — with something of the divine originality and independence of being; with something of the divine self-reliance and self-existence even. He has a measure of that self-poised and self-determining power which is an attribute of Omnipotence. He is made a secondary source of creative energy; is placed, so far as regards this world, upon the throne beside the Almighty Sovereignty, deputed to be a viceroy of divine plans, and admitted as a co-laborer with the divine will in developing the purpose and destiny of the universe. And the primary qualification which carries with it all these offices and responsibilities that are devolved upon man, is that through inheritance of the divine nature man has an eternal principle of life in himself, even as God has life in Himself.

"Life in himself." Do we comprehend the full meaning of that phrase? Do we see it really means that man has in himself a life that is underived: that has no anterior source; that is itself a part, or manifestation rather, of absolute life? Do we see it means that man has in himself a life which is not of time nor of this world, but before both, — "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor

of the will of man, but of God, — nay, which is not even *born of* God, because it is underived, as self-existent, as eternal as God himself, but which rather *is God, manifest in the flesh?* When we say that man has "life in himself," we say in truth that he has in himself Divinity, — a germ of original and absolute Being, — qualities and resources of life that are as inexhaustible as Infinity, as indestructible as Immortality.

Our being, then, descends into us from this past eternity, and from the very essence and substance of God. Would that we could know and feel this as Jesus and a few other sages and prophets have done, and like them boldly assert that this power, this spirit, within us is divine; that it is God, — God, the Father, ever going forth in creative energy and seeking to incarnate himself in finite person, character, and life. Thus opening ourselves freely to this inflowing Soul, with its precious freight of divine ideas, its Infinite Love, and Truth, and Rectitude, and clothing ourselves therewith, we might hope to be forever emancipated from all bondage to creeds and covenants, external law and ritual, from the tyranny of fashion and the conventional authority of great names, into the freedom of the spirit; and standing up in our own divine humanity, proclaim the law of God, uttered in our own natures, as before all the laws and institutions and devices of men. Conscious of the divine fountains of life opening into our own being, and drinking immediately therefrom, we might then take our places beside the great prophets of the past, our elder brothers in time, but equal sharers with us of the paternal inspiration and power, — all children of God: and if children, then heirs, — heirs of God, inheriting His immortal nature, and wearing the Eternal Name, I AM.

W. J. P.

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THE

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A Weekly Publication

OF THE

Ablest Sermons by Leading Chicago Ministers.

JUNE 1, 1872.

REV. C. W. WENDTE.

Subject: "Concentration."

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BUSINESS NOTES.

THERE are few printing offices that do better work than R. R. Donnelley's.

CHICAGO will probably have at least one church of the Dolly Varden style of architecture.

STRIKES and general excitement prevail among working men. One man stabbed this week for working at less wages than the coal heavers struck for.

THE weather this spring in Chicago is remarkable for sudden changes. Some one says the high electrical state of the atmosphere is due in part to the Chicago fire.

THE office of THE CHICAGO PULPIT will hereafter be at the store of Carpenter & Sheldon, Publishers, Booksellers and Statibners, 958 Wabash ave., near 22nd st.

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CONCENTRATION.*

C. W. Wendte.

"One thing I do."—*Philippians*, iii., 13.

It was my fortune once to know an interesting family, two members of which especially drew my attention and gave me food for thought. One of these, the eldest son, a clever, joyous-hearted fellow, was what the world calls "a universal genius." He had a wonderful knack for mechanical contrivance; he was handy with rifle and oar, he played tastefully on the violin, he sang with expression, and two of his paintings hung on the Academy's wall. And yet, in spite of all this native cleverness, he accomplished little or nothing in life. It was really touching to hear his mother, after extolling his many good qualities, and dwelling with pardonable pride upon his manifold gifts, nevertheless add with a sigh, "Ah! if he would only settle down into some continuous and permanent work." That confession of maternal solicitude revealed the whole story of an unstable character and an aimless life.

The younger son, meanwhile, was looked upon as little better than a dunce. Unattractive in person and seemingly dull in mind, he received but a slight share of parental notice, and gave little promise for the future. And yet, to-day, through persistent application to a particular line of business, he has already far eclipsed his more brilliant brother, and bids fair to achieve a great and lasting success.

No doubt, my friends, your own experience will furnish parallel instances of this kind, and will bear me out in the assertion that the secret of success in life lies not so much in brilliant gifts and favoring circumstances as in concentration of power, and singleness of purpose.

Indeed, genius itself has been resolved into a higher quality of attention—the ability to concentrate all the mental powers upon one object, and to will aside all distracting influences that would disturb this intense contemplation. What, for example, is the difference between an average mind and the reflective

* A discourse delivered Sunday, May 26th, 1872, by Rev. C. W. Wendte, pastor of the Fourth Unitarian Church.

capacity of Herbert Spencer or John Stuart Mill? Simply that the latter without fatigue can carry on a more continuous train of thought, or, in other words, are capable of more continuous attention. Every chain of reasoning is composed of many intermediate and connecting links. The *untrained* mind is able to carry a certain number of these, but soon the brain grows weary, other influences are allowed to enter and distract us, and we break off the thread of our argument. Now, the philosopher must tread the same path to the attainment of knowledge; but he is capable of *more steps* than we, and carries his inferences to their logical conclusion. Here, then is a difference in degree and not in quality.

Said Sir Isaac Newton, when they complimented him on his genius: "If I have made any brilliant discoveries it is more owing to patient attention than to any other talent. I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, little by little, into a full and clear light."

Kepler tells us of his astronomical studies: "Diligent thought in these things was the occasion of still further thinking; until at last I brooded with the whole energy of my mind upon the subject."

In the light of such examples, our text, "One thing I do," becomes a fitting motto for the work of life. It teaches the superior excellence of *concentration*, by which I mean that quality of the mind which enables us to direct and confine all our powers to one object, until it is thoroughly understood or successfully accomplished. This "comprehensive energy," as it has been called, is really of more value in life than the most lavish natural endowment or the most favoring smile of fortune.

"Horace!" said the teacher of a little New England school to one of his pupils, "why do you stare so fixedly at the fireplace?"

"Please, sir," was the embarrassed answer, "I—I was only counting the bricks in the chimney."

How the old school-house rang again with the laughter of master and scholars at the absurd reply! Not one of them could appreciate the mathematical talent that revealed itself even in that simple incident, or detected in that ungainly and dull-pated lad, the future chief of American journalism. Thus many a plodding and commonplace boy, by a wise choice of aim and patient persistence in it, has worked his way to position and fame, while brilliant, but unbalanced, genius went to the wall.

The philosophers are undecided as yet, whether this power of concentration is a *separate* faculty of the mind, varying in force in different individuals, or whether it is merely a *voluntary* act —a direction of the will to the object contemplated. How-

ever we may account for its origin, we must recognize great differences in its manifestations among men. Some persons are able to detain their feelings and ideas in their minds, and to give them this necessary quality of concentration. They can bring all their energies to bear upon the subject before them. In conversation, they can talk continuously upon a topic, and pass with ease and naturalness to another. Their minds, in their comprehensive grasp, may be compared to the burning-glass which collects the divergent rays of the sun and brings their combined force to bear upon a common center.

The minds of others may more justly be likened to the surface of a mirror, on which each thought and emotion is reflected and makes a transient impression, but soon melts away to give place to another. Brilliant sometimes, but never deep, witty in spasms, but disconnected and obscure in argument, they never take a systematic view of any matter, but flit from topic to topic, touching on all points but resting on none; always vague, fanciful and unsatisfactory. I have known preachers whose minds were of this cast; their sermons brilliant as a flight of rockets, but you carried away nothing, unless indeed it was some unfortunate expression which fell upon you—like the stick.

Now, there are moods in which it is pleasant to yield to such wayward influences—when we would rather be amused than convinced. In the long run, however, nothing is so nourishing, and stimulating too, as direct and continuous thought.

For my own part, I prefer the poets of simplicity and homely strength to the incoherent rhapsodies, the thousand disguises of word, and conceits of fancy in which so many of our modern poets clothe their ideas. Concentration in style best befits clearness in thought. Fine illustrations of this quality you may find in the writings of Lord Bacon, Montaigne, Goethe, Carlyle, Martineau, and in all truly great authors. What triumphs Shakspeare won with a few pithy Anglo-Saxon monosyllables! What condensed wisdom in some of Emerson's oracular sentences—like Liebig's meat-extract, a spoonful enough for a grown man. How the terse and simple style of John Stuart Mill reveals the sustained logic of his thought! In the light of such examples, one turns with disgust from the weak, wishy-washy flood of words with which inferior writers seek to hide the paucity of their thought. Such performances justify the keen satire of Carlyle's recipe for manufacturing books: "Given, a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap to be lathered up into a puncheon, wine measure."

Concentration alone is power; all dissipation of energy, whether of words or works, is weakness. It seems to be an established fact in mental science that we can have a distinct

notion of as many as six different objects at once, and similarly in our lives we can devote ourselves to many different pursuits, but not at the maximum of intensity. What we gain in breadth, we lose in depth. The wider the range of our simultaneous activities, the smaller the soul-power we can devote to each, and consequently the less valuable and lasting our impression. Apply this to the prevalent habit of aimless and indiscriminate reading, and you will see its force.

Nothing is so dangerous, so absolutely fatal to correct habits of thought as our present tendency to superficial and promiscuous study. The temptation to dissipate power in this way was never so great as now. The land is flooded with ephemeral publications, whose low cost places them within the reach of all, while the best writers of the time are compelled to influence the public mind through the columns of the newspaper and the magazine. I do not ignore the benefits of such a general distribution of knowledge, but it certainly has its drawbacks also. It seems necessary to read a certain amount of this popular literature, if only "to keep up with the age," as it is called. No doubt the average intelligence of the race is increased, but we pay the cost in the mental confusion and superficiality which are the usual results of indiscriminate reading. The mind can only take in a certain quantity of information at any one time; exceed this amount and mental confusion is the consequence. One fact crowds out another, and we rise from our morning paper or the last magazine with a sense of weariness and mental distress. We greatly need a concentrated newspaper—the essential facts and nothing more—for studious men, at least.

But this undigested reading not only encourages shallowness and unclear thought, it also breeds a dislike for a better kind of literature and disqualifies us for thorough and exhaustive study. Depend upon it, one good book, well read, is worth twenty merely skimmed. We cannot perhaps, follow to the letter the suggestion of Ralph Waldo Emerson and "transfer our reading day by day from the newspaper to the standard authors," but we *can* do much by dropping at once and decisively a great deal of our miscellaneous and desultory reading, and confining ourselves more and more to those masterpieces of literature which contain the concentrated thought and feeling of humanity. "The crowds and centuries of books are only commentaries and elucidations, echoes and weakeners of the few great voices of the time."

What I have thus far said of the value of concentration in the realm of thought and study is still more true when you apply it to the practical, every-day life of man. Here too, the one great evil is dissipation of power. Ill success is far oftener

attributable to this cause than to any other. I know some men do not have a fair chance in life, but usually if the world doesn't treat men well, it is because they do not behave well to the world. The supposed victim of circumstances turns out to be the weak tool of his own folly.

God says, "What you are is my gift; what you are to become must depend upon yourself." And yet how many there are who misconceive the divine command, and, incapable of settling down into any regular plan of work, are content to drift helplessly down the stream of life at the mercy of their surroundings! Mr. Micawber, always unfortunate, always impecunious, always waiting for "something to turn up," is not an imaginary creation of the novelist. We meet him on State street, or in the Chamber of Commerce, every day. The difficulty is constitutional with some men. They constantly lag behind in the race of life, and are always hampered by their want of foresight, their lack of continuity of intercourse and business. If ever a man possessed in himself the possibilities of a brilliant literary career, that man was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With all his great intellectual gifts, however, he lacked the gift of continuous industry. Without strength of purpose, without energy, without singleness of aim, his life became "a heap of broken links," and the opium habit contributed still farther to destroy his usefulness, and make him at last an object of charity to his friends. For want of this quality of concentration — the ability to choose an aim and the energy to stand by that choice — his life was a comparative failure, imposing only through the greatness of its ruin.

A maxim of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, was, "He who does well one work at a time, does more than all." Assuredly we cannot do more than one work well at a time. The old proverb says truly, "Jack at all trades, master of none."

Remember, too, that each day the field for human activity and the range of human knowledge are enlarging. Meanwhile man's intellectual capacity is not correspondingly increased. Life is short, but the human mind cannot take in all, even if time permitted. The race of great minds like Pliny, Cuvier and Humboldt — intellects that were able to contain all details as well as grasp all principles — has passed away. He who most thoroughly devotes himself to a single one of the sciences is the most valuable contributor to science itself. Lyonet counted four thousand muscles in the caterpillar, and spent his life in the task, but his name is an honored one in the annals of scientific investigation.

Similarly in every realm of human affairs, concentration is the secret of strength. "The man who succeeds," says Carlyle,

" is generally the narrow-minded man—the man of one idea, who works at nothing but that, sacrificing everything to that; the fanatic in short. By fanatics, whether military, commercial or religious, and not by 'liberal-minded men' at all, has the world's work been done in all ages." Will not the history of American Abolitionism bear him out in that assertion?

When Goethe was asked the secret of success, he defined it as " a wise limitation."

" Enlarge not thy destiny," said the Oracle of old; " endeavor not to do more than is given thee to do."

Watts recognized this truth, and directed all his powers to the study of the expansive properties of steam, and yonder locomotive that thunders along its appointed pathway, bears majestic witness to his fidelity.

With equal sagacity and consecration, our great American engineer Ericsson has become a voluntary exile from the society of his friends, while in his far off Scandinavian home he ponders and experiments upon the caloric properties of the solar ray. With huge burning glasses he is trying to concentrate the sunlight, to rob the sunbeam of its heat, and utilize it for the service of man. Should he succeed and give to the world a new motive power, we shall be ready to sound his praises, but friends, in the light of his earnest devotion, we may say that he has succeeded already. The failure of well-directed, laborious effort is better than the success of an accident.

So, too, if you will ask the minister, he will tell you that no man of sense can long continue to write *two* good sermons a week, and every lawyer knows that the surest way to weaken his plea is to bring too many arguments for a cause. Select the one essential point and drive it home.

Of course, it is a great thing if a man is, at the very outset of his career, irresistibly impelled towards a certain profession or line of business. It is a great saving of time and soul-power. Thus some boys have a strong inclination for mechanics, trade, music or law. Fortunate indeed is he who thus, at the opening of life, discerns his allotted task and enters upon it with whole-souled and cheerful interest. Comparatively few men, however, are thus biased by nature. The great majority of mankind is committed to its special pursuit by the force of circumstances or by necessity. Very often a man tries many different things before he finds his true vocation. Until he makes this final discovery he is apt to be restless and discontented. For him the times seem " out of joint"; he takes no joy in his work. But remember that such incidental discouragements are only the methods by which the supreme Disposer of your lot is trying to make a man of you. There is more real virtue in this acquired faculty of concentration than in that innate and in-

voluntary impulse which controlled your neighbor's choice of an avocation. Therefore, "Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might," and more often than you suppose, the distasteful duty will become at last an enjoyable occupation.

If, however, you find no congenial work in life, and each successive attempt only ends in failure and discouragement, then ask searchingly of your own heart the question, "Is it true of my life that '*one* thing I do'?"

It is necessary, however, to make a qualification to what has been said thus far. If the secret of success is to be master of your subject, don't let your subject master you. Your life-work ought to be great enough in itself to rightly employ and strengthen all your powers. Heart, conscience, reason and soul, the whole man must be developed, or it is unworthy of you. Now, I am sure, that every honest business, from the humblest to the most exalted, has sufficient scope in it to give full play to all the faculties. You may be a good mechanic, a successful merchant or an able lawyer, and at the same time a kind husband and father, a faithful citizen and an earnest Christian.

The danger here is that we shall confound means with ends. What is the end of life? To amass riches? No! but to develop character. But money-getting if followed exclusively, employs one set of faculties at the expense of the rest. It dwarfs the heart, the conscience and the soul. This is not concentration at all, but simply *abuse* of it. True concentration is not to limit yourself to the use of one faculty and ignore the rest, but to wisely and harmoniously direct *all* the faculties towards one object. Let that object be great enough to justify the power you bring to bear upon it. I have known men whose attention was so much occupied by petty details that they could never rise to a comprehensive survey of general principles. They rode their insignificant hobbies into public notice on every possible occasion, but everybody else despised them because of their pettiness. Certainly little things are not to be ignored, but the danger is that they may become great things to us, and so divert the mind from more important concerns. Take a lesson from the scientist. He doesn't level his telescope at a fly, but puts it under the lenses of his microscope and examines it at his leisure. So in life adjust your power to the size and dignity of your object.

Finally, "One thing I do" is a good maxim even in the religious life. For what is religion but spiritual concentration—a getting down to the essence of things,—the life beneath all life,—the mystery behind all mysteries,—the ultimate cause back of all causation? What is true prayer but the soul of man absorbed in intense contemplation of spiritual things?

Schiller said: "Every man should make it an inflexible law

to himself not to let a day pass without having practiced all his soul-powers and directed them to a single object, though it were but for a quarter of an hour."

This practical rule of life finds especial application in the field of religion. Think if we should devote fifteen minutes only of each day to calm but intense contemplation—to communing with our spirits on beauty, righteousness and truth! What an influence for good it would exert on our lives, purifying our imaginations, strengthening our virtuous resolves, and casting over our whole being the refining influences of thought and moral beauty! How naturally it would lead to personal communion with the Source of beauty, righteousness and truth—with God Himself! Many a heart that is prayerless now would be lifted into refreshing communion with its Maker; and find new strength and joy in thus escaping from time to time the illusions of sense and coming closer to the only reality beneath them all—the life and love of God.

Friends! let us strive then more intelligently and earnestly for this needful quality of concentration. In the enthusiasm of study, in the excitements of business, in the absorption of prayer, may we bear ever in mind the maxim of life, "*One* thing I do."

And when at last your sheaves are gathered in, and the Father comes to make His reckoning with you, finding you faithful to your one talent, He will deem you worthy of still greater trusts, and so, commending your stewardship, will usher you into the joy of your Lord.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH supports some men—who are fixing the roof.

BISHOP WHITEHOUSE is to reside hereafter on Michigan avenue, near Thirteenth street.

DR. EVERTS, of the First Baptist Church, has returned from his long Eastern tour.

ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER'S Church is still unbuilt, and its plan undetermined upon. Mr. Collier is in Boston.

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH last Sunday listened to a Congregational sermon from Rev. Mr. Frisbie, of Des Moines, Iowa.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVALS are so plenty this week that The Church Reporter despairs of enumerating them. They are as "thick as blackberries."

BISHOP FOLEY administered the sacrament of The Lord's Supper to over three hundred children last Sunday, at St. Patrick's Catholic Church.

REV. C. M. TYLER says that we have knowledge enough, truth enough, and convictions enough, but we are deficient in firmness of purpose—lack will-power.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH talk of building a Mission chapel on State Street, near Sixteenth, to take the place of the Railroad Mission destroyed by fire.

REV. T. M. EDDY, well known to all Chicagoans, was elected one of the Missionary Secretaries of the M. E. Church by the General Conference in session at Brooklyn.

HERE is a "news item" from the Boston *Gazette* of March 12th, 1770: "Buried in the Town of Boston since our last, eight whites—no blacks. Baptized in the several churches—seven.

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH is moving the barns and houses from its new property on Michigan avenue and Twentieth street, preparatory to excavating for their new church.

PLYMOUTH and South Congregational Churches are not yet amalgamated as some enterprising journalists have reported, although the present heat will doubtless result in complete fusion.

REV. J. GORDON preaches the annual sermon next Tuesday evening, and Rev. W. W. Everts the doctrinal sermon Wednesday morning next before the Fox River Baptist Association at Morris, Ill.

THE UNION COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION held their annual meeting in the parlors of the Grand Central, Tuesday evening. Rev. Clinton Locke and Rev. H. N. Powers were present, responding to toasts.

ROBERT COLLYER has gone to Boston to attend the June Anniversaries of the Unitarians there, and complete his work of raising funds for rebuilding Unity Church. He will return to preach in Chicago a week from next Sunday.

REV. C. W. WENDTE protests against the statements of a Sunday cotemporar concerning the plans of his new church and says nothing is determined, but that it will be built after the plan they decide best for their wants and means.

REV. ARTHUR EDWARDS, for some years associate editor of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* of this city, has been elected by the Methodist Conference chief editor. Dr. Reid, the former editor, has been elected to the office of Secretary of Missions.

REV. MR. Tyler, of the South Congregational Church, in case his and the Plymouth Church unite, will retire in favor of Rev. Mr. Bartlett, receiving $5,000 for his display of such modesty. We fear our ministers will cultivate a "a retiring" disposition if many such sad examples are held up for them to profit by.

REV. C. L. THOMPSON, who has been called from Cincinnati to the Thirty-first Street Presbyterian Church, received a warm welcome from his Chicago brethren at the Ministers' Meeting last Monday, which he attended. There was a strong desire expressed to have him consider the call favorably, and the indications are that he will accept.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH propose to build a chapel on State street, somewhere between Fourteenth and Six-

teenth streets. *The Interior* is responsible for saying that the building will be sixty by eighty feet, and so arranged that it will be suitable for preaching sermons as well as for the use of the large school connectedwith the old and popular Railroad Mission.

"THE PAGAN PREACHER" is the alliterative title assumed by the social comet George Francis Train. He has delivered two so called sermons in Chicago recently, which would have been less abusive toward churches and Christianity had he possessed a tithe of the charity and virtue of some of the Pagan Philosophers whom he slanders by his *non de plume*.

REV. C. D. HELMER, last Sunday, in a sermon on "Having and Possessing," said that "a mechanic in Chicago to-day is richer than a king of the olden time." "Possessing" was a mental quality. A man might *have* a picture gallery without possessing it. The world with all its myriad beauties was for all, but how few entered into the possession of it!

MR. MOODY left the city last Wednesday for the East, and will sail for Europe in a few days—*not* to recuperate his exhausted energies, as we were led to state some time ago by the statement of some of his friends, but to enter upon a great revival campaign, extending through the whole summer months, and having England, Ireland and Scotland for his field. In a conversation with Mr. Moody a few days before he left, he told us he never felt better than at present, and having been "playing" for some time, he now "intended to go to *work!*" His idea of play is somewhat different from that held by The Church Reporter.

PROF. SWING, although without a church, returned last Sunday and the Sunday before from the General Assembly at Detroit to preach to his congregation at Standard Hall. His subject last Sunday was "David," whom he called "great in his measurement of God, but a poor feeble soul in the details of human life and duty." An age or a man might embalm a single virtue or class of virtues, while they were lacking in others. "David," he said, "was the product of his times. If he ordered Uriah to be sent to a charge on the battlefield, where death was certain, he did it in an age when death was a small matter, and easily inflicted. To hold a few truths intensely is no proof of a saintly character. It wholly depends upon what the truths are. The Pilgrim Fathers held many precious ideas, but they were often cruel to their families and to their fellow men. In their bundle of truths the one of tenderness and wide humanity was left out. So David knew of the living God. He despised idolatry. He loved to think of the power and might of his one God. But the common truths of humanity were not in David's heart. The death of Uriah did not come into conflict with what truths he held. One of the phenomena of the world is that a man may be enlightened on one side and dark on the other. A statesman that will weep for his country may be heartless toward his children or cruel to his wife. Bacon was sublime in philosophy, false in friendship; true to the universe, false to the individual. All history is full of this."

A THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION is in progress between *The Interior* and *The Evening Journal*, which, like all such discussions, has resolved itself into a question of definitions. The *Journal* thinks there is both a distinction *and* a difference between "incorporating" an item and "stealing" one, but the *Interior* does not think that a rose by any other name *will* smell as sweet, and therefore wants the *Journal* to to say that it "steals" instead of "incorporates" items. We are enjoying the mutual confessions, and are awaiting with considerable impatience the decision of the disputants. The Church Reporter will be much obliged to them for a term which shall exactly express the idea they seek to convey without wounding their journalistic sensibilities.

CHARLES EDWARD CHENEY is again in court in re Whitehouse vs. Cheney. Although The Church Reporter cannot see why so much bitter feeling (which he thinks may be termed unchristian) should be created in order to further the cause of Christianity, of late languishing in this diocese because of a variance between the reading of the service for infant baptism by a certain minister, and the reading of the same long usual in this diocese, still The Church Reporter feels justified in indirectly helping on said bitter feelings by giving publicity to the new developments in the war. Tuesday morning, before Judge Williams, of the Circuit Court, an application was made in the names of A. C. Calkins, J. O. Cleveland and H. F. Jennison, pew holders of Christ Church, for a writ of injunction to restrain Mr. Cheney from exercising longer the functions of pastor of Christ Church. The points relied on by the plaintiffs are

briefly these: Christ Church was organized under a pledge of conformity to the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1855, and was so admitted into this diocese in 1656. Mr. Cheney in receiving orders in 1860 pledged himself to conform to the ceremonies of the Episcopal Church. The Church canons forbid any nonconformist or minister degraded by an Ecclesiastical tribunal to officiate as an Episcopalian minister. Mr. Cheney has agreed to obey the canons, but does not. He has been degraded from the ministry and forbidden to act as pastor of Christ Church by an ecclesiastical tribunal, and now they ask that the civil law recognize and enforce the findings of the ecclesiastical court, and prevent, by injunction, Mr. Cheney from longer acting as pastor of Christ Church. The argument upon the motion for an injunction will be heard June 18th. Meanwhile we wait.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS' MEETING considered the question of "Church Purity" last Monday. How can the Church be kept free from all who bring disgrace upon its name? The question is one of growing importance and well worthy the earnest thought of ministers. It is a matter of common observation that the members of churches differ little from the outside world in their business or social conduct. Froude, the historian, says, that in England the preaching of the gospel has little effect upon the morals of the people—that an increased number of churches is not accompanied by increased honesty in trade and respect for the rights of others. What conclusions the Presbyterian ministers arrived at The Church Reporter has not learned, but he would venture to suggest that a change of basis in in the requisites of candidates for admission to the church would perhaps afford a partial remedy. The churches require of those seeking admission to their pale an intellectual assent to certain doctrines —doctrines which in some cases have become in part obsolete in their first meaning, and are held in a figurative way. This assent may be honestly given by the intellect while the heart is still prone to many sins against God and man. Even to the question, "Have you experienced a change of heart?" an honest and false answer could be given in the affirmative, for the reason that the candidate has no good data by which to judge if the feeling he has is genuine conversion or not. He has not been converted before, and can only imagine how he will feel when converted. "The fruits" by which Christ said we were to know His true followers, were not of the intellect alone, but of the whole man. They are seen as well in his every day life as in his words before a minister and church. The tests by which the church should determine the worthiness of candidates, should go to the *whole* nature, should be severe enough to exclude those who became church members for mercenary or selfish motives, and include only those who are *true Christians*. But here again comes the question, "Who made thee a judge of thy brother," and we are reminded of the words of Jesus, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." So that a complete separation of the true followers of Christ from the world seems impracticable in the popular churches. The only possible separation must be one by the choice of each member, and that can only be effected in a church which shall be desirable to the true Christian, and not desirable to any other. So the question reverts to reform of the Church.

CHARLES W. WENDTE, one of the youngest and most brilliant members of the Chicago Pulpit, although of German parentage, had the good fortune to first breathe the "soul-invigorating air" of Boston, where, on June 11th, 1844, he began a life which promises to be full of fruitful results, and commanding in its influence upon the future of our city and of the Church of which he is a vigorous defender and true representative. His early life was one of shadows and sorrows. His father having died when he was but a mere child, his mother took upon herself the double duty of parentage, and toiled, night and day, that her boys might enjoy the educational advantage which the country of her adoption afforded the rich and poor alike. A woman of culture and finished education, she secured many friends and soon became the center of a group of admirers, winning her way quietly but, steadily, till she was recognized as one of the ablest and most thorough German teachers in Boston, where she remained for twenty years. Her love for her native land induced her, at a great sacrifice, to send her son abroad when ten years old, with the intention of educating him in one of the German universities, but he remained only a short time, returning to Boston, where he was educated in Chauncey Hall School with a view to entering Harvard. He was always a puny child, and his continued ill-health made it necessary for him to leave school before his mother's desire could be realized, and at fourteen he began active work in a

wholesale woollen house. He remained in the employ of this firm for three years, attending, during this time, Dr. Gannett's (who was Channing's colleague) church and Sunday-school, and it was in this atmosphere he breathed in his first religious sentiments. His increased ill-health rendered a change of climate absolutely necessary, and therefore in 1861 he concluded to migrate to the golden shore of California. Here he won the favor and friendship of Starr King, for whom he at once conceived the warmest affection, and whose name he now cannot mention without pausing to pay a passing tribute of love to the memory of the one who inspired him with the loftiest ideal of life and led him into the path he now treads. Through the mediation and influence of Starr King he obtained a political position as Secretary to the State Board of Port Wardens. Having considerable leisure, he, about this time, began the study of law, but having resigned his secretaryship to enter the Bank of California — which was then just organized — he did not long continue to read Blackstone. Still this was the "growing period" of both his body and mind — the former, under the healthful influence of the climate, gaining fresh vigor and strength daily, and the latter, nurtured by Starr King and other literary companions and influences, receiving an impulse that has given direction to all his after life. He took an active and prominent part in all the movements connected with Starr King's church and Sunday-school, and was almost constantly engaged in a round of social, literary, dramatic and other similar enterprises. He was a member of the Literary Club, composed of editors, lawyers, clergymen, writers and poets, so many of whose members have since become famous — Bret Hart's name being perhaps the best known. At the time of the breaking out of the war his patriotic zeal fired him with a military ardor that led him to organize a company whose services were among the first to be offered to the government, but were declined on account of the great distance to travel, and consequently he had to content himself with an expression of his patriotism as "reader for the day" at the San Francisco Fourth of July celebration in 1864. But an event soon occurred which marked a new epoch in his life and changed its whole course. For some time he had, under Starr King's influence, been led to think about studying for the ministry, and the sudden death of his favorite friend, teacher and adviser, so deeply impressed him that he determined upon at once relinquishing all things else and devoting the remainder of his life to preaching the gospel. Consequently he left the bank and started immediately for the East, having been five years in California and the neighboring State of Nevada — where he went for a season as a teller for the Branch Bank of California. Returning to Boston in 1865 he studied for a time under the advice of Dr. Gannett and Edward Everett Hale to prepare for entrance to the Meadville Theological School at Meadville, Pennsylvania. After one year's severe study he left Meadville for Cambridge, where he went to finish his course. During his studies at Cambridge he supported himself as German tutor in the Scientific, Mining, and Divinity schools, graduating finally in 1869. During his stay in Cambridge he became enamored of and impressed with James Freeman Clark, and especially became a disciple of his "free church plan," which he has since adopted, in part, in his Chicago church. He immediately came West as a missionary, and while preparing to go to California received an earnest request to form a new Unitarian church in Chicago. Thinking no field larger or better for the trial of himself and his life-work, he came to Chicago, rented Avenue Hall, on Twenty-second street, and preached the first Sunday to an audience of about forty persons. In three months he organized the Fourth Unitarian Society upon a free basis—having no creed but "Love to God and love to man," and no charge for pews or sittings. Mr. Wendte says he believes in the utmost freedom in church membership; that the church is for the conversion of the wicked, not the protection of the good, and a man's desire to join with Christians in Christian work is credential enough for admission to the church. He allows his congregation to sit where they choose, and pay what they choose toward the expenses of the church. Since the first six months of his labors here, the Fourth Unitarian Society has been self-supporting, and its members are now about to build a neat chapel on the corner of Prairie Avenue and Thirtieth street. Mr. Wendte since the fire has been very busy in the relief work of the Christian Union, of which he is Secretary, and is now hard at work in starting a Holly Tree Coffee House, or Temperance Saloon. Although he has been in Chicago so short a time, his name is becoming associated with many good works, and we hope he will not only find ample field here for his self-sacrificing zeal, but also appropriate reward for his exertions.

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THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH

ON ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

DECEMBER 11, 1861.

BY EZRA S. GANNETT,

MINISTER OF THE SOCIETY.

With an Appendix.

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CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

1862.

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NOTE.

This Discourse is printed as a memorial of the occasion on which it was delivered. As there was no special reason for sending it at once to the press, the publication has been delayed till a final account of the cost of the church could be given, with other information, in the Appendix. The recent meeting of the Proprietors, at which a full report was made, enables us to present a statement alike complete and satisfactory.

Order of Services,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

I. VOLUNTARY.

II. CHANT.

"Oh! come, let us sing unto the Lord."

III. INVOCATION.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

IV. ANTHEM.

"The Lord is in his holy temple."

V. SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D.

VI. HYMN.

Hallow the temple that we rear,
Eternal Father! to thy name:
Within it now, in love and fear,
We come to light devotion's flame.

Here may the voice that stilled the wave,
Forgave the sinful, blessed the child,
And won the loved ones from the grave,
Still breathe its accents firm and mild!

Here may *his* memory still appeal
Who harmonized our inward strife,
And to each careless heart reveal
The deep significance of life!

Here may earth's pilgrims oft forget
The paths their bleeding feet have trod,
And learn to struggle onward yet,
Cheered by the Fatherhood of God!

VII. DEDICATORY PRAYER.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

VIII. HYMN.

'Tis life to know thee, Father!
'Tis joy to seek thy face
Where soul and soul together
An upward flight may trace;
Now, Father, come! renewing
Old times of praise and prayer,
Thy spirit's deep subduing
We ask for here as there.

All beautiful and holy
Our house we consecrate,
That we, while kneeling lowly,
May find it heaven's gate;
That faith may still be surer
As here it grows to sight,
And love become yet purer,
And weakness gather might.

O spread abroad thy glory,
And make man's spirit strong
To live the Gospel story,
To learn the Gospel song
Thy sons above are voicing, —
"Father, thy will be done," —
Till both the choirs, rejoicing,
On earth, in heaven, be one.

IX. SERMON.

BY REV. E. S. GANNETT, D.D.

X. HYMN.

THOU great Invisible, whose power
Called countless worlds from realms of night!
Fold o'er our temple, from this hour,
Thy wings of everlasting light.

Inspire, O God! the hearts that dare
To name these courts thy dwelling-place:
We only build the altar-stair;
We cannot mount without thy grace.

Christ's blessed manna here we seek,
The bread which none e'er sought in vain:
Here give us, while the flesh is weak,
His cup of strength baptized in pain.

Life of our life! the trembling mind
Knows but one Pilot o'er the deep:
May every soul that Pilot find,
Who cometh here to pray or weep, —

Until, across life's shadows, we
To cloudless skies in bliss awake,
And through heaven's lifted portal see
The resurrection morning break!

XI. CONCLUDING PRAYER.

BY REV. S. K. LOTHROP, D.D.

XII. ANTHEM.

"How holy is this place!"

XIII. DOXOLOGY.

"From all that dwell below the skies."

XIV. BENEDICTION.

DISCOURSE.

"I AM NOT COME TO DESTROY, BUT TO FULFIL." — MATTHEW v. 17.

WHEN Christianity entered the world, it wore the appearance of an aggressive faith. To the eye of one who looked only at its outward relations, ignorant of the purpose and method of its action, it seemed to be an assault upon opinions, habits, and usages intrenched in the popular esteem. The Jewish rabbi and the Heathen priest, the Roman ruler and the Greek philosopher, concurred in pronouncing the gospel a destructive innovation. How could they form any other judgment? In the presence of idolatry, the Christian faith declared that God was a spirit; in denial of polytheism, it affirmed the Divine unity; in the seat of Hebrew ceremonial worship, it discarded all sacrifice but that of the will, and all ritual but that of the life; out of the bosom of Pagan immorality, it called men to repentance and self-denial; in the midst of superstition and vice, it lifted up a cross, as at once the symbol and the means of perfection. Its progress to universal empire could be marked only by the overthrow of altars, the downfall of institutions, the reconstruction of the social state. Wherever successful, it would

work radical changes in the character and condition of men. Whenever opposed, it would summon celestial aid to its side and defy the powers of hell. Was it not justly regarded as an aggressive faith? Was it not true in reference to the intention as well as the effect of his ministry, that He whose influence would be shown by these results "came not to send peace, but a sword"?

When, however, we examine the contents or the history of our religion, we find that the judgment which rested on a superficial acquaintance with its character must undergo large qualification. So far was Christianity from instituting a rude warfare with the errors which it was meant to supplant, that, as the Saviour had foretold, "the kingdom of Heaven" rather "suffered violence" from those who with unprepared hearts rushed into its embrace. The images under which he described its successful inroad upon the life which had become hard and sterile, and therefore needed renovation, suggest only the idea of a silent and gradual influence, — the seed which grows without noise, the leaven whose action is known only by its effects. It is a significant, as it is an undeniable fact, covering, or disclosing, one of the original features of the gospel, that, while it undertook a revolutionary work, nothing less than to change the belief, the worship, the consciousness, and the intercourse of mankind, to introduce new ideas, new principles, new sentiments, new relations, new standards of conduct, new purposes, and new hopes, — a change this which it contemplated so great, that by those to whom the visible agencies for bringing it about

were intrusted it is called "a new birth" and "a new creation," — the forces on which Christianity relied for conducting this enterprise were truth and love. Its method was contrary alike to the temper of the time and to the traditions of the past. Obeying a higher than human wisdom, it spent little of its strength in direct assault, did not stop to clear the ground of weeds before it planted the Divine word, dealt in affirmation rather than in denial of any kind, was very clear and very positive in its affirmation, and with a sublime confidence in its own teachings threw them into the world's atmosphere, to overpower its noxious qualities by mingling a healthful influence with them. Can any one read the New Testament and not be impressed by the absence of that element of controversy, which furnishes the strength, or the weakness, of so many of the books in our theological libraries? The very word offends our associations with the name of Jesus. We find scarcely a trace of a disputatious spirit in the writings of either of the apostles, except Paul; and of him it is plain, that when left to his own choice, he delighted in positive much more than in negative statement. Of Paul do I speak, "by the grace of God, defender of the faith"? Sadly have men misconstrued the example of the great apostle. How did he uphold the truth of which he was the champion? By expending his sinewy strength in the demolition of popular errors, or by an anxious endeavor to remove every objection that a doubtful mind might raise? No: his defence of the new faith consisted in believing it with his whole soul, and proclaiming it in those clear tones which are the

natural utterance of full conviction. His denials are, in form as well as in substance, emphatic affirmations. "We know," that is his way of annihilating heathenism, by a quiet stroke of the pen, "we know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God than one." Listen to his description of the service to which he had devoted himself; "Unto me is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;" "riches," realities of inestimable value; not half-formed conclusions or meagre guesses. Read the whole of that third chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians, which for grandeur of thought, depth of feeling, or rhetorical structure is unsurpassed by any production of Christian genius from that age to this, and see with what vehement delight Paul held up the positive and distinctive elements of Christianity to the admiration of his fellow-believers.

"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil," said the Author of our religion, in the same breath in which he repeated those laws of a spiritual experience, — the beatitudes, as we most justly call them, — the effect of which, if entertained by his followers, could only be to scatter the Jewish economy to the winds. Yet never were words spoken of more literal truth. Destruction was not his office, who revealed in his own ministry the meaning of that cumbrous preparation, through which lawgiver and priest and prophet and people had opened a way for his appearance. Whatever fell, fell because it could not stand in his presence, even as the band of armed men in the garden; not because he

turned the enginery of Heaven upon it: fell, because it had either accomplished its end or had proved its insufficiency. Judaism sank beneath the cry, "It is finished." Paganism was pierced to the heart by the angelic voice, "He is risen." Such was the destruction which Christ wrought; through "the bringing-in of a better hope," by virtue of his being made to sustain his momentous relations to humanity, "not after the law of a carnal commandment," false or true, "but after the power of an endless life."

The lesson deducible from this survey of the early days of our religion, if it be contradicted by some of the tendencies of our own time, is only the more worthy of attention. It instructs us to this effect, — that the duty of the Church is to affirm rather than to deny, to confirm rather than to unsettle; that it should be more eager to communicate truth than to attack error; that its aim should be, through all its instrumentalities, and especially through the pulpit, its most frequent channel of influence, whether upon itself or upon the world, to create, increase, and fortify faith. The Church is the visible agency of God in behalf of the gospel. It should be conducted according to the pattern which was given on a holier mount than Sinai; the mountain from which the Redeemer addressed, not his immediate hearers only, but the generations of men to the end of time. The Church should follow the example of him who went through city and village, "preaching the gospel of the kingdom" in distinct, unequivocal terms; leaving the perishable to its natural decay by the side of his immortal truth. The work of the Church in

our day, as in all ages, cannot be better described than in the charge of the apostle, "Let all things be done unto edifying." Edification, building up, is the business of the Church, through its institutions, its ordinances, its ministers, its whole activity and vitality. Destructive criticism is not its appropriate function. Denial is not the tone in which it should seek to express itself. It should neither attempt to show how little may be believed, nor how much may be questioned. That is not its proper service. Neither is its special office discharged through a defence of individual rights. It is the author of freedom only so far as it makes men "the Lord's freemen." It may countenance independence only in connection with reverence. The Church, with all its equipment, stands upon authority. It stands up for authority, the authority of the Master. It is Christ's church, bearing his name on its standard and on its forehead. It must be loyal, and its loyalty must be genuine; not such as comes under suspicion in peaceful, or in troubled times; not such as takes an oath only to conceal treason, or holds an office only as an opportunity for damaging the interests which it is bound to support: but a loyalty that never, in word or act, swerves from the confession, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

There is a place for the most resolute criticism among the provisions of God for the soul and the world. It has its place, and its value. Religion neither abhors nor dreads it. Christianity neither despises it, nor trembles before it. Let the Bible, the gospel, the teachings of the Church, the beliefs of the past, the assertions of the

present, be subjected to the most severe and impartial examination. Detect every blemish, expose every weakness; cross-examine the witnesses, canvass the miracles; tear the diadem of glory, or the crown of thorns, if you can, from the head of the Anointed One; analyze, dissect, curtail, decry revelation; lay bare, or overturn, the foundations of faith: so long as all this, or any part of it, is done as all honest work should be done, with a good purpose and by fair means, let it be done. But it does not belong to the Church to carry on this process. It may permit certain parts of the process to be conducted within its borders; but it is not the business of the Church, through its offices or its servants, to make men doubt. Who ever thought that it was one of the functions of government to foster rebellion, or of a tribunal to destroy confidence in its own decisions?

The present generation is standing, as every previous generation has stood, between the opposite tendencies to faith and to skepticism. The peculiarity of the present age lies in the fact, that it is conscious of holding this position. Such a consciousness must make it both uneasy and arrogant. Investigation, if possible, and, until inquiry has been pressed to the utmost, suspense of mind, is the rule prescribed on one side; belief justified, if it may be, by careful study, and where such study cannot be pursued, reliance on accredited authority, domestic, social, or ecclesiastical, is the advice, or the demand, on the other side. In regard to the alternative here presented, there can be little doubt what counsel the Church should give, or what influence it should exert. Remembering the words of its Founder,

"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil," it should encourage and protect faith. To denounce the skeptic, or defame the infidel, is no part of its duty: it should neither delight in calling hard names, nor assume an air of wounded dignity. But it does not fall within the province of the Church, as a divinely ordained or as a spiritually constituted body, as a providential arrangement or as a natural result of the gospel, to become the champion or expounder of a skepticism which receives nothing on trust and impatiently discredits the most familiar evidence.

The Church should refuse to extend encouragement to skeptical tendencies, not only because by sympathy with such tendencies it strikes a blow at its own existence, but because their indulgence is unfavorable to the production of the highest form of character. We neither deny the relation of free inquiry to the progress of truth, nor allege the sinfulness of doubt. Even unbelief becomes sinful only in connection with the motive from which it springs. Some men cannot help doubting. The balance of elements is not the same in every mind. While some find it easy to believe, others find it hard; not through a perverseness of the will, but through an intellectual embarrassment, neither of their own creating nor of their own seeking. Moreover, skepticism has its rights which it is entitled to defend, and its uses which it is folly in the believer to disallow. A man is not bound to be convinced by Paley, nor to be shocked by Hume. The gospel is more worthy of credence for having been regarded with distrust, just as we feel a greater security in the walls of this house for the

jealous inspection that has been bestowed on them. Denial provokes vindication, and vindication clears away or subordinates difficulties. Christendom at this day is the heir of a surer faith for the hesitation and unbelief by which that faith may seem to have been hindered. Still it is neither wise nor safe to make denial our habit. It is not a mark of wisdom, to cherish tendencies which prevent the mind from embracing truth. Strength of character lies in decision, not in hesitancy; in action, not in delay. Men are not made happy by unbelief, nor good by negation. How can they be? "Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes." Because the tendency of which we speak is natural, it does not follow that we should give it all possible encouragement. The appetites are a part of our constitution, the passions belong to our nature; but they may not therefore have full indulgence. It is an abuse of language, to talk of injustice done to the mind by restraining it from the wildness of licentious criticism. As well say that a child is treated unkindly, when prevented from wandering through the streets, amidst rude people and unknown dangers. Denial impoverishes the mind, starves the heart, beggars the conscience, ruins the soul, makes a man weak, miserable, contemptible. Why invite men to commit spiritual suicide? If aspiration and accomplishment are the wings of the soul on which it rises to heaven, doubt clips those wings and is watchful to prevent their growth. Mental independence and mental force are often confounded; but they are neither the same, nor do they stand in the relation of cause and effect. Freedom

is neither the end of life, nor a means to that end: it is nothing but an opportunity. Is free inquiry a privilege which has no limits, or a duty which has no conditions? Call it privilege or duty, it is in fact an instrument, that should be used judiciously. Call it the telescope which distinguishes between appearance and reality, or the beam which by marking the true weight prevents imposition, — it is useful only for the purpose to which it is fitted. Free inquiry is a method, not a result; and by no means the only method which we should adopt for the furnishing of our minds, lest we fall under the Apostle's description of those who are "ever learning, and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." There have been those, even in sober England, who have accounted Free-thinker a nobler name than Believer; as if he who assays the coin were a richer man than he who possesses it. The utmost that free thinking or free questioning can do, is to ascertain what may be believed; and unless it pursue the investigation calmly and humbly, — yes, humbly, when the themes on which it is employed are the character and manifestation of the Sovereign Ruler, — how can it discover, much less authenticate, truth?

Let us farther be reminded, that all lofty purpose or glorious achievement has been prompted and sustained by faith. As Paul said in explanation of his apostolic fidelity, "We believe and therefore speak," all high enterprise, all strenuous effort, all secure success might write its own history in the single line, "I believe, and therefore" undertake, persevere, prevail. Faith is the inspiration of every great cause, of every generous

movement, of every worthy sacrifice, of every triumphant hope. It is at once the author of beneficial change, and the guardian of whatever is worthy of preservation. Does it look only towards the past, with an unintelligent or regretful gaze? Nay: its face is rather turned towards the future, with an eye that pierces distance and obstruction. Faith is hopeful and brave. Take it out of men's hearts, and you leave them a prey to discouragement. Let it fill their hearts, and nothing can intimidate them. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you," is a promise whose meaning was not exhausted when the age of miracle ceased.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not use the word which I have occasion so often to repeat in any technical, nor at this moment in a strictly theological sense. I am not speaking in the interest of a sect, but on behalf of truth and the Church. I do not say what must be believed; but I do maintain that positive belief, strong conviction, is the root of excellence and the mainspring of practical force. And I cite the history of the world and the structure of our being in support of the affirmation. Men will not work without a motive; belief of something to be gained or lost supplies that motive. Worship requires faith in an object of worship; obedience requires faith in law, and in a power that can sustain the authority of law; love requires faith in the character of the thing or the being on whom the love is lavished. Faith is the bond which unites earth to Heaven; nor less is it the cement of society. It is on the

believing temper that the welfare of the world hangs. Unbelief is necessarily destructive. Inquiry can only prepare the way for construction or acquisition, as the pioneers of an army clear the ground for the operations of the main body.

Is it not plain in the light of these facts, why so much stress is laid on faith in the New Testament? We cannot mistake the tone of the Christian Scriptures. From beginning to end they insist on the importance, necessity, validity, and efficacy of faith. Do they use strong language on this subject? Unquestionably. And why should they not? When should strong language ever be used, if not in treating of the highest interests of man? Salvation and life are matters on which the only instruction that can be satisfactory must be positive. A timid or doubtful tone in the documents from which we draw a knowledge of our religion would have been the height of cruelty. If Jesus held the position which he claimed to hold as the representative of the Divine Majesty — "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father," — he was required by the significance of that position to speak authoritatively. "I say unto you," was the proper formula in which to clothe his demand on the attention of his hearers. What men needed then, always have needed, need now, and always will need, is instruction which they may take unhesitatingly to their hearts. Christ was too mindful of human want to put himself on a level with other teachers. Because he understood the depth of that necessity to which he brought relief, he said to his immediate followers, and through them to us, "Ye believe in God,

believe also in me;" to us, again, through the reproof which he addressed to one of their number, "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." It was out of the tender compassion which he felt for our race, that, when he gave his Apostles their commission to "preach the gospel to every creature," he added the fearful, ay, and gracious words, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," — will be condemned, ruined, lost; because he must be. No vindictive or arbitrary sentence is required for the fulfilment of these words. They take effect through the moral connections which are inseparable from consciousness and responsibility. If it was but an axiom of the spiritual life which Jesus pronounced, when he said that "they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled," it was an equally evident proposition, that they who live without faith must perish.

In justice, however, to the gospel, and in justice to ourselves, let us accept the term in the sense which it bears in the New Testament. There, it is not encumbered with mean or narrow associations. Faith, as it stands in the Bible, is a grand and glorious word. It sweeps over the universe in its significance; mounts up to the throne of God, and lays a reverential hand on the attributes of the Most High; runs through the past to the beginning, when the heavens and the earth were made; reaches forward, till it grasps the results of Divine government and human agency through the periods of an endless duration; and brings within the mighty burthen of its meaning the spiritual realities which

science cannot measure, and philosophy cannot reach. Let not the dogmatist nor the bigot degrade it to the uses for which alone they think it fit. Shall the sword with which Michael drave the arch-fiend from heaven be seized by every puny arm that would lay an adversary low? I ask neither one school nor another, the philologist nor the theologian, to give me the definition of faith; for I find a better than they can furnish in the text, which, in the only terms commensurate with the height and breadth of its true import, declares that "faith is the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for." That was what the writer to the Hebrew Christians understood by faith. That was what Paul understood, when, sitting beneath the shadow of the cross, he wrote his matchless argument for the insufficiency of any other ground of justification or means of holiness. That was what James meant, when he put into the mouth of a Christian believer the words, "I will show thee my faith by my works." That was what the Lord himself meant, when he said "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

If, under the restrictions of the gospel history or the requisitions of the Christian argument, the word obtain an immediate connection with him who is pronounced the "Author and Finisher of our faith," it does not lose the broad and lofty character which we have ascribed to it. It is still belief in facts of which the senses do not take cognizance, and in truths disclosed to a higher faculty than the reason. Man's chief endowment being that through which he acquaints himself with God, reason is not his highest endowment. The reason

points to God, but does not lead us to Him, simply because it cannot. Reason may legitimate the processes of the spiritual understanding, but it cannot create them. Neither can the spiritual understanding, by which I mean the religious faculty in our nature, educe them from itself. They must be awakened by an external influence, as the life of the plant must be stimulated by the air. That influence obtains access to the soul through the consent of faith. Revelation is an indispensable necessity of man, if he would realize the fact or obey the law of his own perfection; since he cannot become perfect without religion, and religion cannot become a sound part of his experience without revelation. It is in virtue of its office as a revelation, that the gospel connects itself with the religious nature of man, and Christ enters the soul through faith. A large part of the perplexity in which the relations of reason with faith have been involved disappears, when we distinguish the special function of religion, which is to connect the soul with God. This, — which, we repeat, reason cannot do, and therefore cannot make us religious, — faith will do, by availing itself of the soul's receptivity of Divine influence. Christ awakens this receptivity, and then supplies the soul with the knowledge and the aid, of its want of which it may have been but faintly conscious before his approach. In his address to the human being, he recognizes both man's capacity, the capacity of receiving the spirit of God which shall make him spiritually-minded, and man's inability, or insufficiency to himself, arising in part from the imperfection of his powers and partly from his abuse of those powers,

— in other words, an incompetency growing out of his ignorance and his guilt. The gospel seeks man as made for God, yet as having through sin lost sight of God; and, by its disclosures of the character, mercy, and will of the Heavenly Father, enables him to lay hold on that knowledge which is "eternal life." Now, what relation has reason to this history of the regenerated and perfected soul? The relations, first of herald, and next of interpreter; in the first instance authenticating by proper tests the credentials of the messenger from God, and then determining by just methods what meaning should be put upon his instruction: even as Daniel, in the presence of the Babylonian monarch, pronounced the hand which traced the mysterious characters on the wall to have been sent by God, and then gave the interpretation of the writing. Reason is neither ignored nor undervalued by the believer; but it is neither exalted above revelation, nor lifted into equal dignity with it. Its place is not on the top of the mountain, by the side of him who taught the multitude; but with them, listening in reverent admiration. It should stand at the foot of Calvary, not with the scornful exclamation, "Let him now come down from the cross and we will believe him;" but with the awe-struck confession, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Let me add that when I speak of the proper tests for authenticating a revelation, I wish to remind you that religion is not included among the exact sciences, to be established by demonstration. There is no Euclid for the Christian to study as his text-book. Moral evidence is the only kind admissible in the case; and it is as

unreasonable to demand a different kind of proof, as it would be, to estimate the merits of the Paradise Lost by the same standard by which we decide on the value of Bacon's Essays. And, farther, when I speak of just methods of interpretation, I mean those which are adopted in every other case for apprehending the sense of language, whether our own speech or a foreign tongue; because revelation comes to us in human language, and the only way in which we can ascertain its contents is by such study as we should bestow on any other written communication.

We justify faith, then, on the ground of its general influence on character, but especially in view of the relief it affords to man's spiritual wants. And we maintain that the teachings of Christ and the whole strain of the New Testament harmonize with the lessons of universal experience in enforcing the necessity of convictions, that shall present a passive, if not active, resistance to the skeptical tendencies which disturb society. And we further claim, that it is the duty, and privilege, of the Church to implant, strengthen, and extend faith. The Church can grow only as it is just to this service. Its prosperity depends on the positive element in its consciousness; on the truth which it holds, not on its antagonism to error. Ecclesiastical history might afford us many examples in point. Let me cite two, which have a special value for us.

By one of those unfortunate mistakes through which a permanent designation is drawn from a temporary or secondary fact, the Reformation of the sixteenth century is known under the name of Protestantism. Such

a name serves only to perpetuate the idea of difference, dissent, contradiction; hiding from view the cause of the success that attended the movement to which Luther gave the decisive impulse. It was not the exposure of Romish errors, that lent vitality to the Reformation. It was not this even which drew people to the Reformer's side. Glad as they were to hear his bold words, they did not need to be told that the Papal Church was the seat of corruption. If he had been content with denouncing Indulgences, or any other, or all other Popish follies, he would have been but a meteor flashing across the gloom of his age, soon lost from sight. Luther was not satisfied with denial. He planted himself on a positive doctrine. He preached justification by faith. However erroneous his interpretation of this doctrine, it was an affirmative statement; which he held to be the truth, and which he advanced, defended, lived for, and was ready to die for. So too, when Calvin made himself Pope in Geneva, he did not waste his strength in pulling down the walls in which such serious breaches had already been made. He constructed a new system. His desire was not so much to let people out, as to bring them in; and keep them in, shut up very closely. And he succeeded: as every resolute man will succeed, who takes a positive conviction, that has become a part of his own intellectual and spiritual being, into the world, and tells men that it is God's blessed truth; even though it should have as little of a Divine look as the "Institutes" themselves. Faith is contagious.

If we come down towards our own time, we meet with a signal illustration of the efficiency of clear, calm

faith, in the early development of Unitarianism in this country. The men with whom it began preached what they believed. They did not become assailants nor even protest-ants, because they relied on direct inculcation of truth for the assent which they wished it to receive, and which it did obtain. They neither attempted nor desired to wear any disguise. There never was a more senseless charge than that which imputed to them a habit of concealment. What had they to conceal? Their rejection of the Trinitarian dogma? A body of men in a land in which this tenet was commonly embraced, preaching Sunday after Sunday, for years, in open houses, to curious, or incurious but not dull hearers, and not alluding to such a dogma in any of its forms of statement, or any of its relations, through sermon, prayer, address, or sacred song; and by this most distinct indication of unbelief protecting their unbelief from notice! Was there ever an imputation more manifestly false? They held to the value of a correct positive faith, and therefore confined themselves to its delivery. When they were put upon the defensive, they showed themselves ready for the conflict. Circumstances called them into controversy, and they accepted the challenge to vindicate their right to the Christian name. It was not because Channing and Ware were eager to defend their own characters, that they took up the pen of the combatant. Their consciousness of rectitude was a security against more than temporary injustice. But they were "bound in spirit" to clear the gospel from the charge of inadequacy, and its records from the burthen of grievous misconstruc-

tion. Had Buckminster lived a little longer, I cannot doubt that he would have been among the foremost in repelling the charge alike of dishonesty and of departure from the Bible. Dishonesty, in following with humble but sincere faith the example of him who said, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil"! Departure from the Bible, in them who made it the subject of constant study, and drew from it the materials of devotion and discourse! Their influence was not destructive, nor their temper skeptical. If a man ever lived, whose strength of conviction or whose delight in the New Testament entitled him to the name of a believer, it was the honored instructor, whose reverence for "the truth as it is in Jesus" led him to compose his unanswerable volume for "not believing" what he regarded as a denial of that truth.

It devolves, then, on us through the obligation of our ecclesiastical inheritance, and under the constraint of a higher example than that even of Reformer or Apostle, to turn the positive side of religion towards the world. It belongs to Christian people, to the Christian ministry, to the Church in all its departments and relations, to be affirmative. Even its warfare with sin will be most successfully conducted by maintaining the authority of those truths, which unfold the love of God and the destiny of man. The gospel overcomes the obduracy of the human heart, not so much by defiance as by attraction. "If I am lifted up," said Jesus, "I will draw all men unto me." It is not the least remarkable feature of the New Testament, that condemnation, clear and strong as that is when directed

against the transgressor, is not the style of address which it prefers. "I am come to call sinners to repentance," was the Saviour's description of his work, "to seek and to save that which was lost." Christianity attacks social corruptions as the medical science of our day attacks disease, less by a direct effort for its expulsion than by arousing the recuperative energies of the constitution. "Let the dead bury their dead" is the suggestive apothegm, by which it reminds us that the world may be left to dig the grave in which its errors shall disappear, while the labors of Christian philanthropy assume a more productive character. Yes: the gospel way of saving men is by infusing new blood into their veins. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." More, more, is the key-note of the Divine symphony, which was first heard from the harps of angels over the plains of Bethlehem; more of truth, more of love, more of life, more of God; "grace upon grace," that "Christ," as says the Apostle, "may dwell in your hearts by faith" — "by faith," mark ye, my hearers — "that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and depth and length and height and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Oh! how mindful was Christ of man's great want. On his side the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive." On ours, the cry at the beginning of the Christian experience, "Lord, help thou mine unbelief;" and ever afterwards the prayer with which the sacramental host besiege the gates of heaven,

"Increase our faith." What prayer more needed on human lips? What cry more sure to be heard?

It belongs to the Church to communicate positive instruction. Let me illustrate this by one or two examples.

With the single exception of the alternative between faith and skepticism as the controlling influence of the mind, no question is of more serious import than that which concerns the authority of the Bible. In this question are involved many inquiries which the studious or anxious mind may prosecute for its own satisfaction; inquiries respecting genuineness, authorship, inspiration, and other topics of little less magnitude. But before entering on these inquiries a previous point should be settled, to wit, in what state of mind shall the great question be approached. Shall the presumption be in favor of the Bible, or against it; or shall the volume be taken up without any feeling either of respect or of distrust, as if it had been but yesterday disinterred from the ruins of antiquity? Now I say that on this point the Church cannot be silent, since she is bound to claim for the Bible a reverence bestowed on no other book. Let critics and interpreters wrangle as they may over its pages, let it present grave difficulties to the student, let it exhibit undeniable imperfections or discrepancies, let us hold its several parts in very various appreciation, still it is the volume which the Church lays on her altars and places in the hands of her children; and which therefore she must protect from sacrilegious affront. She is not required, for the sake of impartiality, to suppress her grief and indigna-

tion, when she sees the Bible subjected to treatment like that to which the human being is exposed on the block of the slave-market, — handled with a cold curiosity or a barbarous freedom, that shocks the sentiment of faith in the one case as much as it outrages humanity in the other. If it be, or if it but may be, the storehouse of Divine influence, it should stand in the midst of tender and sacred associations. What if it contain much that is not from Heaven? None but an idiot would turn a herd of swine into a field of grain, because weeds grow there also.

Accepting the Bible as at once authoritative and sufficient in its instruction, we are confronted by the stupendous fact of mediation, constituting the thread of its Divinely constructed history, and giving unity to its various contents. Passing over earlier examples, we open the New Testament only to find the mediatorial work of Christ the axis on which its whole thought turns. The office which he fills is distinctly named, — "Mediator between God and men;" its purpose clearly announced, — to reconcile man to God; the "gospel" being the title of the new method which God adopts for executing his purposes, Christ the agent, "atonement" the end. We need not pause to notice the adaptation of this agency to human want, or the support which it derives in its demand upon our faith from the analogies of experience. Through the abundance, as well as the peculiar character, of the aid which he furnishes, Christ is emphatically Mediator. As such he should be regarded and represented. The Church should hold up his mediation to the world, in answer to the inquiry,

What is Christian faith; for, just so far as the reply shall be positive, it will be profitable. Is it not a mistake, when men are both so busy and so ignorant, to divert attention from the great fact, which gives their true meaning alike to the mission and to the cross of the Saviour, by opening questions that provoke difference and debate? How much better for every one, who believes in the specialty of the Divine arrangement which found its culmination in Jesus of Nazareth, to adopt his view, the burthen of whose preaching was "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." The value of the negation which puts the Unitarian in opposition to the rest of the Christian world lies in the affirmative ground which it enables him to take in regard to the unity of the Supreme Being; a unity neither compromised nor confused, in his case, by an appearance of evasion. For the sake of ascribing to the one true God the glory which is His alone, let the mediation of Christ rest on a denial of his participation in that glory. But from denial let the soul spring, as if escaping from painful contemplation of error, into the joy of a cordial faith towards him who "died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God."

If I may add one more example of the value of positive over negative statement, let me cite the Christian doctrine of retribution. How distinct and solemn! What is that doctrine, but an assertion of the indestructible relations which exist between character and experience; between righteousness and happiness on the one hand, and between sin and suffering on the

other? The sinner cannot go unpunished, because he creates the material of misery with which he is loading his own bosom. In this life, and in the next life, evil choice must produce its bitter fruit; with this difference between the two worlds, that the consequences of an evil life here are but the whispers of the coming storm. Now, can there be greater folly than is shown in weakening the effect of such a doctrine on the conscience, by encouraging as far as possible the dissent of the reason, or by refusing altogether the aid of the imagination? Extravagance is doubtless an evil, but there are some things about which it is not wise "to let our moderation be known unto all men."

Why shall I multiply examples, when it is as clear as sunlight, that the efficacy of truth depends on disengaging it from the contradictions by which it is neutralized; and equally clear, that a distrustful temper throws the mind into an attitude of hostility, even as was said long ago, "He that is not with me is against me." Who can conceive of the change that would come over the prospects of truth, if, instead of cavil, doubt, and denial, we set ourselves to the task of exposition, defence, and entreaty? Entreaty! why, the truth itself persuades men, when they can see and hear it, as if an angel spake to them. What results has not the preaching of a single truth often wrought in character and in society! When I observe how much may be done in recommending error by an earnest advocacy, I long to see those who hold the simple gospel go forth in God's name and call their fellow-men to salvation with the irresistible voice of strong belief. Oh! were we

ourselves moved as we should be by that one short line, "Our Father, who art in heaven," would it not be the very sword of the Spirit in our hands, with which to strike down the rebellion and self-will of men? Rather, would it not be as music which arrests the busy, and cheers the weary, and fills the heart with a strange delight? If any one of us could go out into the world believing what those six words convey with his whole, whole heart, and preach it as he then could not help preaching it, it would sink into other hearts as the rain into the thirsty ground, to soften and enrich and clothe it with a perpetual verdure. Aye; give to the weakest of us such a faith as we all may have, and Napoleon's victories would be nursery-tales in comparison with the conquests he might achieve.

Think, too, of the satisfaction and joy of such a faith. What a sweet peace does it spread over the soul! What a calm superiority to outward disasters does it bestow! What patience, what hope, what anticipation of heavenly pleasures, what consciousness of communion with unseen powers of love and life, does it create! "Our fellowship," wrote a believer in the days when such an experience was fresh and strong, "our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." Wonderful declaration! Did it come from a man of sober mind, or from a half-crazed enthusiast? From John, the gentle, saintly John, whose emphasis, — but enough, enough. I detain you, friends, with needless asseveration. Do you not yourselves know, that by faith we become, not only heirs, but partakers even now of "the glory that shall be revealed"?

It was under the impulse of faith that the purpose was conceived, the completion of which we this day celebrate. When the rapacious spirit of business claimed for its own uses the ground that lay beneath the shadow of our sanctuary, the alternative before us was removal or extinction. "Not to destroy, but to fulfil," was the end we sought; to retain and enlarge the opportunities of spiritual improvement, that we had enjoyed on a spot which we left as the grown-up man leaves the home in which he learned his childhood's prayers. Our faith led us hither. We believed in God, and we wished to erect a house for his worship, that might stand long after we had passed from all earthly service. We believed in Christ, and we desired still to sit down together at the table of commemoration. We believed in spiritual realities, and we thought it a right and good thing to rear an edifice, which should be a silent but clearly understood witness on behalf of the ideas which make the wealth of the soul. We believed in religion as a means of social security and social advancement, and we esteemed it not less a duty than a privilege, to rescue from decay any of the institutions through which religion fastens its control upon a community. We believed in Christian sympathies, and we were anxious to raise a structure, in which we might "receive one another, but not to doubtful disputations." Such were the necessities and the convictions in which our enterprise originated. To day we meet, to hallow its conclusion by the sacred rites of praise and prayer. We have built our house in the temper of faith, and for the uses of faith. From

the foundation, laid where neither frost nor flood can disturb it, to the last stone of the spire, which we trust no storm will ever bend from its heaven-pointing rectitude, we devote it all, and in every part, to the glory of the Invisible Creator. We have written his name and his Son's name over the place whence the voices of devotion and instruction shall be heard, that we may bind those voices, as by an ineffaceable commandment, to the service of faith. We have lifted up the cross as the object on which the eye shall rest, that it may remind us of the truths of which it is the symbol. To God, and Christ, and spiritual offices, and Divine influences we set apart this building, from this hour a sacred edifice. Let not worldly cares cross its threshold, except to bow in homage. Let not sinful thoughts enter its doors, except to bring the sacrifice of penitence. Let not unbelief occupy its seats, except to lend a ready ear and keep an open heart. Let not fashion, nor habit, nor authority usurp here the rights of deep conviction and tender sensibility. Let piety ascend the steps of this altar, and humility wait here for encouragement; and the soul bring hither its want to be relieved; and life, its toil to be sanctified; and joy, its cup of thanksgiving; and sorrow, its stricken breast: and the love of God our Father, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be the benediction they all shall carry away.

There are peculiarly pleasant associations with this hour. We rejoice not only in the consummation of our purpose, but in the harmony with which it has been prosecuted, and in the safety with which its several

departments of labor have been carried forward. We congratulate ourselves on the possession of an edifice, eminently suited to the religious exercises which we shall here maintain; commodious, symmetrical, durable, free alike from the nakedness of an extreme simplicity and from the ornaments of a meretricious taste. We look with satisfaction on the sufficiency of its arrangements; from the organ which shall pour forth its strains of rich melody, to the carefully chosen furniture of the Sunday School room. We gratefully acknowledge the advantage we have derived from the constant attention and warm interest, as well as sound judgment, of those to whom, under the homely, but by no means empty title of a Building Committee, its construction was intrusted. We feel an honest gratification in the approval which has been bestowed, as the work has proceeded, both on our choice of a site, and on our selection of material, plan, and details. It is the source of an emotion which we do not wish to conceal, that we can bring within these walls, not only memorials of our former sanctuary, but recollections more precious than the richest of woods or the most costly of metals, recollections that shall link our future history with the past. Here would we renew, if possible, the experience of former days; recalling the images of those at whose side we sat in the house, which if we might have removed from the spot on which it stood for fifty years to the foundations that support this structure, we should have desired no other change; reviving here, by every influence which memory or gratitude can supply, our dependence on him to whom so many of us owe our

best apprehension of truth and our deepest acquaintance with the life of faith. Here may we still listen to the echoes of his instruction, and feel the power of that ministry on which death has set its immortal seal.

The past, however, claims its own, and the pleasure of this hour is tempered by the sadness of bereavement. We miss one and another, with whom we had hoped to come up to these courts of the Lord. Since we left our former temple, not yet three years, twenty-four of one sex or the other, who might be regarded as heads of families or whose age had caused them to lay aside active cares, have passed into a temple not made with hands. I may not trust myself to speak of them, except in a single allusion to him, whose name is permanently connected with this building by the sweetest of all associations, the music that will float over a large part of our city on the still Sabbath air from the bells which shall call us to our worship. We cannot but grieve over the departure of so many whom we loved and honored, and who, if they were now here, would carry our joy to its height. But for them the change was good. Let it throw over our gladness only the cloud through which shines the light of our Father's will.

We dedicate our house of prayer in troubled times, when the sight of armed men is familiar in our streets, and the eager, if not anxious curiosity of the people lives on the anticipation of intelligence from scenes of destructive warfare. May we not the more rejoice, that, in the midst of the excitement and the strife, religion accepts another shrine as its own, while it secures another

spot from which to repeat the everlasting commandments of God? If we may but entertain the persuasion, that the wings of peace shall be folded over our beloved country before another year shall be hastening to its close, and that out of the present trouble a firmer security shall arise for the interests of freedom, government, and civilization, what more do we need to fill this hour with bright hopes?

Stand then, O House, which our faith has erected and now consecrates, stand, to guard with thine influence our hearts, to extend over our lives the entreaty of thy visible presence in behalf of that which is unseen, to help us by all thine offices to realize more intimately the worth of existence, and to prepare us by thy suggestions for the heaven which needs neither temple nor symbol, because there we "shall know even as also we are known." Gather within thy walls the young, and the old; the children of prosperity, and the sons of affliction; those who have chosen Christ as their strength, and those whom he is calling into his rest; the ripe in goodness, and the tender in virtue; the sinner, too, who cries for mercy, and the thoughtless who need instruction: receive them all within thy doors, and here let a blessing descend upon their souls, the blessing of the Most High God, the Father Everlasting. Thou art His, not ours. His presence be felt, His grace be found within thee, from this time through generations yet unborn!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The votes by which the Prudential Committee of the "Proprietors of the Meeting-house in Federal Street, in the town of Boston," were instructed to sell the real estate on the corner of Federal and Channing Streets, and to purchase the lot on Boylston and Arlington Streets, were passed October 1, 1858. At the same time, the Prudential Committee were "authorized to select from their own number, or from the Proprietors at large, a Building Committee, to consist of not more than three members, to whom shall be confided the trust of the erection of the new meeting-house and other buildings, the erection of which is authorized by these Resolves." The Prudential Committee, by vote, December 14, 1858, bought the land on Arlington Street; the refusal of which had been obtained by Messrs. Ross and Brown, and the purchase of which had subsequently been made by Messrs. Read, Perry, and Guild, for the purpose of securing it to the use intended by the votes of October 1. Plans of a church-edifice were received from different architects; and several meetings were held by the Prudential Committee for discussion on their relative merits. On the 23d of July, 1859, it was "Voted, that the plan furnished by Messrs. Bryant and Gilman be adopted." The Committee made choice, in August, of Messrs. H. H. Hunnewell, G. M. Barnard, and J. L.

Little, as a Building Committee; who, accepting the trust, though at much personal inconvenience, immediately entered on its duties, and made the necessary contracts for the work.

Piles were driven, and the foundation-walls were laid with great care, before the winter. As early in the spring as was advisable, the work was resumed; and on the afternoon of Monday, May 28, 1860, the corner-stone was laid with suitable religious services. From that time, the building proceeded as rapidly as was possible under proper security for the thorough completion of every part, and with the necessary interruption of several weeks in the winter. The spire was finished, and the vane fixed in its place, September 11, 1861; and, on the 11th of December, the house was dedicated to its sacred uses.

The "Evening Transcript" of December 6 contained an elaborate description of the church, by Mr. Gilman; which, by his permission, is, with one or two slight omissions, introduced here. Valuable alike for its general criticism, and for the accuracy of its details in regard to the edifice which bears witness to his cultivated taste, we shall be glad if the article should find, in these pages, a more permanent preservation than in the columns of a public journal.

THE NEW CHURCH IN ARLINGTON STREET.

C'est dans la concordance mathématique des masses de l'édifice entr'elles, que réside essentiellement le type de la beauté architectonique: son principe est invisible, et ses rapports intellectuels; avant d'être rendus sensibles à l'œil, ils doivent être aperçus par l'esprit; mais il est raisonnable et vrai de dire, que pour échapper d'abord, à nos sens, ils n'en sont pas moins ordonnés et constans. — *Le Brun.*

The church recently erected for the parish formerly known as the Federal-street Society, so long ministered over by the late Dr. Channing, and now under the pastoral charge of the Rev. E. S. Gannett, will be formally dedicated to the uses of public

worship on Wednesday next. As it occupies a commanding position, and has attracted a great deal of attention during the two years in which the works have been in progress, we are happy in having the opportunity to lay a full account of this fine structure before our readers at the present time. It is intended to embrace most of those points of detail which would be of interest to the general public, in the description of this highly successful undertaking.

The church occupies a lot of land at the corner of Arlington and Boylston streets, extending a hundred and twelve feet on the former, and a hundred and eighty-five feet on the latter street. Directly opposite the south-west angle of the Public Garden, and with the whole extent of that now highly improved locality, as well as of the Common, in front of it as an open area for ever, its lofty and graceful spire forms a conspicuous feature in any view of this new and elegant quarter of the city. No better site could have possibly been selected for an edifice which was to serve, through years to come, as a house of worship for one of our oldest and wealthiest, as well as most vigorous and flourishing congregations; whose residences, too, are, for the most part, in the streets and squares immediately contiguous to the Common. Owing to the changes caused by the inroad of business structures, the remoteness of their former church from the houses of the majority of the parishioners had long been found to be a serious and continually increasing source of inconvenience. It was felt that a removal was essential, not only to the present well-being of the society, but that it would, within a very few years, be found necessary even to its continued existence as a separate organization; and we believe that even the slight opposition which was manifested to it at the time, were the same ground to be gone over again, could not now be renewed with any show of reason or ordinary propriety.

The work was commenced on the new building in the month of September, 1859. The main structure consists of a nave and aisles, measuring together sixty-five by ninety feet internally, and seventy by ninety-five on the exterior. A tower, twenty-three feet square, stands in the centre of the front, with side-entrance porches flanking it, each measuring ten feet eight inches by twenty-three feet. This tower is surmounted by a lofty spire-steeple, which

rises to a height of a hundred and ninety feet; and is terminated by a finial, bearing the compass-points and vane. The material throughout the whole exterior is a durable freestone, of a rich and pleasing color, from the quarries at Newark, N.J.

The style chosen by the architects is somewhat remarkable, as presenting a return to those solid and classical principles which were characteristic of the churches of a former age, but which have not been put in practice among us, at least, in any such marked example as the present, — with the single exception of the fine Roman-Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, — since the period of the Revolution. It displays throughout a Roman order, as developed and practised by the great masters of the Renaissance in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and from them adopted into England, and naturalized there in the works of Wren, Hawksmoor, Gibbs, Dean Aldrich, and, indeed, of most of the eminent English architects since the Reformation. How far it is adapted to the purposes of a Protestant house of worship, we shall beg leave now briefly to consider.

It is true that Mr. Ruskin, and some others, who, like him, are led away by their personal feelings and individual partialities into sweeping denunciations clothed in periods of the most gorgeous rhetoric, have succeeded in persuading perhaps a majority of the readers of our day, that the Byzantine and the Gothic styles are the only ones which are suitable to be employed in ecclesiastical structures. Without referring, however, in detail, to the abundant precedents existing in the glorious churches of Italy, — such, for example, as are figured with such minute and exquisite elaboration in the great work of Letarouilly, "Edifices de Rome Moderne," — we would attempt to set forth, as briefly as possible, the principles of composition which we think render the classical styles not unworthy of comparison with those which it is the reigning fashion of the day to practise and extol.

If we look at the requisites of a Protestant congregation, such as arise out of the necessities of Protestant worship, we shall perhaps find that the Italian forms of architectural composition deserve better treatment than they have generally received at the hands of our modern architects. These requisites, it will soon become evident, are widely different from the usages and ceremonies by which the great examples of Gothic architecture were

called into existence. The Gothic buildings, long, narrow, and high, were intended mainly for processions or for imposing spectacles, where the sight only of the officiating priests at the high altar was deemed sufficient for the worshippers. The matters of seating the congregation, and of providing for their hearing sermons of instruction, were then altogether secondary considerations. We, on the other hand, require that the congregation shall be able to sit at ease through several hours, and both hear and see the preacher without inconvenience; and it is to the practical genius of Wren that we are more particularly indebted for the first examples of a style of church-building admirably suited to these requirements, — a style which the experience and associations of nearly two hundred years have now enabled us to regard as equally church-like with the earlier and less convenient structures. In speaking of his own church of St. James, Westminster, Wren very justly remarks, "In this church, though very broad, and the nave arched over, yet, as there are no walls of a second order (*i.e.*, no clere-story) nor lanterns nor buttresses, but the whole roof rests upon the pillars, as do also the galleries, I think it will be found beautiful and convenient, and, as such, the cheapest form of any that I could invent."

The large number of churches erected by this great man, after the fire of London in 1666, have always been regarded, not only as most striking monuments of the fertility of his genius, but also as affording models of a style of church-building equally beautiful with the Gothic; while, at the same time, they are infinitely better adapted to the purposes of the Reformed worship, and much less expensive than the Gothic is *when properly carried out*. A Gothic church, seventy by seventy feet, is but a lame specimen of a style where proportion is every thing, and whose "long-drawn, fretted aisles" but ill requite such a wholesale innovation upon their primary ideas of effect. The classical style, however, naturally assumes the more rectangular forms; and — presenting us everywhere, in the hands of the Italian architects, with the most various, flexible, and picturesque combinations of light and shade — its great variety of details forms an almost inexhaustible store of novel and pleasing effects. From the infinity of these, as laid down in the numerous and elegantly executed works on the subject, the architect, of any taste or professional knowledge, need be at no loss for abundant suggestion.

In this style, therefore, — the Roman, or perhaps, speaking more exactly, the Italian Renaissance, — and upon the same principles as those enunciated by Wren, and exemplified in his practice and that of his pupils, but without a servile adherence to any one direct example, the architects of this new church have endeavored to form their design. The result can scarcely fail to commend itself to the notice of persons of taste by its stateliness, and, particularly as to its interior, by that richness and dignity of style which should always distinguish a house of public worship. The chief feature of the exterior is, of course, the lofty steeple, the first in this city constructed entirely of stone, suggested in its leading outlines by that of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but so much lightened in its proportions from that admired example, as well as so much more elaborated in its details, as to have almost all the effect of an entirely new composition. Still, the family resemblance to that peculiarly striking and effective composition, the English *spire-steeple*, is very closely preserved. It would, perhaps, be asserting too much to say, that Gibbs, in the fine steeple of St. Martin's, had eclipsed those beautiful productions of Wren, the steeples of St. Mary-le-Bow and of St. Bride's, in Fleet Street; but it must be owned that he has, at least, attained some effects of vertical lines of shadow, particularly by the grouping of the arches and columns of the upper stage, which give a great sweetness, as well as dignity, to that crowning portion of the structure. Criticism, which blames the employment of columns in a position in which they were not originally intended to be placed by their inventors, or objects to their use in "one story piled above another," has been levelled over and over again at these enduring works of real genius; but it certainly falls powerless, in such a case, before the common sense of mankind, by which, after all, real excellence in works of art must, in the end, be judged. "Discuss the matter on abstract principles, as long as we may," says the acute Candidus in Loudon's "Architectural Magazine," "like the place assigned by Demosthenes to action in oratory, the first requisite in fine architecture is *effect;* the second is *effect;* the third is still *effect.*" And, if it be true that columns are thus placed where they were never intended to go, the simple answer is, that, like the dome of the Pantheon in the hands of Michael Angelo, they have only been elevated, by a bold stroke of genius, beyond the rules of art, to a

place where they command a newer admiration and acquire a newer beauty. Thenceforth they become a law unto themselves. In fact, a careful study of the principles on which these steeples are composed will convince one that in them are not only successfully carried out the leading ideas of Roman art, — those of richness and picturesque magnificence, — but with the addition of a certain towering grandeur and elegant fancy peculiar to the new combination. It is a lamentably narrow and pedantic view which would seek to banish them from the catalogue of art.

The tower and spire of the church in Arlington Street are placed symmetrically in the centre of the principal front of the building. This is a wide departure from the practice of tacking them to one corner, so prevalent, of late years, in this vicinity, that it may be said to have been "run to death" in the new churches of Boston and its neighborhood. Yet, strange as it may seem, the architects of this church have evidently not thought the proper place for their tower to be at either angle of the building, nor at the side, nor on the rear, nor yet in the centre of an adjoining field. The spire being the leading and most striking feature of the design, a due regard to the obvious proprieties of composition seems, indeed, to demand that it should occupy the most commanding and most conspicuous place; but, in addition to this, its location in any other part of the plan must always be regarded, after the newness of the temporary fashion has passed away, as giving the idea of a one-sided, accidental, exceptional, and unsymmetrical afterthought, — a makeshift which has no prototype in the best examples of this style at least, and which is calculated only to destroy the balance of a composition, the essential ideas of which should be symmetry, regularity, and a harmonious and even balance of the leading lines and masses of structure.

It is to the interior of this church, however, that we are confident the attention of the critical portion of the public will be most strongly directed. The interiors erected in the same general style in this country before the commencement of the present century have always been regarded as, in many respects, the best and most satisfactory churches which we could boast of, up to the present time; but the more correct and elaborate works on the subject of architecture, to which the professional architects of the present day have access, would leave them without excuse, did they not

strive to improve, at least in an equal degree, upon the examples left them by their predecessors. While the interior of this church, therefore, is similar in its general idea to those of the King's Chapel and of the Brattle-street Church in Boston, of the much-admired little church on Cambridge Common, of St. Paul's and St. John's Churches in the city of New York, and of the fine old church in Providence, R.I., it will be found to surpass either of them, both in its dimensions, its imposing effect, and particularly in the studied purity and richness of the great variety of its detail. It is divided into a nave and two aisles by a superb range of Corinthian columns, the plinths of which are elevated to the exact level of the tops of the pews. These columns are, perhaps, the finest example of the ornate Corinthian pillar to be found in our city. Their proportion and entasis are imitated from those of the interior order of the Pantheon, being about nine and a half diameters in height; the bases from an example taken from Sansovino; and the capitals exquisitely modelled from the order of Vignola, but slightly enriched from a drawing in Durand's "Parallèle." Above the columns, on each side of the nave, spring five arches, in which there is a peculiar effect, taken from the beautiful church by Giacomo Della Porta, — the *Annunziata*, at Genoa; the arches being made to spring, with their mouldings, directly from the capitals of the columns, and without the unsightly intervention of a square, cut-up bit of entablature over each column, which so much disfigures some of the otherwise fine examples mentioned above. By the simple expedient adopted from the beautiful Genoese church, the supporting effect of the column is here carried up, in a series of panelled and ornamented piers, to the full Corinthian entablature above; the arches between being formed by sunk and raised mouldings, and having their spandrels and soffits decorated with the utmost amount of ornament which a regard to good taste would allow. The soffit panels are filled in with a continuous band of laurel leaves and berries, crossed with a fillet in the centre; while the spandrels present a bold arrangement of conventional foliage, suggested by that employed in a similar position in the arches connected with the great staircase in the well-known example of the Cortile in the Ducal Palace at Venice. The modillions and pateras of the cornice are executed with great boldness and delicacy. The order is repeated in pilasters along the walls;

and the same arrangement of panels and arches is carried all round the interior of the auditorium, with a recess seven feet six inches deep behind the pulpit, — the same cornice being also continued throughout.

The ceiling which forms the great vault over the nave is, perhaps, the most striking feature of the interior. It consists of a semi-cylindrical vault, divided by main ribs over the head of each column, which continue the constructive effect of the panelled piers over the face of the ceiling, and crossed by other ribs of similar form in the direction of the length of the church; thus dividing the whole roof into fifteen large caissons, or panels, enriched with bold mouldings, and having a highly ornamental patera, or flower, in the centre of each. The face of these ribs is panelled, with a rich double guilloche and rosette running through its entire extent. At the intersections of the ribs there are circles also, bearing on the face of each a smaller patera, of a corresponding style of design. All these various details have been most carefully studied from the best examples of the Italian and French masters of the Renaissance, and the utmost pains taken to insure everywhere the integrity of the composition. The architects have done their best, and it should be added, without any interference or constraint, to express their idea of interior effect, resulting from the use of a Roman order; and by the result they should be content to stand or fall. They have, at least, the satisfaction of leaving their work precisely as they would wish it to be seen, neither weakened by after-thoughts, nor disfigured by redundancies; and in the attempt to reproduce the style of a century and a half ago, not unlike that of Mr. Thackeray in the story of "Henry Esmond," they may feel that they have omitted nothing which might contribute to the *ensemble* of the illusion.

It is indeed singular that the whole tendency of modern practice should, for some years past, have led our architects so completely away from that modification of the classical styles which was invented by the great Italian architects who flourished after the revival of the arts. The somewhat limited nomenclature of art has, it is true, compelled the writers of text-books to give the name of the Italian to a style susceptible of almost universal application. There is, perhaps, a great degree of propriety in thus acknowledging the gratitude of posterity toward the great artists

of the sixteenth century at Rome, Florence, Venice, and Vicenza, — toward that illustrious list of names, among which Bramante and Vignola, Peruzzi, Palladio, and Sansovino, hold so conspicuous a place; since they were undoubtedly the first to rekindle the flame of antique art, and to develop its capabilities in actual practice. But we shall find, on examination, that although called by a foreign and sectional name, and referable to a period of somewhat remote antiquity, there is really scarcely any one of its important principles that may not be judiciously matured and naturalized among us at the present day. "If this style has been called an adulterated style," says an eloquent writer in the London "Quarterly Review," "it may be admitted that a new compound has been formed; but the alloy possesses a ductility which is denied to the purer metal."

It is, then, this very quality of adaptation, found within it as a living and vegetating germ, which commends this beautiful style to the favorable notice of our designers. Its essence, to speak technically, may be said to lie in the consistent and common-sense application of the science of mouldings to the treatment of such voids and solids in building as are referable to the horizontal line as the leading principle of their composition, — such as take their chief character from the requisitions of that line as their primary type; but, softened from the rigidity of the primitive radix, the Greek, by the more voluptuous contour of its mouldings, and by the frequent introduction of the curved lines of the arch, it seems to be admirably suited to our wants and uses, in both public and domestic buildings. So long as it is legitimately employed to that end, it is difficult to see any foundation in reason for the charge that its admirers are mere copyists. Its inexhaustible variety of details forms our store of material as much as ever they did for our predecessors; while their successful combination will depend entirely upon the skill of the artist who undertakes to use them. If Mozart had been born with no better ear for music than Dr. Johnson, it may well be doubted if any improvements in the science of counterpoint, if the invention even of "an entire new style of music," would ever have enabled him to produce "Don Giovanni" or "Il Nozze di Figaro." So, where a man is born without the ability to discriminate between a beautiful outline and its reverse, or sets out in the practice of architecture without any

idea how he may use the materials of his art with taste and tact and feeling, we cannot well suppose any change of style that would be likely to effect any very visible improvement in his powers of design. It is not that the language of the art has been exhausted, but that the ability to use it has not been bestowed by nature.

"The antique," says Sir William Chambers, "is to the architect what nature is to the painter or sculptor, — the source from which his knowledge must be collected, and the model upon which his taste must be formed;" and, in spite of the spasmodic and transcendental school of art-criticism which has now nearly had its day, it is very certain that all careful thinkers upon the æsthetics of art will arrive at the same, or nearly the same, comfortable and satisfactory conclusion. Lord Palmerston has, during the past year, pretty decidedly intimated his determination, in the matter of the new English government-offices at Whitehall, to have windows which will admit honest light and air, and doors which will open without wounding the flesh or tearing the clothes of the public; and, with this sensible view, he enforces the Italian style, as the only one in which he will permit the new project to be carried out. And it must in the end be seen, by most persons of discernment, that architects of any ability do not need any new style in which to express themselves, and that they would have no reason to thank anybody who should invent one; that all that is required of them is to use the means which are already provided, with taste, discrimination, and sense, —

> "Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven;
> And, though no science, fairly worth the seven."

There are a hundred and eight pews on the floor of this church, and twenty-four in each of the galleries; making a total of a hundred and fifty-six pews. In their form and arrangement, they correspond strictly with the fashion of the church; and those against the walls preserve the comfortable square form so characteristic of the period of the design. Dr. Swift or Mr. Secretary Addison might feel perfectly at home in one of them; while Gov. Shirley or public-spirited Mr. Apthorp might walk out from their cerements, and seat themselves here with the same comfort they had in their own fine new church, of which they were eminent pillars somewhere about the year of grace 1745.

We subjoin a table of the relative dimensions of interior length, width, and height of several churches abroad and at home, in order to afford opportunity for comparison of the proportions of the new edifice with those of other well-known examples: —

	Width.	Length.	Height.
London.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
St. Stephen's, Walbrook	59 6	82 6	63 0
St. Bride's, Fleet Street	56 0	82 0	42 6
St. James's, Piccadilly	67 0	86 0	50 0
St. George in the East	65 0	91 6	37 0
St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square	70 0	92 0	42 6
St. Mary-le-Bone	60 0	86 0	42 8
All Saints', Poplar	64 0	90 0	38 0
Boston.			
Federal Street (old church)	68 0	66 6	36 6
King's Chapel	60 0	82 6	30 0
Church in Brattle Square	81 0	67 0	43 6
Trinity Church, Summer Street	75 0	72 0	42 0
Arlington Street (new church)	65 0	90 0	56 6

It will be seen from these figures that the church under notice considerably exceeds either of the others given, in the matter of internal height, except St. Stephen's, Walbrook; in which case, however, the measurement being taken to the top of the dome, which covers the centre space of the plan, that church hardly affords so fair a comparison with a building of this form as either of the other examples cited. But this excess of height is not found to affect the acoustic qualities of the auditorium unfavorably; as repeated experiments made in the new church show it to be admirably well calculated for sound, and probably the easiest church, even for hearing, of its area, to be found in the city. Words spoken in a low and ordinary conversational tone of voice in the pulpit are distinctly heard in the seats nearest the doors, and without the least echo or reverberation discoverable in any part of the church.

The organ is a fine and powerful instrument, from the manufactory of the Messrs. Hook in Tremont Road. It has three banks of keys, with forty-four stops; and was procured by subscription among the members of the society during the past year. It occupies the space in the tower over the principal entrance; and its handsome front forms one of the chief ornaments of the church.

The tower contains a noble chime of bells, the gift of Hon. Jonathan Phillips, who was, for many years, a prominent member of the congregation. They are sixteen in number, in the key of D; the largest, or tenor-bell, weighing three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds. Eight of the bells are hung with yokes and wheels, for round ringing; the remaining eight being suspended overhead, to be used in filling out the chromatic tones of the scale, when airs are to be chimed, in the usual manner. They appear to be a very mellow, sonorous, and sweet-toned peal; and each bell, in addition to its number and its designating letter, bears an appropriate motto, cast upon its surface. They form, probably, the most complete chime for musical combination yet erected in the United States; as, by the arrangement of the tones and semi-tones in them, the chromatic character of the resulting scales is such, that almost any music proper or desirable in church-chimes can easily be produced.

There is a convenient lecture-room in the rear of the church, measuring twenty-six by fifty feet, and entered from Boylston Street, with a Sunday-school room of the same dimensions above it. There is also a retiring-room for the officiating clergyman, communicating by a private staircase directly with the pulpit, and measuring fourteen by sixteen feet.

The whole building, from the front of the buttresses flanking the steps of the principal entrance to the rear wall of the lecture-room addition, measures a hundred and sixty feet in length. The walls of the cellar are carried up in block granite, laid in cement; and the tower-walls are also backed with the same material to the height of the bell-story.

As the foundation of this heavy building rests entirely upon piles, the successful construction of so solid a superstructure as the steeple to a height of nearly two hundred feet, and containing a load of more than three thousand tons, distributed over a square of only twenty-three feet diameter, without the slightest crack, deflection, or settlement, in any part of the work, must be regarded as a triumph alike of engineering and of mechanical skill. There are three hundred and fifty-six piles under the area of the tower foundations. These piles are cut off two feet below the standing water-level, and are bedded in concrete throughout.

The design, plans, working-drawings, and specifications re-

quired for the erection of this elaborate work were furnished by Messrs. G. J. F. Bryant and Arthur Gilman, architects; and were selected as the final result of a very protracted competition, in which many of the leading architects of the city participated. The plan being once adopted, no changes were subsequently made in it, as is too often the case in the designs of public structures, except such as were judged by the architects to be of decided advantage, originating with them alone, or heartily adopted by them, and introduced only at their urgent request. The Building Committee were Messrs. H. H. Hunnewell, George M. Barnard, and James L. Little; who, with great unanimity, have given their constant personal attention to the progress of all matters connected with the undertaking.

The piles beneath the tower, as well as those under the other portions of the church, were driven by Mr. J. Boynton, under one contract. The mason-work on the building was performed by Mr. W. C. Poland, with a thoroughness and fidelity which mark the undertakings of a most intelligent and experienced contractor. The cut freestone was supplied from the works of Mr. Edward F. Meany, who has no superior, in his business, in this community. The carpenter's work was executed, in a style fully commensurate with the other works, by Mr. A. W. Folsom, of Roxbury; who had a most reliable and valuable assistant in his foreman, Mr. Stillings. The plastering and stucco-work have been done with a rare thoroughness and taste by Mr. Robert Simpson, who has shown throughout an unwearied diligence in carrying out the intricate details of the design, — a portion of the work, on which, more than any other, the effect of a fine interior must always depend. The whole of the interior ornament, except that which is executed in carved wood, was modelled for Mr. Simpson by Mr. Alexander Johnston, a most modest and meritorious art-workman; who has happily embodied the minutest conceptions of the architect, and has shown a mastery of the classical style of ornament as modified by the grace and fancy of the French ornamentists of the best period, — the taste of Jean Gougeon, Lescaut, and Philibert Delorme, — most unusual in a professional modeller of the present day. The modelling of the foliage of the Corinthian capitals, of the laurel leaves and berries which compose the band in the soffit of the main arches, of the rosettes occupying the centres of

the panels in the great arch, and of the pendent strings of flowers in the vertical panels, is all equally bold, truthful, and decided. The carved wood-work of the gallery-fronts and of the organ-loft and organ-case was done by Mr. S. F. Pratt, in a tasteful and excellent manner. The pulpit and altar-screen are from the establishment of Messrs. John A. Ellis & Co., at East Cambridge; and the details of their execution, particularly of the fanciful capitals on the columns of the screen, will well repay a careful inspection. The painting has been executed, in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired, by Mr. Thomas D. Morris; the upholstering, by the agents for the Blind Asylum; and the copper-work, by Messrs. J. A. Loring & Co. The gas-burners were furnished by Messrs. H. B. Stanwood & Co.; the clock, by Messrs. E. Howard & Co.; the furnaces, by Messrs. C. Carpenter & Co. The handsome iron fence enclosing the grounds was constructed, from drawings supplied by the architects, by Messrs. Chase Brothers, and has been put up in a strong and substantial manner. The work, from first to last, has been performed under the supervision of Mr. I. Harmon, acting as mechanical superintendent, or clerk, of the works throughout; and to his constant and unwearied assiduity much of the merit of their successful completion should of right be attributed.

Thus has been successfully added a new and most striking addition to the public edifices of Boston. In the progress of modern improvement, probably not many years will elapse before it will become the centre of a populous and elegant neighborhood. Long may the mellow chimes ring out from its lofty steeple, to call a zealous and increasing congregation to the ministrations of a thoroughly liberal and spiritual Christianity!

Mr. Gilman might, with justice, have congratulated himself, and the Committee with whom he acted, on the success of their endeavors to secure an harmonious effect in the interior of the house by the choice of materials and a subdued tone of color. The pews are made of chestnut, with black-walnut rails, and mouldings of the same wood on the doors. The pulpit is of oak, and both pulpit and pews are left without paint. The screen behind the pulpit consists

of three vertical panels; the middle panel filled with crimson drapery, on which is placed a cross of oak. Above the cross, the screen bears two inscriptions, — "One God, the Father": "One Lord, Jesus Christ," — in parallel lines. The ceiling is painted of a uniform color, at once rich and chaste. No meretricious ornament, or deceptive skill of the fresco-painter, appears in any part. The pews, — the wall-pews on the floor square in form, the body and gallery pews long, but unusually wide, and varying in capacity from such as will hold seven persons to those which will contain but two, — are lined with crimson damask, and are furnished with kneeling-stools. The galleries are reached by stairs rising from the floor of the house, while the organ-loft may be entered from either of two anterooms over the vestibule. The communion-table and baptismal font are of oak: in the former is inserted the mahogany leaf on which the communion-vessels were placed in the Federal-street meeting-house. The house is lighted for evening service by gas-burners, projecting from the walls, from the face of the galleries, and from standards near the pulpit; and is warmed by means of three large furnaces in the cellar.

The Lecture-room is furnished with settees and a large and well-toned piano; the Sunday-school room, with a small organ, and semicircular, movable seats for the classes, with chairs for the teachers, who, by this arrangement, are brought into equally close connection with all their pupils. The pulpit of the Lecture-room, and the desk of the Sunday-school room, were parts of the pulpit of the old meeting-house. In the Sunday-school room are placed the Parish Libraries, arranged on permanent shelves with doors; the Juvenile Library containing, at the present time, six hundred, and the Library for Adults more than twelve hundred, volumes. Books are delivered to members of the congregation every Sunday morning.

The minister's room, neatly furnished and communicating directly with the pulpit, is not the least of the conveniences included in the building.

The tablets which were affixed to the wall behind the pulpit in Federal Street are preserved in the Vestry, near the door of the Lecture-room; and, in the entry on the upper floor, a model of the Federal-street meeting-house, exhibiting the interior as well as the exterior, and admirably exact in its details, stands on a bracket, which those who were familiar with the old house will recognize as a part of the pulpit.

The Report of the Building Committee, presented at the close of their labors, shows what extreme care was taken to secure a thoroughly built as well as convenient edifice. A vote of thanks was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Proprietors, Dec. 30, 1861; viz.: —

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Proprietors be tendered to the Building Committee of our new meeting-house, — Horatio H. Hunnewell, George M. Barnard, and James L. Little, Esqs., — for their most successful efforts in erecting for us a place of worship at once beautiful, substantial, and commodious."

Extracts from this Report will be read with interest by those who may not have seen it in manuscript.

. . . The solidity of the foundations, especially those of the tower, was the subject of anxious and careful attention; and, without regard to cost, it was decided to employ every known means of obtaining perfect security in this particular. The ground was carefully bored at numerous and different points; and at greatly varying depths was found, underlying the whole, a dense stratum of marl and clay, affording a support for piles much more solid and unyielding than any hitherto obtained on the new lands. Piles — carefully selected trunks of trees of the largest available size — were then driven down by steam-power, until each one was so firmly embedded in the marl-stratum, that an additional blow of the hammer would have only crushed the fibre of the timber; and,

to insure their preservation from rot by constant immersion in water, each pile was then cut off far below the level regarded as the limit of prudence, — those under the body of the church more than a foot, and those under the tower more than two feet, lower than had before been considered necessary by the most cautious. Nine hundred and ninety-nine piles were thus driven down, and, under the tower, forced in together as compactly as they could be driven by the utmost power they were capable of sustaining. The interstices were then rammed in with concrete and cement, so as to form a solid bed of granite, — so solid, in fact, as, when uncovered in the spring, to resist the capacity of the pick-axe.

That no settling of the foundation should occur from the indentation of projecting points of the rough granite into the tops of the piles on which they rested, the under surface of each of the large granite blocks used for foundation-stones was hammered off, so as to insure a uniform and even pressure; each stone resting upon two piles, so that each should bear its proportionate weight. A solid pyramid of granite was then erected, converging to the base upon which the tower is erected. The large granite blocks composing this base are interposed and cemented together, so as to present the firmness and solidity of a single mass of granite, superior to a natural bowlder, inasmuch as it has been sounded and proved throughout its core. More than a thousand tons of granite are thus employed beneath any visible structure of the tower; and, by extending the base of this pyramid far beyond the contemplated space, it is believed that every possible pressure, perpendicular or lateral, of the enormous mass resting upon it, is defended to the utmost capacity of human art.

In driving piles for the foundations of the largest houses on the new lands, it is considered entirely satisfactory if the last rebound of the hammer, of seventeen hundred pounds' weight, on the head of the pile, is four inches. The Committee regarded the driving of the piles of such vital importance, that they employed a person for the sole purpose of inspecting it; and, by the record thus kept of the history of each pile, it appears that in no case in this work was the last rebound of the hammer more than two and a half inches, whilst the average is less than two. The cost of the foundations has thus been greatly increased; but the Committee feel that every dollar thus invested has been well spent, insuring as it does

the safety of all above. The weight of the tower resting upon this foundation is estimated to be more than three thousand tons; and so perfect is the security thus acquired, and so faithful the masonry throughout, that there is not yet a perceptible yielding anywhere to the value of a hair's-breadth. Each stone lies now as true to the laws of gravitation as it was when left by the mason's level and the plummet-line.

The selection of the stone for the exterior surface engaged the careful attention of the Committee, in view of the great exposure of the spire, with its liability to expansion and contraction from frost and rain and heat; and they decided upon the freestone from the quarries at Bellevue, in New Jersey, as superior to other in respect to solidity and strength. To guard against the contraction of the masonry inside the tower, and supporting the exterior freestone, rough blocks of granite were employed, so that there should be, between all the blocks, points of contact of stone, instead of, as usual, beds of cement, which, by shrinking, would have thrown out of line the freestone ashlar by the irregularity of compression.

To provide for the heavy chime of bells required after the plans were given out, it was found necessary to increase very largely the strength of the tower and the supports of the bell-deck; and as the change of shape in the tower, as it rose, involved new bearings of weight, it was found necessary to strengthen the different bases and supporting angles by the insertion of heavy iron braces and girders, to prevent both expansion and compression. The height of the spire, from the side-wall to the top of the vane, is a hundred and eighty-nine feet. To preserve a just proportion, it was found necessary to build one portion of the tower three feet higher than originally designed; and, to conform to a change of grade of the street, the whole foundation was required to be one foot higher all round. It was found, moreover, as the work progressed, that, in order to preserve the regularity of the semicircle of the interior ceiling, the outer walls were required to be carried two feet higher than the plan.

The roof presented a problem of no ordinary difficulty; and to combine the requisite lightness, and beauty of proportion, with the great strength required, resort was had to a system of iron bolts and girders and braces, extending laterally through the end-walls,

and bolting together the heavy transverse beams resting on the side-walls, and perpendicularly through the ends of the rafters bolted through the floor-timbers in the cellar. The columns in the interior, whilst chaste examples of pure Corinthian art, do not serve for ornament alone, but independently support the roof; so that, if the walls were removed, the ceiling would still remain in place.

. . . The absence of adjacent buildings of equal height, and its site, expose the church unusually to the violence of the winds, such as have prevailed with unparalleled force during the past winter, causing great damage and destruction to exposed masonry in the vicinity; and the perfect stability of the spire, under this severe trial of its strength, must dispel any apprehensions for the future. A chimney-top was blown down through the roof of the clergyman's room, causing trifling damage, readily repaired. It was found, however, that the central roof was too flat to allow the slating to resist the violent winds, and that leaks were consequently of frequent occurrence. The Committee therefore decided to cover that portion of the roof with copper; and it is thus supposed to be permanently protected without further care or expense. It was also found necessary to protect the north side of the church by double windows.

In conclusion, the Committee now present their final account of the cost of the buildings; amounting to $116,482.15. It has been a source of great regret to them, that they have been compelled so far to exceed the sum originally dedicated to the purpose; but they have proceeded throughout with the strictest regard to economy, as far as compatible with the true interest of the proprietors, in obtaining a solid, substantial edifice, calculated, so far as human experience and skill can procure, to endure for ages. They have not hesitated at any expense involving every obtainable solidity of foundation; and, discarding all meretricious ornamentation, they have carried out the purity of the designs, according to known and admitted models of the best European art. They are confident that the same thing could not have been obtained, in any particular, for less money. It is impossible to convey an adequate conception of the responsibilities, anxieties, and perplexities involved in the undertaking. Guided by a single view to the true interests of the proprietors, the Committee have decided themselves the inces-

sant questions submitted to their judgment, as difficulties or doubts arose in the progress of the work; and under the counsel of Mr. Gilman in artistic, and that of Mr. Harmon and Mr. Poland in mechanical matters, they have no reason, as yet, to doubt the correctness of their decisions. They have proceeded on the plan of accomplishing the work in the most thorough and faithful manner in the shortest possible time consistent with its perfect execution. No retrenchment could have been made in the expense, without impairing, in some degree, the strength of the edifice, or without marring, in some degree, the harmony and beauty of its proportions; and at this cost the Committee are persuaded that no one of the proprietors would be willing to lessen the sums so appropriated. . . . An inspection of their account, now presented, will show that it includes a very large amount of items not strictly falling within their duty, or added to it by the decisions of the Prudential Committee. Besides the stone coping, there are the screen behind the pulpit, fire-insurance, watchmen, the copper roof, the communion-table, font, and chairs, with the thorough furniture of the pews, — carpeted and cushioned throughout, — the carpeting of the vestry and clergyman's room, and many other items necessary to be procured, but which do not properly fall to the Building Committee. Deducting these sums from the amount expended, it will be found that the Committee have not very far exceeded the original estimates, and probably not more so than is almost inevitable in undertakings of this sort.

In their final Account, the Committee state, as the amount expended by them, for —

Foundation, masonry, stone-work, grading, plastering, and slating	$79,174.40
Carpenter-work	17,985.32
Painting and glazing	2,437.74
Pulpit, upholstery, carpets, and gas-fixtures	7,421.15
Furnaces and ventilators	1,364.62
Fence	1,774.81
Miscellaneous expenses, including services of architects and superintendent	6,324.11
Total	$116,482.15

Bringing this amount forward		$116,482.15
And adding the price of the Land, including the lot for a parsonage		27,368.85
Organ, viz.: —		
Old organ, valued by Messrs. Hook at	$2,000	
Private subscriptions	3,000	
		5,000.00
Chime of Bells (a gift)		6,150.00
Clock		416.00
Piano in Lecture room (a gift)		250.00
Organ in Sunday-school room (a gift)		180.00
Clock in Sunday-school room, pulpit Bible, and pulpit Table (gifts)		92.00
Furniture of Lecture room, Sunday-school room, and Minister's room (including $200 gifts)		815.00
Model of Federal-street Meeting-house		150.00
We have as the cost of property on the corner of Arlington and Boylston Streets		$156,904.00

THE CHIME OF BELLS.

The Chime, which with its grateful invitation calls us to worship God, was the gift of the late Hon. Jonathan Phillips, long a member of the Federal-street congregation, and for many years a deacon of the church; whose whole life was a struggle with physical hinderances to enjoyment and intellectual improvement, yet whose mind was a storehouse of earnest thought, strong in its independence and rich in its culture. Soon after the commencement of the building on Arlington Street, Mr. Phillips authorized the Committee of the society to draw on him for six thousand dollars, to be expended in the purchase of a chime of bells from the foundery of Messrs. Hooper, Blake, and Co. He did not live to hear their pleasant sound, having died the day before the first of the bells was cast; but by his generous benefaction he has connected his name with the

enjoyment and spiritual refreshment of many in future generations. Mr. Phillips was born in Boston, and resided here through his whole life. He died July 29, 1860, aged eighty-two years.

The bells are hung, — the eight larger ones in such a manner as to be fitted for round-ringing, as well as chiming; the remaining eight, for chiming only. These are rung, or played, by means of handles connected with the tongues by flexible strips of wood and wires. All the bells (except two) bear the inscription: —

This Chime of fifteen Bells was a Gift from the Hon. Jonathan Phillips to the Religious Society of which he had long been a Member, on the Erection of a new Meeting-House, A.D. 1860.

Opposite to this, on each bell, is a passage taken from Scripture; the first seven of these inscriptions being meant to express sentiments of adoration and thanksgiving; and the next eight, to indicate the great truths of the Christian revelation as realized in the progressive experience of the believer. On the smallest of the bells, added after the others had been cast, is a text embracing the spirit of the whole. The inscriptions are as follows: —

No. 1. D.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

No. 2. E.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Oh! come, let us worship, and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

No. 3. F♯.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty.

No. 4. G.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power. Make a joyful noise unto God.

No. 5. G♯.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Oh! bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

No. 6. A.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

No. 7. A♯.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

No. 8. B.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God; and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

No. 9. C.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

No. 10. C♯.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE.

No. 11. D.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

AWAKE TO RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND SIN NOT.

No. 12. D♯.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED, THROUGH FAITH.

No. 13. E.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

GROW IN GRACE, AND IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

No. 14. F♯.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.

No. 15. G.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

THANKS BE TO GOD, WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

On the opposite side of this bell: —

HON. JONATHAN PHILLIPS DIED JULY 29, 1860, AGED 82 YEARS.

No. 16. A.

PHILLIPS CHIME.

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE THAT KNOW THE JOYFUL SOUND.

On the opposite side of this bell: —

ADDED APRIL, 1862.

The diameter and weight of the several bells are as follows:—

No.	Diameter.	Weight.
1	55 inches	3,158½ lbs.
2	48⅜ „	2,196 „
3	44⅛ „	1,694 „
4	40¾ „	1,367 „
5	38½ „	1,144 „
6	36½ „	972 „
7	34⅜ „	795 „
8	33 „	725 „
9	31 „	619 „
10	29 „	493½ „
11	27⅝ „	444½ „
12	26 „	373½ „
13	25¼ „	383½ „
14	22¼ „	235 „
15	21 „	207½ „
16	19½ „	155 „
	Total weight	14,963 lbs.

THE ORGAN.

A brief description of this instrument was given in one of our public journals, soon after its erection in the church; the greater part of which we are glad to copy:—

. . . This organ will be found to be far superior, in point of power and fulness, to any one of similar size yet built in this country. It possesses a quality seldom found in our largest organs, namely, that each manual is complete and positive in its character; while we may further remark, that the solo-stops are fully up to the high reputation of the builders in this important department of organ-building.

The organ has three manuals, of a compass of fifty-six notes each, from C 8 feet to G in alt; and a pedal of twenty-seven notes' compass, from C 16 feet to D; comprising eighteen hundred and seventy-two pipes. There are forty-four registers, disposed in the following manner: eleven in the great-organ, nine in the

choir-organ, twelve in the swell, four in the pedal, and eight mechanical, or couplers, so called. We subjoin a list of the names of these stops, with their arrangement: —

1. *Great-organ.* — Double Diapason, Open Diapason, Clarabella and St^{d} Diapason, German Gamba, Flute Harmonique (blank), Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Mixture, Trumpet, Clarion (blank).

2. *Choir-organ.* — Æolina, Dulciana, Keraulophon, St^{d} Diapason, Melodia, Octave Viol d'Amour, Flute à Cheminée, Picolo, Clarionet.

3. *Swell-organ.* — Bourdon Bass, Bourdon Treble, Open Diapason, Salicional, St^{d} Diapason, Principal, Flute Harmonique, Mixture, Teneroon Trumpet, Trumpet, Oboe, Clarion (blank).

4. *Pedal-organ.* — Double Open Diapason, Double Dulciana, St^{d} Quint, Violoncello.

5. *Couplers, &c.* — Great to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Swell to Great, Swell to Choir, Tremulant Swell, Bellows Signal, Pedal Check.

It is particularly gratifying, in this instance, to be able to call attention to that most important feature in organ-building, — the excellence of the mechanical arrangements which constitute the perfect *action* of the instrument. This is, however, nothing more than was to have been expected of the builders, if we were to take only the experience of the society, as connected with their former organ, from the same thorough and experienced establishment. The organ placed by them in the late Federal-street church stood for eighteen years, without one dollar of extra expense laid out upon it; and was kept in complete tune, throughout the whole period of its use there, for less than one-half the amount usually paid for tuning organs of its class from year to year. It was found in excellent order on taking it down; and has been sold to, and set up in, the new Catholic church in Charlestown, where it again discourses most excellent music.

The specification for the new instrument was drawn up by Mr. Willcox, in connection with B. F. White, Esq., Treasurer of the society, who, for nearly twenty years, has had the chief charge of their musical arrangements. Owing to the unusual loftiness of the vaulted ceiling of the interior of the church, the full capacity of this noble instrument will be brought out under circumstances the most favorable to its fine effect; and we shall not be surprised, if, after a full hearing of its qualities, it should be generally assigned to the highest place among the many excellent church-organs at present existing in the city.

Order of Services

AT THE

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE,

MAY 28, 1860.

I. — REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE.

II. — READING OF SCRIPTURES.

III. — PRAYER BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

IV. — HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

WHEN Israel's fane first rose to view,
The ark its walls enclosed,
On tables of the Law alone
The trusting soul reposed.

O heavenly Love, the strength of Law!
Thy covenant ark we bring;
Here build our house of pilgrimage,
Thy endless praise to sing.

The Saviour in this hallowed hour
Renews his promise dear,
The Guide, the Comforter to send,
Our waiting souls to cheer.

His Gospel is our corner-stone,
Its promises our stay;
The stone the builders set at nought
We hail with joy to-day.

Father Divine! our grateful hearts,
In faith and hope and love,
Upon this corner-stone we lay,
Thence to be borne above.

V. — STATEMENT BY THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

VI. — LAYING OF CORNER-STONE.

VII. — ADDRESS BY THE MINISTER OF THE SOCIETY.

VIII. — DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

IX. — BENEDICTION.

In a cavity beneath the corner-stone, at the south-east corner of the building, was placed a metallic box ($9\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, $5\frac{3}{4}$ wide, and 4 deep), the contents of which are described in a paper also placed within the box.

CONTENTS OF THIS BOX.

Silver plate found under the corner-stone of the Meeting-house erected in 1809.
Silver plate, with inscription, prepared 1860.
MS. description of the Meeting-house to be erected on this spot.
Boston Almanac for 1860, containing description of said Meeting-house.
Boston Almanac for 1859, containing "Sketch of the Back Bay Improvement."
Boston Almanacs for 1843 & 1854, containing representations and historical notices of Boston churches.
A Memorial of the Federal-Street Meeting-house; being the Discourse and Addresses delivered March 13, 1859.
Address and Discourse after the death of Rev Dr. Channing.
Annual Report of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, 1860.
Report of Federal Street Branch of Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, 1859.
Report of American Unitarian Association, 1859.
Circular of Sunday School Society.
Report of Children's Mission, 1859.
Report of Warren Street Chapel, 1860.
Cards of Boston Anniversaries, 1860.
Order of Services at Laying of Corner-stone, May 28, 1860.

The inscription on the new plate is as follows: —

THIS edifice was erected by the "Proprietors of the Meeting-house in Federal Street in the town of BOSTON," a religious society of the Congregational order, professing faith in "one GOD, the FATHER," and "one Lord, JESUS CHRIST." It is built to replace the last of three houses of worship, successively occupied at the corner of Long Lane, now Federal Street, and Berry Street, now Channing Street, from which the society were driven by changes in that neighborhood, occasioned by the commercial growth of the city. The first of these structures was opened for public service in 1729; the second was built in 1744; the third was dedicated Nov. 2, 1809: and the corner-stone of the present edifice is laid on this 28th day of May, 1860.

The ministers of the congregation have been

Rev. JOHN MOORHEAD, 1730–1773. Rev. ROBERT ANNAN, 1783–1786.
Rev. JEREMY BELKNAP, 1787–1798. Rev. JOHN SNELLING POPKIN, 1799–1802.
Rev. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, 1803–1842.
Rev. EZRA S. GANNETT, ordained June 30, 1824.

May God prosper our work unto its completion. To Him be the glory.

The pews were appraised by a Committee, "at valuations ranging from $125 to $850, — the lower price being for the least desirable pew in the gallery, and the higher price for each of the six best long pews in the middle aisle: the average of the whole hundred and fifty-six pews being $436; and the aggregate, after deducting pew No. 29, reserved for the pastor, and two pews in the gallery, being $67,260." This appraisal was accepted by the Proprietors, December 30, 1861: and the pews were offered for sale at public auction, on Monday evening, January 13, 1862, when seventy-four pews on the floor of the house, and thirteen in the galleries, were sold; the premium for right of choice amounting to $9,545.

It had been a very dear hope, that, when it should become necessary to adopt a new designation for our church, we might connect with it the name of him to whom so many among us owed their best and deepest religious impressions, and who had given to the Federal-street meeting-house a celebrity that reached beyond the boundaries of our own land. We were precluded from affixing his name to the street by the action of the Commissioners in adopting a schedule of names for the streets on the Back-Bay territory, founded on certain principles of arrangement which they were unwilling to relinquish. It was thought that a few of the contiguous lots on Arlington and Boylston Streets, or possibly the ground held by the society alone, might be called Channing Place; lending to the name of the church local as well as personal associations. A Committee of the Proprietors, to whom these suggestions were referred, however, found such difficulties in the way, that they were led to report adversely, and recommended an application to the Legislature for leave to change the corporate name from "The Proprietors of the Meeting-house in Federal Street, in the town of Boston,"

to "The Proprietors of the Arlington-street Church." The report was accepted; and, on application, an Act to this effect was passed February 6, 1862.

The closing services in the Federal-street meeting-house were held on Sunday, March 13, 1859. On the next two Sundays, the society met in the lecture-room of the Lowell Institute, on Washington Street. The Freeman-place chapel was then hired for two years, and subsequently for three months beyond that time: and there public worship was attended, and the Sunday school held, till the new church was ready for use; with the exception of each summer and the last autumn, when we were indebted to the hospitality of the First Church for the privilege of worshipping with them. They had extended the same kindness to us in the summer of 1858, when the access to Federal Street was made disagreeable by the change going on in Franklin Street. We cannot speak in too warm terms of the pleasant relations we were permitted to hold with the members of the First Church and with their minister. Not only during the heats of summer, when, from its confined situation, the Freeman-place chapel would have been very uncomfortable, but through the autumn, while we were waiting for the completion of our own house, we were cordially welcomed by them; the services being shared by the two ministers. The Federal-street Society at different times expressed their gratitude to "the Pastor, the Standing Committee, and the several members of the First Church," for their kindness in offering the use of their house, and "the courtesy they showed in enabling us to avail ourselves of such invitation." These votes we are happy to insert here, in proof of the permanent feeling of those who were placed under so large an obligation.

"*Resolved*, that in acknowledging the hospitality which has been shown us, we are glad to use the opportunity of expressing

our hope that the relations of Christian sympathy and service which have been strengthened by such hospitality may continue and be constantly growing more intimate between the First Church and the Federal Street society."

"*Resolved*, that in the repeated instances of congregational sympathy extended to us by the First Church, we recognize a claim on our grateful remembrance, which we trust that neither we nor our successors shall be ready to forget.

"*Resolved*, that we sincerely invoke upon the First Church, in its present and future internal relations, the prosperity which God gives to the faithful followers of his Son."

On the evening after the Dedication, Thursday, December 11, an informal and fraternal meeting of the members of the First Church and of the Federal-street Society was held in the new edifice; at which, after an hour or two spent in conversation, with music, addresses were made by Hon. James Savage and the two pastors.

THE LAW-SUIT.

The history of the Federal Street congregation begins in the year 1727, when a body of emigrants from Ireland arrived in Boston; or, more properly, in the year 1729, when one John Little, acting as the agent of "certain persons associated together in the town of Boston, to erect a place of public worship for their own use," said Little being one of these persons as well as their agent, bought of one Henry Deering a certain piece of land, situate on Long Lane and Bury Street, so called, for this purpose. A controversy, however, arose between the congregation and said Little, which was "referred to the arbitration of three persons who, on the 9th day of April, 1735," made their award, viz. that on the payment of a certain sum of money, "the said Little should convey unto the said congregation, or association, the land which, as their agent,

he had previously bought of the said Deering, to hold the same to the said congregation, according to the tenures, and after the same manner as the Church of Scotland hold and enjoy the lands whereon their meeting-houses are erected;" which award took effect by an indenture, executed by Little, June 9, 1735, conveying said premises to George Glen, and others, "for themselves and as a committee chosen and appointed by the rest of the congregation for managing the prudential affairs thereof." From that time for more than a hundred years the congregation held uninterrupted and unmolested possession of the land and meeting-house, having been "made into a corporation" — "entitled to all the privileges they have hitherto enjoyed," (is the language of the Act), "and subject to all the duties they have heretofore been subject to," — by an Act of the Legislature passed June 15, 1805.

On the 22d of September, 1849, a letter was addressed to the Prudential Committee by John C. Adams, Esq., making a formal demand of the premises, in behalf of the "First Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church and Society of Boston;" which demand being disregarded, a suit was brought before the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sitting as a Court of Equity. In 1850 the Attorney General of the Commonwealth filed his Information, "by and at the relation of

"The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod of New York:

The First Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church and Society of Boston:

The Reverend Alexander Blaikie, Pastor of the said Church and Society:

Edward M. Stuart, John Taylor, William Elder, and Samuel Gwynn, Ruling Elders of the said Church and Society, and the Prudential Committee for managing the temporal affairs of the said Society, — for and in behalf of themselves, and the rest of the members of said Church and Society:

And John W. Emery, — all of said Boston:" —

complaining of the use of the premises by the society then holding possession. The ground of this complaint was an allegation, that the deed made by Little, and accepted by the Committee,

"created a trust or charitable estate, of a very high character, to wit, for the support, encouragement, advancement, and perpetuity of the Christian religion, according to a certain and particular form of worship, government, and discipline, and according to a certain and particular faith and belief, . . . known as the Scotch Presbyterian worship, government, discipline and belief;" but that, "in the year 1786, a majority of the congregation belonging to the church in Long Lane, contrary to the intention of the said John Little, as expressed in his deed aforesaid, and contrary to right, resolved themselves into a society different from a Presbyterian society, and different from a society belonging to the Church of Scotland, and have ever since continued other than a Presbyterian society;" — the "Rev. Jeremy Belknap, an Orthodox Congregational minister," having been installed over the church and society as minister and pastor about the year 1787, "he and they" afterwards "totally subverting and destroying the ancient order of things;" — and "the said congregation having, about the year 1815, again changed its form of faith and discipline, and become a Unitarian society," by which change "the said trust, so created by the said John Little and others, became, and was wholly perverted and abused, and misapplied."

The Defendants, in their Answer, signed by Messrs. Thomas Lamb, Stephen Fairbanks, Benjamin F. White, Robert B. Storer, Joseph N. Howe, James M'Gregor, and John H. Rogers, as members of the Prudential Committee,

"deny that the said John Little did establish, or intended to establish, or had any right to establish, any trust for the perpetual, unchangeable use and benefit of either a Presbyterian or Trinitarian society, or of a Congregational and Unitarian society, but that the use created by his said deed was a trust for the use and behoof of such persons as then were, or might thereafter be,

pew-holders in said meeting-house, whether they were Presbyterians, Congregationalists, or Unitarians, such pew-holders being, in point of fact, at the time of such conveyance, attached to the Presbyterian mode of church government and discipline, such conveyance expressing their then preference for that form of worship and discipline; and they further deny that the said John Little, or any other person, did make any charitable gift, or that any public charity whatever was created or provided for; and they submit that, even if any particular use was unchangeably impressed upon the said property, which they expressly deny, yet such use was in favor of, and beneficially to be enjoyed by, the owners of pews in the meeting-house, and was in the nature of a trust for those certain and particular persons, and so was not and could not be a public charity."

They further answer, "that they are informed and believe, that the proprietors of the meeting-house in Long Lane, in August, in the year 1786, did by a unanimous vote of all persons legally or equitably interested in the said land and meetinghouse, embrace the Congregational mode of government," and "that they had a right to change at any time their faith or mode of church government;" and they "admit that the said meetinghouse and lands have continued, from the date of the installation of Rev. Jeremy Belknap until the present time to be used and occupied by a Congregational society, and that, after the date of the said installation, the opinions of the pew-holders and society underwent a gradual change, and they became a Unitarian society," "but they deny that such change of faith was a perversion and abuse of the trust asserted to have been created by the said John Little, and they deny that any trust was created by the said Little."

After delay, occasioned in part by interrogatories addressed to witnesses in Scotland in behalf of the Complainants, a hearing was had before Judge Bigelow, who reported the case for the consideration of the whole Court; and, at the November term, 1854, the case was argued before Hon. Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice, and Associate Justices Dewey, Metcalf and Bigelow, by Rufus Choate and Richard H. Dana, Esqs., for the relators, and Sidney

Bartlett and George S. Hillard, Esqs., for the respondents. The opinion of the Court was given at the March term 1855, by Chief Justice Shaw, who, with characteristic ability, after defining the parochial and ecclesiastical relations established by law in the Province of Massachusetts, reviewed the case as it had been presented in the Information, the Answer, and the arguments of the counsel; examining the points which had been raised, and upon these several points sustaining the positions taken by the Defendants. This learned and elaborate opinion, valuable for the clear light in which it places the ecclesiastical law of Massachusetts, as well as for its decision on the legal principles involved in the controversy, fills thirty three pages in the third volume of Gray's Reports, and concludes in these words: —

"The conclusions, then, to which the Court have come are these: That by the transactions of 1730 and 1735 between Little, Glen, and their associates, and the deed from Little to Glen and others, they did not intend to form, and did not, in fact, form or found, any public charity, or any charitable foundation whatever; — that it was their intention to establish, and they did establish, a parish and religious society for themselves and their families, their associates, successors, and assigns, and had full right and lawful authority, under the laws of Massachusetts, to adopt such Christian doctrines, form of worship, and church discipline, as were consistent with the dictates of their own consciences, and sense of duty and propriety, and to alter and change the same from time to time; — that the whole property and interest in the land, church edifice, and buildings, remained in the trustees and associates, who, by their united and continued will and action, might control and dispose of them; — that they manifested a desire to organize themselves into a religious society, in conformity, as nearly as practicable, with the doctrines, discipline, and practice of the Church of Scotland, or Presbyterian Church; that if this manifested a preference of that form of worship, and a mutual agreement amongst themselves, in the nature of a trust to and for each other, still it was one which, by mutual consent, and especially

by unanimous consent, they could alter and change for their own benefit; that, by the unanimous vote of the proprietors in 1786, they did alter and change it by the consent of all parties interested in the preservation of that trust, by which it was terminated and discharged; — that if the deed from Little to Glen and others vested the legal estate in them, as trustees in fee, such estate descended to their heirs, and is now outstanding in such heirs, and were it now a question of legal title between such heirs and the respondent society, the facts that the respondents were in possession in 1805 claiming title, that the act then passed declared them seized in fee of the estate as a corporation, their acceptance of the act, and holding under the same peaceably and adversely more than forty years, would be a disseizin of the trustees, and bar of their legal title; and as the respondent society claimed to hold adversely, as well to the *cestuis que trust* as to the trustees, such possession for such length of time is a bar alike to all legal and equitable claims to the estate in controversy.

"*Decree accordingly.*"

The parties who laid claim to the property, the possession of which was confirmed to the Federal Street congregation by this decree, carried up the case on a Writ of Error to the Supreme Court of the United States; seeking to reverse the judgment of the Court in Massachusetts "on the single ground, that there was drawn in question, in the suit in which it was rendered, the validity of a statute of the State of Massachusetts [to wit, the Act of June 15, 1805, 'declaring and confirming the Incorporation of the Proprietors of the meetinghouse in Federal Street, in the town of Boston']; as being repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, and that the decision in said suit was in favor of the validity of said statute." To which averment the Defendants, by their counsel, made reply

"1. That it does not appear by the record, or by necessary intendment therefrom, that the validity of said statute was drawn in controversy in any manner, or upon any grounds whatever.

"2. That, if the above proposition of fact were not well founded, and the validity of said statute was drawn in question on the grounds aforesaid, and the objection was overruled, yet it is clear from the record that the judgment sought to be reversed may be well supported upon various grounds within the exclusive cognizance of the State Court in which it was rendered; and so, upon settled principles, said judgment will not be reversed by this Court."

The case was placed upon the docket of the Court in the December term, 1860, but could not be reached before adjournment. At the December term 1861, the Court signified a wish that the arguments of counsel should be presented in writing; which were accordingly prepared by Caleb Cushing, Esq., for the Claimants, and by Sidney Bartlett, Esq., for the Defendants. The Court delivered its opinion on the 13th of January, 1862; which, as being final in a closely contested case — concerning the result of which, however, the owners of the property never felt any apprehension — we copy in full.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 47. — December Term, 1861.

The Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, ex. rel., the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod of New York, et al., Plaintiffs in Error,
vs.
The Proprietors of the Meeting-house in Federal street, in the town of Boston.
} In Error to the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts, at Boston.

Mr. Justice GRIER delivered the opinion of the Court.

The writ of error in this case suggests, as a foundation for the jurisdiction of this court, "that there was drawn in question the validity of a statute of said Commonwealth, to wit, an act of the legislature passed the 15th day of June, 1805, entitled 'an act declaring and confirming the incorporation of the proprietors of the meeting-house in Federal street, in the town of

Boston,' being repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, and the decision of the court was in favor of the validity of said statute."

Is this suggestion of the writ supported by the record, either by direct averment, or by any necessary intendment?

We think it is not.

1. The decree of the court is, simply, that the bill be dismissed without any reasons alleged for such dismissal.

2. The bill itself raises no such issue; it refers to the act in question, only as conferring the privilege of a corporation on the defendants. It does not aver that the defendants pretend to have title to the property in question by virtue thereof, and challenge its validity.

The answer alleges that respondents were incorporated by the act of 1805, and that, "under it, they are the true and sole owners of the premises, and that said act was passed on the application and petition of parties, who, prior thereto, were owners of pews, or tenants in common of the land and the house thereon." It is not alleged that the act "*proprio vigore*" divested the plaintiffs' title and vested it in the corporation, but that the title was vested in the corporation at the request of the owners.

The only questions, therefore, which could arise on these pleadings were, whether the persons who obtained the act of incorporation were the owners, and whether, after an adverse possession of forty years, a court of equity would interfere to disturb the possession of respondents.

The answer takes issue on the charge of the bill, that Little and his associates had contributed land and money to support a public *charity;* it averred that, on a proper construction of the original deed of the premises, the meeting-house was not dedicated to a charitable use, but was erected for their common use, and held by them in proportion to the sums severally contributed; and, consequently, if the representatives of these tenants in common had their rights transferred to the corporation, it was only a transfer of their rights by their consent, and for their own convenience — an enabling act, with which the complainants had no concern. The issue, then, was not on the validity of the act, but on the construction of the original deed or agreement of the parties who

built the meeting-house. The validity of the act of assembly of Massachusetts was not, therefore, drawn in question directly by any averment of the pleadings by the decree, or by any necessary intendment from other averments in the pleadings, or evidence on the record.

The opinion of the State court to be found in 3d Gray, 1, confirms this conclusion.

The case is, therefore, dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

Life the Test of Learning.

A

DISCOURSE

BEFORE THE

GRADUATING CLASS OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

Delivered June 15, 1856.

BY

FREDERIC D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.,
PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY, AND PLUMMER PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.

PRINTED BY REQUEST OF THE CLASS.

CAMBRIDGE:
JOHN BARTLETT,
BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY.
1856.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

DISCOURSE.

WHO IS A WISE MAN AND ENDUED WITH KNOWLEDGE AMONG YOU? LET HIM SHOW OUT OF A GOOD CONVERSATION HIS WORKS WITH MEEKNESS OF WISDOM. — James iii. 13.

If we remember that the term that is here rendered "conversation" bears a larger signification than we commonly attach to that English word, — meaning the whole action of life, the development of character, the way a man works, turns, or behaves himself in the world, — *ἀναστροφή*, — and if we remember that on that term falls the main emphasis of the sentence, we shall get from the whole passage a general declaration of remarkable point, and quite appropriate to the special bearing of this service.

The scope of the writer's thought, paraphrasing the statement a little, will be something like this: — You speak of knowledge. You value intellectual attainments. You honor wise or learned men. But why do you value those attainments? Who are your wise men? Let Christian truth tell you. The use of knowledge is to guide and elevate conduct. Wise men, or well-educated men, are those that make what they know illuminate and enrich what they do. The

proper termination of study is a strong, simple, consistent character. The best attainments always produce a certain humility, or reverence, — a sense of dependence on the great Source of Light, God, — what is called "the meekness of wisdom." This feeling is an inspiration to religious actions. The more learning a true man gets, the more widely, the more accurately, the more profoundly, he will see and think; and so, by consequence, the more he will *see* what earnest labors there are to be done; the more he will *think* of the claims of God and man upon him to turn all his resources and energies into the channel of a beneficent activity. His attainments will be worth having, just in proportion as they are assimilated with the vital forces of his manhood; and, by entering into the currents of spiritual purpose and affection, they will inspire and nourish his soul. If you would find out who among you is endued with knowledge, and who is not, you can apply this proof. Inquire who puts his knowledge into a "good conversation," — a noble or beautiful manner of living, — *καλὴ ἀναστροφή*. In a word, Character is the final cause of study. Life is the test of learning.

I cannot help asking you to notice, in passing, how exactly this idea fits in with the peculiar characteristic of James, the Apostle that wrote this letter to the churches. There is always a moral interest in a coincidence between a man and his speech. It makes the man more valid, and the speech more credible, besides confirming and comforting our faith in human sincerity generally. The New Testament is full of these marks of genuineness. And they are nowhere seen in a more striking and unconscious appearance

than in James. Pre-eminently, he was the Apostle of practical service. The first question about everything with him was, What will it render of living, human goodness? Or, in our common phrase, How will it work? Let it be opinion, or faith, or preaching, or charity. What are its fruits? What does it come to? So, here, of knowledge. Conduct is the criterion of knowledge. Unless it yields a goodly harvest here, much study is only a weariness to the flesh, and a vanity of the mind.

A moment has come when you, my friends, whom it is my privilege to address especially to-day, can hardly help putting to yourselves the question, whether your education, thus far, is worth what you have given for it. The providence of God, who interests himself so paternally and solemnly in every new step we take, and who puts a voice of his own into every event, though it seems the most regular, or natural, or incidental, is urging that question home upon you. The interruption of a routine that has lasted several years, casts us back upon individual choice and absolute principle. It is divinely intended to. And so the closing up of one long and important term of intellectual training, so costly of time and means and faculty and strength, presses in the Christian inquiry, whether what has been gained is equal to such pains expended.

An unprofitable and possibly a dismal question, if the answer were not still in your own power! But it is. The great test of Life is yet to be applied. And the time is coming. Whether what you have gathered here is to lie a crude and unproductive mass, in sluggish brains; or whether it is to be per-

verted to the baleful purposes of a selfish and headstrong will, — all the elaborate apparatus of education turned into an engine of more effectual mischief; or whether it shall be given to the noblest objects of human hope, and thus consecrated to Christ; — this is the threefold choice that awaits your determination, not to be evaded by any ingenuity, not to be forfeited by any neglect. It is certainly a fit time, then, to meditate the true and righteous uses of a Christian scholarship. Three easy and tempting mistakes seem to me to lie directly before you, — I might say before us all, — exposing all our past industry to failure.

I. The first danger is indifference. False objects in life are positive destroyers; but the absence of any clear object is a waster almost equally consuming, and with one order of minds even more seductive. It would seem as if the natural effect of a comprehensive system of discipline must be to rouse the will and direct its aim. Why translate the tongues of so many tribes of men, if not to collect from them some completer interpretation of the riddle of our destiny? Why explore the mysterious geography of the mind itself, and interrogate the wondrous faculty by which all knowledge comes, if not to gain new data towards the solution of the oldest and deepest problem, — Why was I born? Why do I breathe? Whither do I tend? How is it possible to trace the moving processions of the ages, through paths seeming so trivial while they were trod, but so solemn in the echoes of their desertion, and not be sent back to watch with a wiser eye which way our own steps lead? The whole contemplation of history is an incitement to live purposely and earnestly. It is the very dig-

nity of science, that it reads off to us, not only the thoughts, but the plan of God, — a plan whose unity and method demand some reflection and some copy, even in natures so fantastic and wayward as ours. Every lesson from creation proposes a task to be done. Every disclosure of the Creator presents an end to be achieved.

Yet I need hardly remind you how often we miss this practical and personal issue of the most intelligent study, — ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of that simple truth! The lives of scholars, so peculiarly solicited and stimulated to the straitest determination, are given over, as often perhaps as others, sometimes it appears oftener than any others, — and certainly with a more palpable and melancholy abortiveness,—to aimless, nerveless, desultory chance. How the treasures rust in our hands! The smooth stones out of the brook drop unused from our grasp. The sling hangs loose at our side. Giant Error walks defiant and unchallenged at the head of his Philistine troops. The years run on, and no resolute helm guides the rocking keel toward a land of distinct and sacred promise. We are idly busy with living, careless of life. Two causes encourage this apathy.

One is, that the structure and habits of our industrial commonwealth expose the recent graduate from college to a period of uncertainty in his employment. It cannot be denied, I think, that at present there is some want of happy adjustment between the academic career and the public stations it precedes. The places of the higher and more intellectual labor are not organized in proportion to the mechanical

and trafficking vocations. The developments of modern civilization have much widened the range of selection, and almost bewilder the judgment. Two or three clean-cut professions, technically learned, do not, as formerly, distribute and absorb the whole educated force. The same professions, meantime, for better or for worse, cease to be technically, if not in any other sense, *learned*, and are occupied by candidates who have rushed up to their gates by a shorter road. The fact, however it comes about, seems to stand, that an increasing number of college-bred men wait, with an awkward pause, after their graduation, undecided yet of what their "commencement" shall be the beginning. Unless some positive predilection or early bias has happened to settle their choice for them, an interval of doubt disturbs and enfeebles the steady drift and tenacity of their resolves. It is a crisis of trial and peril. Some men are hurried by it into a choice that is foolish, and profanes the after-existence. Others are diluted by it into a spongy softness, and fall off into habits of literary generality, or sentimental imbecility. What is wanted is a Christian efficiency of purpose, — a Christian decision not to let haste spoil the material, — a Christian decision not to be content with vacillation. Delay too long, and there creeps upon the soul a fatally satisfied unconcern. The descent is easier, because the goads and exactions of a systematic discipline have just been taken off; the indolent free-will often finds the charming liberty to do what it pleases a wretched liberty to do nothing. Be guarded against this dull catastrophe. Let not the bright beginning slouch into a stupid sequel. What thy

hand or thy brain findeth to do, do it with thy might. For he only is the wise man, and endued with knowledge among you, who keeps his life lively, and shows fruits of his study in a goodly conversation.

Another cause of indifference to any lofty and religious uses of education is a subservience to the routine of professional tasks. When the profession has been chosen and entered, it may still put on a yoke. Recurring drudgeries deaden enthusiasm. The first ardor fades off. Monotony sings its drowsy tune. Commonplace efforts will do for commonplace business; why stretch the powers beyond their wonted mood? Mediocrity is safe and practicable; why spur the aspirations by a swifter measure? Because, answers Christianity, they are the glory of your being. Because unbounded powers are insulted by arbitrary limits. Because the conquest of the possible into the actual is the keenest fascination of true courage. Because God never made us, and his institutions never nurtured us, to be sluggish grinders in the mill of repetition, but fellow-wrestlers with the heroes and apostles, — striving for the great mastery, pressing toward the mark. And there is but one victory, but one mark. However sloth may sleep, or cowardice despair, or infidelity deny, there is nothing less than a practical and progressive ripening of the whole man for the glory of God, that can fill out the passion of the really "wise man endued with knowledge among you." The first sentence of Milton's tract on the reforming of education is an exposition of my text: "I am long since persuaded that, to do or say aught worth memory or imitation, no purpose

should sooner move us than simply the love of God and of mankind. . . . . The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by learning to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to be like him, — as we may the nearest be by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection." And how well he insists on this definite and living purpose of the scholar, when he speaks of "that methodical course wherein our gentle and noble youth must proceed, by the steady pace of learning onward, till they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion"!

II. But beyond indifference whether learning has any grand object, — and sometimes, indeed, this side of it, — lies the hinderance of a poor self-seeking. Undoubtedly it is one of the most appalling proofs of the vigor of the selfish passions, that they survive as they do through all the liberalizing influence of a catholic culture, and resist the generous impressions of science, and even triumph over the charities of good-fellowship, in the base hunger for luxury or comfort. The Apostle does not say it is in a lucrative conversation, or a famous conversation, or a comfortable conversation, that the works of the real wisdom are shown forth, but in a "*good* conversation." Nor is it in the pride, the distinction, the notoriety, or the emoluments of wisdom, — the office, the salary, the applause, the furniture, — but in "the meekness of wisdom." It is Wisdom for her own pure and precious sake, — or rather for His

sake who possessed her of old, in the beginning, when he laid the foundations of the earth, — that he loves and pursues. If scholarship holds itself affronted by being degraded into the low wrangle of appetites, for precedence or gold, religion calls it sacrilege. The right question, when you are laying your plans for the future, is not, Which will yield me the best living? but, Which will yield me the best life? It cannot be that you have been out in the fields of learning seeking jewels, to bring them in and lay them down as purchase-money for equipage or compliments. The legitimate children of Mammon, schooled, not, as you have been, in the ample and serene atmosphere of unselfish thought, but in the closer chambers of mercenary calculation, — trained, not, as you have been, in the royal company of great persons from antiquity downward, but in the scramble and devices of gain, — will beat you in that rivalry; and they ought to. How your educated strength shall be devoted, should be settled by another reference than the stock-list or the tax-bill. All honest callings are honorable. If you carry your acquirements into commerce, you may enter into a worthy and magnanimous competition. There is scope there for your largest faculty, and there is need there of the broadest philosophy. But you cannot decently go to turn your talents *into* merchandise, to forget the communion with high examples, to square your notions of civil affairs by the self-interest of the market, to sell the nobility of art and letters for some rich bargain, to barter conscience for tariff or dividends, — to let your independent duty as citizens and as patriots be appointed

for you by the narrow gossip of the exchange or the contracts of brokers' boards. Bear into whatever mercantile engagements or profitable alliances you encounter, a spirit that is genial with the sympathies of all the peoples you have conversed with, — self-denying with old sacrifices, fragrant with the mountain air of meditation, sacred with the veneration of holy traditions. Breathe the spirit of your studies into the haunts of Trade. Touch the rough customs of shops with the grace of a genuine refinement. And do all that modesty will allow to raise the strifes of property into a statelier degree, by asserting everywhere the supremacy of thinking man over his possessions, and of simple justice over all the policies and expediencies of the hour. Maintain everywhere the absolute dignity of Truth, who has chosen you once as her disciples and heralds, — and never forget, however affluence bids for your souls, that you were here set apart and dedicated as priests in the unsordid Temple of Learning.

Consider, too, that there is a greediness of praise just as radically selfish, if not quite so carnal, as the lust for money. And precisely because it wears a more intellectual look, it is a sin that offers a more acceptable bait to cultivated men. But there is nothing in it of "the meekness of wisdom." The selfishness of vanity is at its root, and the selfishness of ostentation is in its branches, — and green jealousies are canker-worms on all its leaves. He is not half-educated, not the wise man, nor endued with knowledge among you, who suborns the common largesses of the past into a stepping-stone to personal renown, and prizes the light that is sent to

warm the whole race into a brotherhood, only for the distinctions it reveals between himself and his kind. Not that is the genuine scholar's temper, nor the goodly conversation.

III. Thirdly, it is no business of the liberal and Christian scholar to become the hired servant of party prejudice or sectarian interests. Science is given and got for no such contemptible uses. Students are congregated in a still and separate spot, on neutral ground, remote as may be from all political and ecclesiastical chicanery, on purpose that they may grow and expand, aloof from the warping forces of controversy. But, in a social state like ours, it would take more than a Chinese wall, or the rules of monastic seclusion, to shut out even from academic groves the intruding conflicts of the forum and the convention. Before you have passed out of the hearing of the College bell, the recruiting officers of state and church will besiege you for your pledge. Consider carefully, I pray you, before you give it to any of them, how much you give with it, — whether your manhood, whether your individuality, whether your liberty of speech, whether the sanctity of a fearless conviction. Here again scholarship and Christianity both unite to put you on your guard. There are little coteries enough, in art, in letters, in social opinion, in public policy, in theologic speculation, that will be delighted to enroll a new name on their lists. Their captains will electioneer for you while you are free, — flatter you when you consent, — patronize and cajole you when you are caught, — use and pay you while you succumb, — abuse and torment you when you rebel. Can you afford that servitude?

Can learning afford it in your persons? And who, in all these truckling and hard-drilled times, shall be honest and free, if not they whose minds have been balanced and poised by contemplating the reasons of things?

It is not against the more *open* and *offensive* aggressions of such combined interests that these warnings are directed, so much as against devices that are more specious and plausible. We have committed ourselves, in our social experiment, to the government of public opinion, even more than of public law. Unless the original fountains of it are kept healthy and pure, we are in the most complicated and disastrous of anarchies. Already thoughtful men cannot look far about them, without seeing what beginnings of ruinous and despotic power, of misjudgment, of defamation, of vituperation, are craftily growing up in these bigotries of our democracy. Truth is scarcely seen for what it is, but only for the image and superscription it bears, nor prized for its beauty, but for its currency. The few that venture on a practical assertion of the boasted liberality, have to be catechized, and menaced, and ostracized, so far as the puny persecutions of wordy batteries can ostracize. Oppose to these degrading dictations all the massive resistance of your knowledge, the muscle of your manhood, and the sincerity of your faith.

Faith, I say. For it is not the independence of self-will, not the vain ambition of peculiarity, not the insolent contempt of the past, or of other men, or of righteous authority, that I exhort you to. It is the honest loyalty to the one only Authority, instead of mortal counterfeits. It is the appeal from

custom to Christ, — from party and sect to the Holy Spirit, — from mortal majorities to God. There is no right religious reverence which does not fear the one only Master more than unpopularity or reproach. What we want is that humility, growing ever deeper with all growing heights of attainment, — that penitential confession of sins, that meekness of wisdom, which bends with unutterable awe before the secret voice of the Most High, before the open command of the Bible, and which, being turned "into a native and heroic valor," makes men "hate the cowardice of doing wrong."

Let us ponder, then, the great claims that are laid on our educated men. The country has claims, — never more than now. We need more of that sort of education which stirs and fosters, from beginning to end, a loyal zeal for the central and dominant ideas that lie at the foundation of the Republic. The scholar is not well trained that has not been formed day by day into a Christian patriot. Our universities ought all to be nurseries, not of national exclusiveness, or national vanity, but of a just national honor, virtue, and devotion. They should rear and send forth prophets for the American Israel, — prophets brave and blameless, and speaking ever with a "Thus saith the Lord," — prophets that no sophistry can bewilder, no tyrant silence, no bludgeon terrify, no flattery blind. Out of libraries, and out of laboratories, and out of the forearming contests of debate, let them send forth, for each impending struggle of Right with Wrong, thinkers and speakers "fraught with a universal insight, ingen-

uous and matchless men." For as said that stanch old English republican of two centuries ago, in language suiting us to-day, There is a study of politics worthy of Christian scholars, "that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the state."

Universal humanity has claims. That "good conversation" of the Christian scholar condescends to converse with the lowest offshoot of the human stock. That "meekness of wisdom" stoops gladly to help the weakest wayfarer; to hear the story of wrong or weakness from the faintest or most unlettered lips; to sympathize with the wants of the vagrant, or the sorrows of the slave; to bring all the sublime resources of culture, the magic of invention, and the facilities of genius, to ease the burdens of penury, to open the path to the helpless, to pay respect and wages to unpaid toil, to inspire brute force with intelligence, to marshal idle men and women and children into ranks of self-sustaining labor. This is a worthy end for the best scholarship of the age, —

> "How best to help the slender store,
> How mend the dwellings, of the poor, —
> How gain in life, as life advances,
> Valor and charity more and more."

Above all, Christ has claims. And his claims are supreme. They transcend, they underlie, they encompass, all beside. The Lord of souls is Lord of the sciences as well. Common gratitude challenges

obedience and love for Him, in whose name every hope of civilization moves to its fulfilment, and every affection of mankind realizes itself in peace. It must be a personal obedience, — a personal love. No general and cold confession, no vague and rhetorical loyalty, no heartless and high-sounding praises, can satisfy that Gospel of regeneration on which salvation depends. Penitence, trust, consecration, prayer, righteousness, — these will; for God is Love, and his forgiveness waits. Every thought and imagination must be brought into captivity to the holy obedience of the Son of God. All knowledge that is not rooted and centred there vanishes away. "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you?" He is the believing student, the studious disciple.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class, our doctrine culminates here.

Every considerable change in the *form* of our life is meant to suggest to us something original as to its spirit. The dissolving of one set of relations moves the question by what law new sets shall be organized. When farewells and distance threaten manly friendships, what is more unavoidable than to think what arm shall keep the friend that is parted from, and whether there is not One Friendship in whose Eternal and Almighty clasp every human affection finds its safety? The separation of classmates opens spaces about each one's personality which let in light from above on all your plans and habits. A change of residence puts us to asking why we live at all; how long we shall need any earthly dwelling; whether we deserve any. How shall your tuition

justify these years, and your future be adequate to the past?

That question, like every other that an earnest experience asks, God's Book of Life answers.

Life *is* the test of Learning. Character *is* the criterion of knowledge. Not what a man has, but what he is, is the question, after all. The quality of soul is more than the quantity of information. Personal, spiritual substance is the final resultant. Have *that*, and your intellectual furnishings and attainments will turn, with no violent contortion, but with a natural tendency and harmony, — a working together, conversation, ἀναστροφή, — to the loftiest uses. Add faith to knowledge, and your education will be worth what it has cost. Your lives will honor and justify your preparation. Say, every morning, with the simple confidence of the holy child in the Temple, "Lord, here am I!" and he will send you to noble and effectual victories. Your wisdom will tell to issues that are divine, and that wisdom the Eternal Providence will watch, because it is matured in the spiritual school of Him who knows all that is in man.

"Lift up your eyes to the fields; they are white already to harvest." With the blessing of that Providence, go to the field of your slow, patient work. That slowness of the result may be the bitterest element in the discipline.

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time."

Be content to wait for Him with whom ages are days.

> "If but this tedious battle could be fought,
> With Sparta's heroes, at one rocky pass,
> One day be spent in dying, men had sought
> The spot, and been cut down like mower's grass.
> If in the heart of nature we might strive,
> Challenge to single combat the great power,
> Welcome the conflict! But no; half alive,
> We skirmish with our foe long hour by hour."

Nevertheless, — nevertheless, — in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not. Go out with faith, with supplication. Ye shall come again in the Jubilee and Sabbath of the Resurrection rejoicing. And then, be content if it shall be with you as with the solemn pictured figures of the returning warriors, in the historical galleries of the Italian city, where the reverent and pious victors are seen, not in chariots, nor with sceptres, nor on thrones, nor with crowns on their heads, but kneeling, the crowns lifted in their hands, looking upward, and giving thanks to God.

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